

LIFE AND WRITINGS

...OF...

H. Y. RUSH, D.D.



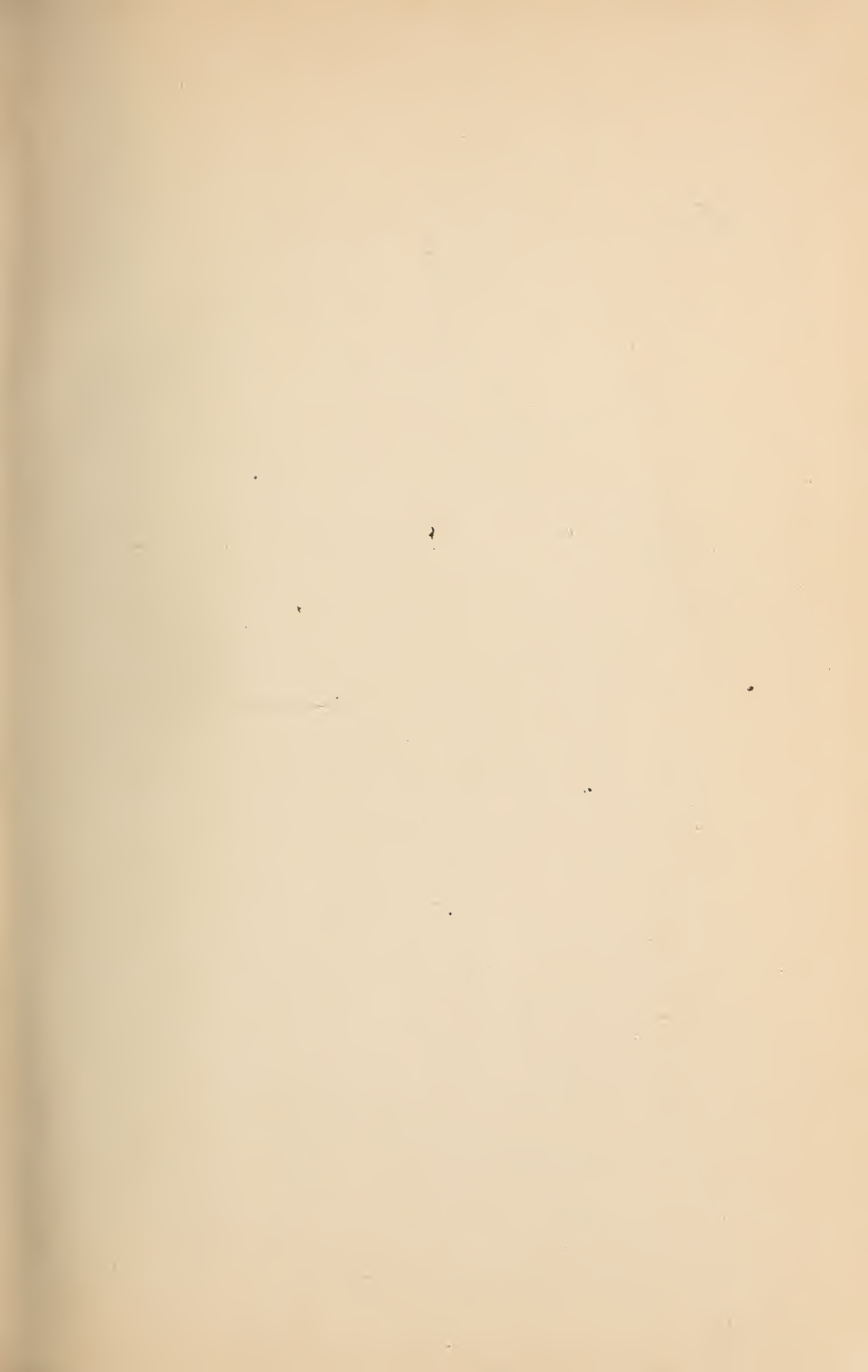


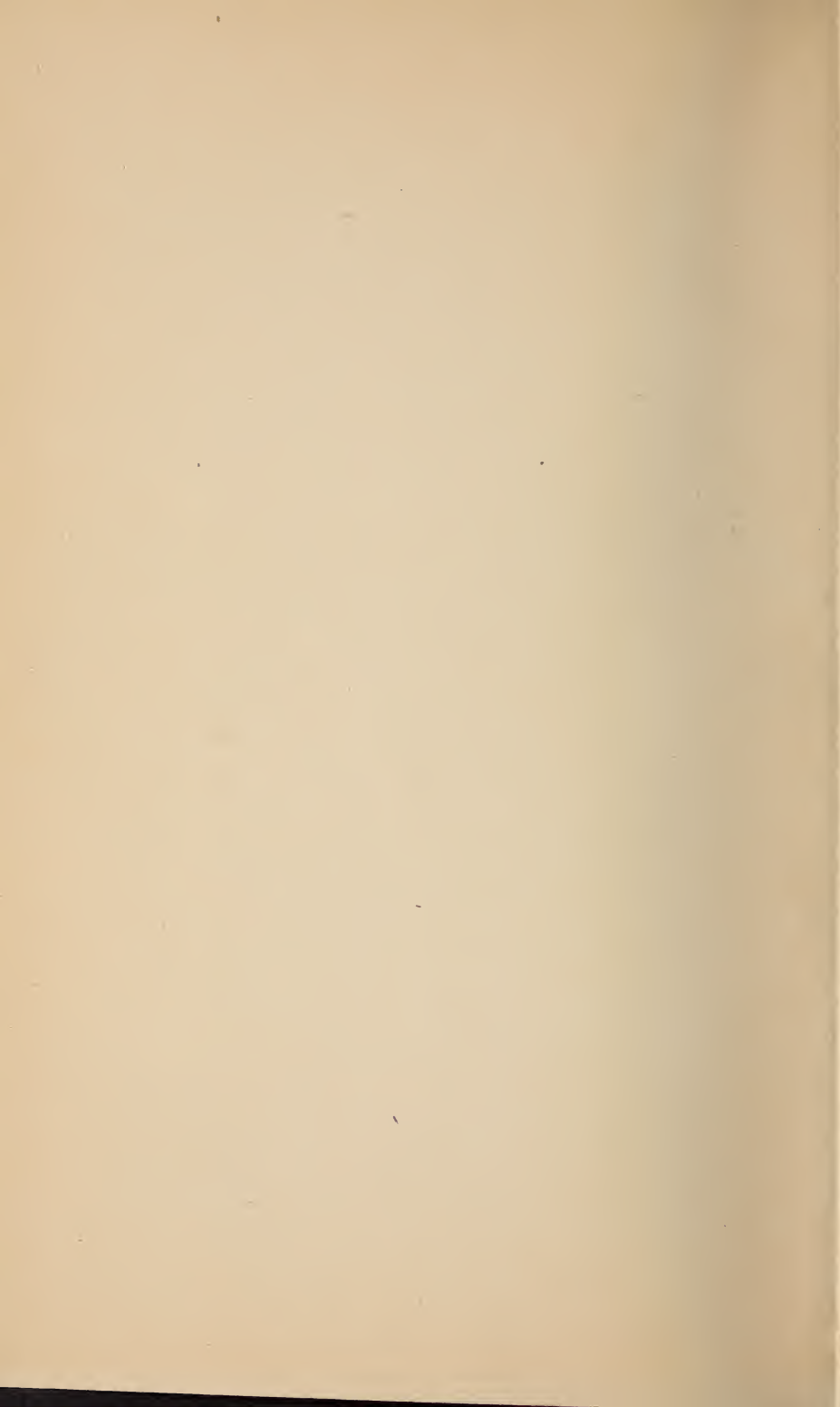
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Rev. H. Y. Rush

HENRY YOUNT RUSH

LIFE AND WRITINGS

—OF—

Rev. Henry Y. Rush, D. D.

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY

B. F. Vaughan

With Introductions and Tributes from Friends

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*"He lived and loved,
And, dying, proved
How greater than his finished line
Is man: well-nigh divine."*

—Sarah K. Bolton.



DEDICATION

1. I humbly dedicate this book to the wife and daughter of my departed friend whose Life Story it relates.

2. To my own dear wife who has shared with me in its preparation.

3. To the ministry and laity whose kindly patronage will be greatly appreciated.

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

It has been a source of real enjoyment and satisfaction to follow the life of such a man as Dr. Rush through his career of usefulness. I have endeavored to give a true and faithful picture of the man, and of the movements and institutions with which he was associated. I gratefully acknowledge the cheerful co-operation and valuable assistance of the following ministers: Rev. J. P. Barrett, D. D., who writes the Introduction to Part I—*Life and Letters*; Rev. Warren H. Denison, D. D., for the Introduction to Part II—*Sermons and Miscellaneous Writings*; also to Rev. D. E. Millard, D. D.; Rev. J. B. Weston, D. D., LL. D.; Rev. S. S. Newhouse, D. D.; Rev. D. A. Long, D. D., LL. D.; Rev. O. P. Furnas, Col. F. M. Sterrett, Van S. Deaton, M. D., and Hon. J. Warren Keifer, who have written beautiful and appreciative *Estimates*, or *Tributes* to the memory of such a worthy and beloved brother. I also very gratefully acknowledge the cheerful help of Mr. D. M. McCullough and others, who have furnished some very interesting items concerning his work as a school teacher and during his early ministry.

It has been a source of constant pleasure and gratitude to me also to enjoy the willing co-operation of his widow, Mrs. Rush, through all my labors of nearly two years. Valuable material has been furnished relating to his public and private life, while access has been given to his most valuable and interesting writings. The work might have been made much more voluminous, as a large

amount of excellent sermons and writings had to be omitted. It has been difficult to select the best material from so large a mass of writing, all of which was interesting and worthy of preservation. We sincerely hope the work may find a large circle of readers. We have tried to make a book that would be worthy of the man, and would be a real treasure to many of his warm friends and admirers. The illustrations used we hope will add to the value of the book. We now submit it to a grateful public, with the humble wish that the book may bring pleasure and comfort to many homes.

B. F. VAUGHAN,

Centerville, Ohio, July 7, 1911.

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Editor <i>Herald of Gospel Liberty</i>	

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A THRESHOLD GREETING

To introduce a friend to friends is a high privilege. The act widens the circle of life's blessings and opportunities, enriching the mind and heart, and crowning the life with larger fruitage. I am glad to introduce you to so sterling a character as my late friend and beloved brother, the Rev. Henry Yount Rush, D. D., as so well portrayed in these pages by the Rev. B. F. Vaughan, Centerville, Ohio.

When asked why he put so much work on his pictures, Apelles, the Greek painter, replied: "*Because I am painting for eternity!*" This book will convince you that Dr. Rush was a painstaking servant of the Lord Jesus Christ—that he was laboring for eternity, hence this characteristic of his life. The author presents Dr. Rush to us, not only as a gentle and beloved messenger of the Prince of Peace, but as a man of high ideals, of ripe culture, of fine thought, and of heroic devotion to duty. As a speaker he was ready and fluent, as a writer he possessed an easy Addisonian style, and as a thinker he was forceful and stimulating, making him indeed a most delightful companion and a wise counsellor. You have no ordinary privilege in enjoying an acquaintance with one so Christ-like, even though it be an acquaintance through the pen of another.

It was Thomas Carlyle who said: "A true delineation of the smallest man is capable of interesting the greatest man."

If that be true, as no doubt it is, then I risk nothing in commending the life of so noble and devoted a Chris-

tian minister, as the subject of this book, to the study of both the learned and the unlearned.

If, as Walt Whitman says:

“Nothing endures but personal qualities—”

I am still assured that I am commending to the reader the study of a rich and splendid life, made so through his relationship to the Lord Jesus Christ, in which personal qualities of a high order were dominating factors. I believe with Henry Ward Beecher that Christian character, rather than personal happiness, is the end of true living. To be becoming more and more like Jesus, day by day, is the highest achievement of the earthly life. That such a life was the high ideal of Dr. Rush is evident, and therefore his character and personal qualities, together with his learning and service, will long survive his earthly career, shining with a God-given light in the galaxy of his fellows, ever reflecting the image and glory of his Master. If Christian character, fruiting in goodness and usefulness, rather than glittering gifts, or dazzling splendors, or the applause of the populace, constitute true greatness, then was Dr. Rush a great man who left behind him an influence which will live on to bless men and women in other generations yet unborn.

I am not offering fulsome praise to his memory. I design not to lift him above his fellows, but simply to give him his rightful place in the history of his day. No doubt in common with all mortals he had his weaknesses, but they were of such a character and so dominated by the Spirit as to emphasize the strength of Christ in his life and service. It is said that all genuine emeralds have many defects, but these cannot be produced in any artificial stone, and herein the defects of the emerald prove its genuineness. It is so with the defects in Christian character. Notwithstanding their presence, the strength of the life proves that behind the defects is

Christ, giving overcoming power. Verily Christ in us is the hope of glory, yea, the hope of usefulness and power in the life that now is, as well as for the life that is yet to come.

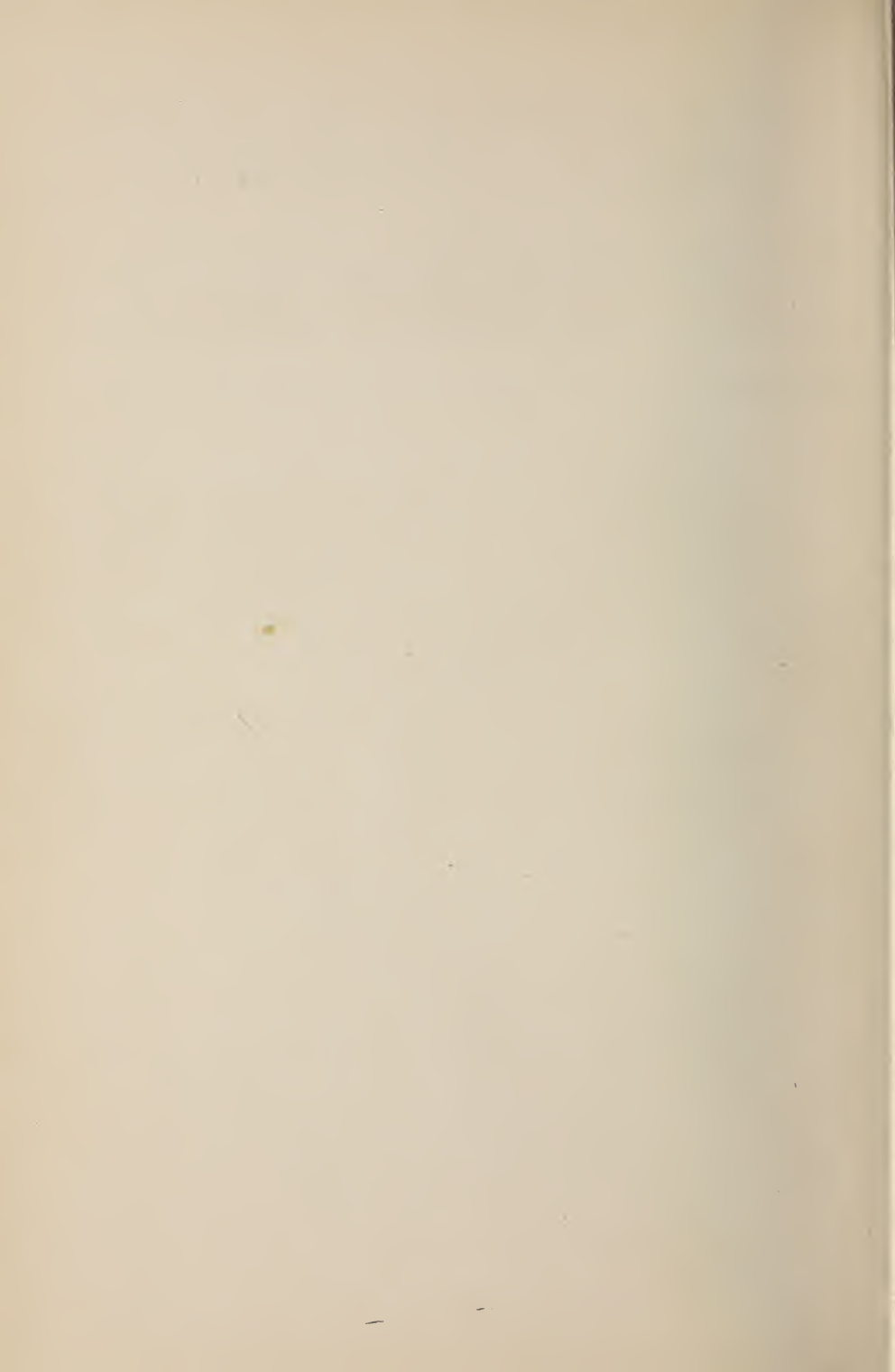
“We are but organs mute, till the Master touches the keys,
Very vessels of earth, into which God poureth the wine,
Harps are we, silent harps, that have hung on the willow
trees,
Dumb till our heart strings swell and break with a pulse
divine.”

But I must not detain you. Let me rather open the door to the feast—walk in and revel in all that is so generously offered you in the life and service of this beloved Christian minister, for there are few fields more interesting and instructive than the biography of a great man, a man who is great in goodness and service.

In the Master's Service,

J. PRESSLEY BARRETT.

Dayton, Ohio.



PART ONE—LIFE AND LETTERS

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE

Twenty-five years before the outbreak of the great Civil War in America, on a plantation in the sunny climes of the Southland, there was born, August 25, 1835, near Ashboro, North Carolina, the subject of this memoir.

Randolph County had been the home of the Rushs for almost two generations. They were of English descent, the great-grandfather of our subject having come over from England and settled near Philadelphia; becoming founder of the Rush families in America.

Benjamin Rush, grandfather of Henry Y., emigrated from Philadelphia to North Carolina and settled in Randolph County. A lameness prevented him from active service in the Revolutionary War, but he became an officer in the *Home Guards*. He was a cousin to Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Dr. Rush was one of the most distinguished physicians of his day, and won honors also as a politician. He introduced before the Provincial Conference of Pennsylvania a resolution setting forth the necessity of a declaration of independence from the mother country. This resolution was unanimously adopted by the Conference the last of June, 1776, and when the Declaration of Independence was adopted a few days later he was one of the first to affix his signature to that historic document.

He showed himself a real hero during the famous yellow fever plague in Philadelphia in 1793, receiving therefor testimonials of recognition from kings and emperors in Europe.

He was a devout advocate of the Christian religion, and drafted the Constitution of the Philadelphia Bible Society, leaving at his death an unfinished work on "The Medicine of the Bible."

SLAVERY

Benjamin Rush, grandfather of Henry, was a wealthy planter and slaveholder. His wife, Dorcas Vickery, belonged to one of the old and prominent families of that section. They were members of the Methodist Church, while in politics they were staunch Whigs. One son served seven consecutive terms in the Legislature of North Carolina as a representative of the Whig party. The family exerted a wide local influence in party affairs, and when the trouble arose which threatened to cleave the nation in twain, and which culminated finally in a great civil strife, nearly all the representatives of the Rush name became adherents to the Union cause.

HIS FATHER

Azel Rush, the father of our subject, was reared on the home plantation of his native state, and came into possession of a large plantation. He was also a slave owner. He was an ardent member of the Methodist Church in early life, but later he identified himself with the Society of Friends.

He was married to a lady of excellent family, Sarah Young, a native of Randolph County, where she was reared and educated. She was a member of the Friends.

Unto them were born three sons—Thomas E., Henry

Y., and Noah. The father prospered in the management of his plantation, but the system of enslaved labor became odious in his sight, after he accepted the principles of the Friends and their opposition to human slavery. So strong did this conviction become in Azel's mind that he voluntarily set all his slaves free. This humane act took place in 1834, the year before Henry's birth. He afterward sent most of his former slaves to Wayne County, Ind., and assisted them in securing homes. Two of them however, were so attached to their former master that they would not leave him.

APPRENTICESHIP AND SCHOOL DAYS

When eleven years of age Henry was put to serve as an apprentice in a printing office in Ashboro for a term of two years. This knowledge proved helpful to him long years after when he became editor and publisher.

The great ambition of the lad in the late forties was not to become a printer, but first of all to acquire an education. Hence we find him at thirteen entering the Brooks Male Academy in Ashboro where he remained for two years. What the educational advantages were in a school of that grade in that day we are unable to say, but doubtless the young lad here laid the foundation for future attainments in education which were valuable to him. Diligence and care were early evidences of excellence and painstaking labor in later life.

FATHER EMIGRATES TO INDIANA

When Henry was about fifteen years old his father emigrated to Grant County, Indiana, in 1850, where he purchased about five hundred acres of rich land, which he afterward improved, transforming it from a wild uncultivated tract into a highly cultivated and improved farm.

This overland journey must have been made in wagons across mountain ranges, rivers and swollen streams, through sparsely settled regions, where wild game abounded, and doubtless required some weeks. Such experiences helped to school the young lad in hardships and adventures which helped to develop a spirit of hardihood and self-reliance.

Azel Rush was a member of the old Whig party until that was merged into the Republican party, of which he became a loyal supporter remaining such until his death, which took place at the ripe age of eighty years.

The two brothers afterward became well-to-do farmers in Indiana, but Henry pursued his educational career with unabated ardor, for his soul yearned for the things that enrich mind and heart.

CHAPTER II

EDUCATIONAL PURSUITS

After the family became settled in their western home, the father gave all his energies to the management and improvement of his large and fertile farm. Home life in that section of Indiana in the early fifties was not surrounded with many real comforts, and there were almost no luxuries, but each member of the family had to assist in the hard struggle for an existence, as it really was, with some; or in the laying of a foundation for future wealth and prosperity with others.

But life's ambitions lead along various paths, yet while some see only the material possessions of life, and hence put forth all their efforts to secure first, houses, lands, stocks, and other forms of wealth; another, sometimes in the same family, with similar training and environment has a passion for that which leads to the training of the mind, the acquisition of knowledge, the attainment of supremacy over self, in order to prepare for greater usefulness and the achievement of life's higher ideals. Such "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" and the other blessings come in later years. It was so with young Henry. After spending some months in labor on his father's farm, he again entered school, this time in the Friend's High School at Back Creek. This school was taught by Prof. Wm. Neil, whose training aided the youth in further laying the foundation for a future education. He spent one year in this school, being now about fifteen years of age.

DOAN ACADEMY

He next became a student in Doan Academy at Marion, Indiana. Educational work sixty years ago in portions of the West lacked much in the splendid advantages of the present day, both in methods and equipment. Yet the Academy training in some schools even of that day had a thoroughness and genuineness which enabled the young man of earnest purpose to gain a good education.

Henry was both diligent and eager for an education, and while in Doan he fitted himself for teaching. He began teaching when quite young and soon earned enough money to enter college, having taught in select and day schools about one year.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE

A new era of opportunity now opened up in the career of this ambitious youth. A great institution sprang up in the early fifties, founded by a people which had then stood for half a century for religious liberty and freedom of thought. The rise and growth of this institution, with one of the most distinguished educators of the past century as its first president, marked an epoch in the educational history of the middle west.

Antioch College was the outgrowth of the great ambition of its founders to establish an institution of high rank where equal privileges were to be given for the first time to both sexes.

With high hopes for the future success of the newly founded institution, its founders, the *Christians*, very wisely chose Horace Mann as its first president. This choice was made in September, 1852, and it so happened that the call came to him the same day in which he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Free

Soil Party. Failing in the election, he chose the work for which he was so eminently fitted both by nature and training, and entered upon his career as President of Antioch College the same year.

He found the college in a chaotic state financially. The work to be accomplished in organizing and putting in order the college forces in such a virgin soil was a prodigious task.

The high ideals and noble spirit of its great leader had many difficulties to encounter, and severe trials to endure before the college was put upon its feet. Many of the rooms were not finished, not even plastered, and practically no equipments for successful school work were yet furnished. After the teachers had been chosen the finances failed. The president willingly endured great privations, denying himself of many even of the necessities of life that he might aid the struggling institution and help poor students.

The founders of the new college had fond ambitions to launch an institution which would extend equal privileges to all, regardless of race, color, sex, or condition in life.

Had their financial ability and foresight equaled their cherished ideals and lofty ambitions, they might have established an institution that would have remained an honor and a permanent influence for good among the people through whom it came into existence.

Horace Mann gave the best strength of his great and noble manhood, physical and mental, to the building up of the school which soon rose to the front rank of educational institutions west of the Alleghanies. He was encouraged and endorsed by some men of large and liberal minds found among the people who were the founders of the college; and some ministers of the Christian name who

were able to appreciate his high ideals and worthy undertaking stood by him throughout the struggle.

One of these loyal helpers was that pure and saintly man of God, Dr. Austin Craig, then pastor of the Blooming Grove, N. Y., church. He was a man of scholarly attainments; rare insight and genius for the great truths of God; yet plain, simple and unassuming in his manner and habits, having the polish of a true gentleman, while possessing the learning and classical training of the scholar. He and Mann were on the most intimate terms, and the correspondence carried on between them for some years reveals a friendship, an intimacy, a grandeur of thought and ideals, with a beauty, sincerity, and purity of language and purpose in life, which is rare, yet most refreshing and inspiring.

Craig had been proffered a professorship in the new institution, which he declined, much to the pain and disappointment of his warm friend and admirer, for Horace Mann craved his companionship and co-operation in the college work. But Dr. Craig esteemed the work he was doing in his pastorate and pulpit at Blooming Grove, of "teaching," as he puts it, "a band of ingenious young men and women the great principles of physical, intellectual and spiritual health," as the greatest work of all others which he chose to do.

He did, however, deliver a course of lectures at the college; also serving as college chaplain, and in 1864, he accepted its presidency and served nearly two years. His great ambition was to make the college wholly undenominational. Yet he himself never swerved from his denominational affiliations, for he preferred that simple and direct form and service which ever put Christ before creed.

"I would not go to Antioch," he wrote, "if it was to be narrowed by denominational aims. I could have no heart

to undertake the presidency unless I might do it in the interests of the Christian Church and not of the Christian denomination."

But a work more congenial to the mind and heart of Dr. Craig awaited him as first president of a newly founded institution for the training of young men for the Christian ministry. The Christian Biblical Institute, first located at Standfordville, N. Y., which was opened in October, 1869.

Henry Rush entered Antioch College in 1852, the year of its opening, when he was about seventeen years old. One may imagine the high hopes which stirred the mind and heart of this aspiring youth as he entered the halls of this newly established institution. Although the buildings were not yet completed, yet the impression made upon one as they approached the site, with the brick parapets rising in stately grandeur, and the massive main building, with the two large dormitories nearby, and the rolling, spacious grounds overlooking the picturesque stream on the east, the wild glen, with the woodland extending eastward, the famous springs of such enormous volume flowing with undiminished strength, and rippling down toward the creek to flow onward between the picturesque "cliffs" to mingle with that beautiful stream, the Little Miami River.

All these surroundings of scenic beauty, together with the rising glory and great promise of this new college, with one of the greatest educators in the land, East or West, as its president, were certainly enough to inspire an ambitious youth, fired with an unquenchable thirst for an education, with great hope, and to fill the mind with a deep yearning for imperishable treasures.

He applied himself with great diligence to his college

work, working outside school hours at such small jobs as he was able to secure in order to bear his expenses.

This proved too hard a strain upon his physical strength and he was compelled after two years to give up his college work. During most of the following year he devoted his time to teaching school in the country.

BEGINS PREACHING

About the time he entered upon his work as a teacher, just following the close of his term in Antioch College, he felt a power working within him calling him to the ministry of the Gospel of Christ. He obeyed the call to this high and holy office and began preaching in Christian churches at such times and in such places as opportunity offered.

CHAPTER III

COURSE AT MEADVILLE

Having decided to devote his life to the work of the ministry, and fully realizing the need of better educational qualifications for such a work, and that he should more fully equip himself for so sacred a calling, that he might become "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and that he might be able to give forth messages containing sharpened and polished arrows of truth, he determined to pursue a theological course, and entered in the autumn of 1854 Meadville Theological Seminary at Meadville, Pa.

This school, which was opened October 1, 1844, was the outgrowth of a need felt by the Unitarians, and shared in by the Christians also, for an institution which would furnish educational privileges to young men preparing for the ministry. Denominational or creed limitations were not placed upon those entering the school, but the whole genius of the movement, and the purposes of its founders were to furnish an institution where liberty and freedom could be given in preparing for the work of the ministry.

The first Unitarian church organized west of the Alleghanies was at Meadville in May, 1829. It was through the influence of Mr. H. J. Huidekoper, a Hollander by birth, that this church, and afterward the theological school, were founded. He was not satisfied with the religious instruction of that day as taught in the creed churches, but began the study of the Scriptures for himself, untrammelled by creed or dogma. He regarded the

"Scriptures as being the only safe rule for the Christian's faith." This had been one of the cardinal principles of the Christian Connection from their origin, about 1800.

The result of such investigation by Mr. Huidekoper was, as he himself says, "I soon acquired clear and definite views as to the leading doctrines of the Christian religion. But the good I derived from these studies has not been confined to giving me clear ideas as to the Christian doctrines, they created in me a strong and constantly increasing interest in religion itself, not as a mere theory, but as a practical rule of life."

Mr. Huidekoper gave the tract of land for the seminary and contributed generously toward the erection of the buildings. Rev. James Freeman Clarke speaks of Mr. Huidekoper in the following appreciative manner: "We have never known any one who seemed to live so habitually in the presence of God.

"The form which his piety mostly took was that of gratitude and reliance. His trust in the Divine goodness was like that of a child in its mother. His cheerful views of this life, and of the next, his simple tastes, his enjoyment of nature, his happiness in society, his love for children, his pleasure in doing good, his tender affection for those nearest to him,—these threw a warm light around his last days, and gave his home the aspect of a perpetual Sabbath. He was always a student, occupying every vacant hour with a book, and so had attained a surprising knowledge of biography and history." He died in Meadville, May 22, 1854, the same year in which Henry Rush entered Meadville Seminary.

His son, Rev. Frederick Huidekoper, entered upon a course at Harvard, but owing to failing eyesight he was forced to discontinue his college course. After working four years upon a farm and studying a little each day, he

traveled in Europe almost three years, and after his return he pursued a private course in theology, taught privately a class of students, and in 1844 began work in Meadville. He took gratuitous charge from 1845 for five years of New Testament instruction in Meadville, and of ecclesiastical history on until 1877, serving also as librarian and treasurer of the college. He was a man of vast learning and research, and became the author of "Judaism at Rome," and other works of considerable historical value. He proposed the plan of the Brookes Fund for the distribution of religious works to ministers of every name throughout the United States who cared to receive such. The plan was carried out under his direction for many years, but has recently been abandoned. Rev. Huidekoper occupied at different times in the college, the chairs of Professor of New Testament and Ecclesiastical History, Hermeneutics, Latin, Greek and German.

Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins became the first president of the Seminary, serving also as pastor of the Unitarian church at Meadville, and being professor of Old Testament History and Literature; Hebrew and Biblical Antiquities; Natural and Revealed Religion; Mental and Moral Philosophy; Systematic Theology; and Pulpit Eloquence. He served ten years as president, closing his term in 1856. He was a noble type of Christian manhood, combined with rich attainments in learning and scholarship.

It was during the term of Dr. Stebbins that Mr. Rush entered upon his theological course, in October, 1854, having just entered upon his twentieth year.

During the earlier period of this institution the Christian denomination furnished a considerable proportion of its students. Having no theological school of their own at that time, and strongly imbued with the

spirit of liberty in religious thought and teaching, they found many things in common with early Unitarianism.

The Christians were represented among the lecturers at Meadville,—Rev. David Millard and Rev. Austin Craig, D. D., were each honored with that position. While among those who graduated from the seminary of the Christian body we recall, Rev. David E. Millard, D. D., now of Portland, Mich.; Rev. Wm. Beller, now deceased, long residing near Lebanon, Ohio; Rev. Thomas Martin McWhinney, D. D., LL. D., recently deceased, graduated in 1853. Rev. S. S. Newhouse, D. D., at present (1911) professor of Homiletics and New Testament Literature in the Christian Biblical Institute at Defiance, Ohio, graduated in 1865, and Rev. Henry Y. Rush, D. D., in 1857. There were others whose names do not now occur to the writer.

There were many ministers among the Christians, especially in the North, who rejected the doctrine of the trinity. Yet some were trinitarians, and nearly all held a firm faith in the divine Sonship of Christ. Rev. Rush through all his life held to the trinitarian faith in a somewhat modified form.

Rev. Oliver Stearns was the successor of Dr. Stebbins, serving as president from 1856 to 1863. He was a man of great moral earnestness, deep personality, warm spiritual nature and thorough scholarship. Being a good academic organizer the school flourished under his administration, and Divinity Hall was built. It was during the last two years of Dr. Stebbins, and the first year of Dr. Stearns that Henry Y. Rush spent his three years' term in Meadville.

The first building for the school was erected through the generosity of the elder Huidekøper. The cost to stu-

dents in those early years of the school was but \$30.00 per year for board, instruction, room rent and fuel.

Among those who lectured before the students in the fifties were Rev. Geo. W. Hosmer, Rev. Charles H. Brigham, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., and others.

It was under such instructors and religious leaders as have been mentioned, that this young man spent three of the most precious and formative years of his life, graduating in 1857 not yet twenty-two years of age.

He now gave his attention to preaching in different churches in Miami and Clark Counties in Ohio.

MARRIAGE

On April 27, 1858, he was married to Miss Mary J. Kepper, daughter of John and Lucinda Kepper. This union proved a happy and congenial one, and continued in unbroken fidelity and devotion to each other, forming a companionship of the truest and holiest type until the husband was called to the Home Beyond in the spring of 1905. Unto them was born one child, a daughter, Effie May, of whom we will make further mention.

After his marriage he took charge of the West Liberty Christian church, having previously served the Honey Creek church as pastor. He and his beloved companion began housekeeping in West Liberty, Ohio, in November, 1858. He also took charge of the Gladly Creek and McKee's Creek churches near by and continued to serve these three churches about two years. In the fall of 1859 he purchased a home in the village of Christiansburg, Champaign County, Ohio, and immediately moved into their new home. He then took pastoral charge of the Cove

Springs and Lost Creek Christian churches. This was in the early part of 1860, and he continued to serve these churches until he entered the army.



Lieut. H. V. Rush

CHAPTER IV

LIFE AS A SOLDIER

With a pleasant home, a devoted wife, and a sweet little girl to cheer and brighten the home and the hearts of the fond parents; with the work of preaching, and the pastoral care of two parishes to occupy his time, one would scarcely expect a young minister to be willing to give up all these, and take up the hardships and privations of soldier life. Yet when the call came for volunteers, and the safety of the Union seemed imperiled, and defense of our national unity and of the federal government was demanded, this patriotic young minister was too loyal to his country's welfare to refuse the call for her defense. Hence in July, 1862, he assisted in raising a large part of Company E of the 110th Regiment of O. V. I. Owing to his activity and loyal spirit in this service he was commissioned as first lieutenant by Governor Tod, and entered upon the duties and hardships of life as a soldier. Although he willingly entered into the service of his country when a great civil strife threatened to rend asunder two great sections of it, yet he never took pleasure in war, but preferred the ways of peace to the din of battle and the carnage of war. The following letter written to one of his parishioners expresses the sentiments of his heart, and shows the great contrast between life as a soldier and the sacred service of the ministry.

NEW CREEK, VA., Nov. 29, 1862.

SISTER LOUDENBACK :—Your very welcome letter of the 23d inst came to hand last evening. I was highly gratified

indeed, in its reception. I was very glad to hear that you were all well, and that your father's family were well also; for that family has bestowed very many kind favors upon me and my family, for which I shall ever feel most tenderly endeared to them, and shall ever express my gratitude and well wishes for them. Your letter revives afresh in my mind many fond recollections and associations. Oh, how touchingly they come home to my heart! Those friendly visits, those Sabbath gatherings, those hymns and prayers, the lowering of happy and loving converts beneath the waves, and leading them amidst songs and greetings to the bank. Ah, how those happy moments crowd into my heart and memory!

But they have all passed away, and how changed are these things now. I realize them perhaps more than you, my dear sister, for I am far away from my family and friends. I know no Sabbaths, no sanctuaries, no heavenly gatherings and greetings as I realized them there. War is a stranger to these things; its nature and its work are peculiar to themselves, and not very inviting in their character.

But duty is sometimes stern and terrifying in its appearance, and yet no brave and patriotic man will turn his face from it. A sense of duty to my native country propelled me from home and friends, and I might as well endure the deprivations and hardships of this duty as others. But my anxiety for the churches and loved friends I have left behind, is not in the least diminished. I am much concerned in *THEIR* welfare whatever may be *my own* fate. I pray that all my brethren and sisters, young and old, may live faithful to all their obligations, and meet me (how sweet the thought) in heaven above.

We are now at New Creek (Camp Jessie), Hampshire County, Va. We are encamped on the north branch of the Potomac, which is the line here between Maryland and Virginia. I am in Maryland nearly every day. We live in Virginia and burn Maryland wood. Our camp is the most beautiful I ever saw. It is in a large valley, entirely surrounded with magnificent mountains. There are some fifteen thousand troops here, besides cavalry and artillery.

On a high hill in the center of the camp is a very strong and costly fort. Col. Mulligan commands this fort, the same colonel who was captured at Lexington, Missouri. We expect to leave here in a few days for a tramp towards Richmond; but whether we shall go in that direction or not, I cannot say positively. There are rebel scouts and bush-whackers brought in frequently. We were fired upon the other day. One bullet struck "cazip" just before me; but "a miss is as good as a mile." We have been in no battle yet. It looks as if we should be soon. We all have very convenient quarters. The soldiers have Sibley tents; the officers have wall tents. We have nice cedars and pines before our door. They are tastefully arranged, and look very home-like. I must send you a few leaves from a nice pine before our tent door, and if can get some fern leaves across the river before mailing my letter, I will send you some.

Our boys are nearly all of them in good health. Only one has died out of our regiment. I really think we have a model regiment, and I hope we shall always be at our post. Our field and line officers are all good, moral, unassuming men. We are much attached to them. But I must close my letter. Perhaps I have already wearied your patience. Give my love to your dear parents. Tell them that their repeated acts of kindness will never be forgotten. Excuse haste and mistakes.

Your pastor and friend,

HENRY Y. RUSH,

1st Lt. Co. E. 110 Reg. O. V. I.

P. S.—November 27th. I will mail my letter this a. m. Yesterday was Thanksgiving Day. I held two meetings last night. I preached for Co. I, and then held prayer and social meeting in our own Company E. We had excellent meetings, good order and good attention. There are many professors of Christianity in our regiment, and four or five preachers.

We have no chaplain yet. There are ministers enough in the regiment to dispense with the chaplain, and save that much for the government, but we may nevertheless have one yet.

This morning it is snowing rapidly. Inclosed find some fern leaves. I got them this morning from a mountain side in Maryland. You can put them in a book to remember your unworthy pastor by, if you choose to do so. I could send some curiosities had I any way to convey them.

Respectfully, H. Y. R.

His willingness to endure suffering while in the service of his country is shown in the following communication to the *Gospel Herald*.

THREE WEEKS' EXPERIENCE IN THE HOSPITAL

When I temporarily left the ministry for the military service, I hoped that, in addition to the mere defense of our country, a varied experience and observation would also add somewhat to my Christian enjoyment and usefulness. I trust that my anticipations are being realized, and that our series of hardships and sufferings may be divinely sanctified to the cultivation of a more Christ-like character. The realization of this benefit is necessarily attended with some suffering and self-denial. The unalloyed metal cannot be separated from the ore without the terrible heat of the furnace. Without the pruning knife, the vine will not bend under the weight of a luxuriant harvest. May we not hence infer that the richer fruits of military experience are ripened amid affliction in the hospitals? Such is doubtless the case, and incidents well authenticated confirm the truth. Cases of conversion have occurred, evidently attributable to influences brought to bear upon the sinner while in the hospital. To say nothing of a chaplain's labors, or the power of tracts over the sick, there is yet another influence not to be lost sight of. It is the mind, the conscience—all the reflective powers of man's inner nature—separated from the din and giddiness of Camp, and let loose upon themselves. Now opens a court of self-inquiry; and such an accusing and excusing of conscience is without parallel, except in similar cases of divine awakening. To the afflicted soldier a striking transition has occurred. The din and noise of camp are hushed. He is in a "ward" of sick and suffering comrades. Instead of the familiar

sounds of drum and fife, groans and sighs fall strangely upon his ears. Nearly every sound may be an expression of pain, homesickness, loneliness. He hears the death struggle of a comrade on the couch next his own. He turns and beholds the nurses setting the eyes and jaws of a yet warm corpse.—Soon a sheet is wrapped about the cold form, and it is borne forth to the “dead-house.” Conflicting thoughts of *home, wife, children, mother, DEATH!* rush in upon the minds of those who are left. A Heavenly Father is now near to overrule reflections, convictions, forebodings, and dark scenes to the spiritual good of the sufferers. The result frequently is that all earthly dependence is lost sight of, and a soul, conscious of its utter helplessness, throws itself entirely upon the promises of Christ. Such conversions are the fruit of much affliction, and many heart-searching reflections; but “what will a man give in exchange for his soul?” But just at this point I am haunted with my faithlessness in deathbed conversions, though doubtless some are real. I must therefore warn my unconverted readers to avoid such dangerous delay.

What I have written above is part of my three weeks’ observation and experience in the hospital. But might it not be thought an unwarranted omission to say nothing of my own realizations and personal experience while here? The Savior demands my testimony; and it is *all* to His own glory. The power and goodness I so often have preached to others, have been realized more gloriously than ever described by my faltering tongue. In this unexpected way, time has been given me to review the Scriptures, and behold new beauty in their teachings, and greater glory in their promises.

If it be the divine will, may I yet be spared to assist further in putting down this rebellion, and then return home to aid in building up a stricter loyalty of hearts and hands to the Great Protector of our Banner and our blessings.

Winchester, Va., Feb. 17, 1863.

The following letter of recommendation is interesting and bears the testimony of his army chaplain to the high character and universal esteem of Lieutenant Rush.

PIQUA, OHIO, October 20, 1863.

To whom it may concern.

I hereby certify that I am personally acquainted with 1st Lt. Henry Y. Rush,—have been with him in the camp, on the field and in the din of battle. His moral character is unimpeachable, his devotion to the cause of his country unwavering, and his courage undaunted.

He has the confidence and esteem of all the officers and men of the 110th Regt. O. V. I. in which he has served faithfully.

Very respectfully, etc.

JAMES HARVEY,
Chaplain 110th Regt. O. V. I.

His letters home are filled with his warm love and devotion to the loved ones left behind, and are also exceedingly interesting and valuable descriptions of soldier life in field and camp, and on the long, weary marches. We here insert one of these letters which describes in vivid language the extreme hardships of the march and the dangers of battle.

A LETTER TO HIS WIFE

CAMP WINCHESTER, VA., April 14, 1863.

DEAR WIFE:—We safely returned last night about dark from the scout of which I wrote you at midnight before we started. This was the origin of the march. Our cavalry had been out fifteen miles the day before, in the direction of Capon Springs. They got into a fight and were overpowered. So our regiment and two companies of the 122d were sent out to meet the rebels. We got there, skirmished the woods and hills in the vicinity of the fight, but could not find the rebels. We found the

corpse of one of our cavalrymen in a citizen's house. It had been left there, they said, for them to bury. Close to where the fight took place we found a wagon turned over by the roadside. It was full of sole leather and the harness were also lying there. We put these into the ambulance and took them with us. It was a nice lot of leather. After searching for the rebels some time at this place we passed around the hill and up the mountain through the woods until we came to the road leading down the mountain side. We followed the road about two miles and turned to the left into a farm; from this we entered the woods—a woods of scrubby timber and thick underbrush, briers, etc. We supposed from all we could learn, that the rebels might be concealed in one of these places. We went on through the woods, down into deep hollows, up the steep hills, winding round and round, finally coming to Cedar river, at the foot of a very steep hill. We were all fagged and wet with sweat, but we off with our boots and stockings and plunged in. It was nearly waist deep and cold as ice. We all got over safely, but such a hollowing, cheering and laughing, as those 1,500 men made as they plunged through the stream you never heard. All got over safe and just by the river there was a farm and a large brick dwelling near by. Here our cavalry fed with hay from the old farmer's stable and we all took dinner. There was about six hundred cavalry with us. We built fires with fence rails and got some warm coffee that stimulated us very much. But here it commenced raining and rained all the afternoon. From here we went up a hill and entered the woods again, but soon got into a narrow road just wide enough for our ambulances. This road led to the top of a long range of mountains, and followed the summit for miles and was tolerably level. We

traveled this road till it led us down the end of a mountain and followed a branch that wound between the hills.

It was about dark now, after going a mile or so farther we were halted till the cavalry scouted in our advance, to see if there was any rebel force near, and till arrangements were made about camping the men over night. While stopping here the men sat and lay down in the mud,—so tired and exhausted. I looked for a stone to sit on, but, being too dark to find it, and too tired to stand, I sank down into the mud and came near falling asleep during the twenty-five or thirty minutes we stayed in this position. From this place we climbed over the fence to the right, went up a big hill (a field) and were drawn up in line of battle and dismissed to sleep in line all night, with no fire, not even a pipe to be smoked, and no noise, or anything that might reveal to the enemy our whereabouts. Just think what a place, what a night, what a condition we were in for sleeping,—fagged almost to death, wet to the skin with sweat and rain, a bare, muddy ground to lie on; no covering but one gum blanket, and no bed but the ground, and yet too tired to stand, or even to sit, so lay down we must though death be the result.

Well, I tell you how we managed it. We spread down in a row our thin gum blankets which were all wet with rain. We piled down on these spoon-fashion, just as tight as we could wedge in between each other, hoping at least to be warm before and behind. But not so, for every man was wet through and had not warmth for his own comfort, and none of course for his comrade. We lay here and shivered and chattered our teeth all night. I could hear the teeth chattering all along our line, and some so fast that you could not understand what they tried to say. Old father Line got up and tried to get warm by exercise,

but he was so chilled he could not walk, and trembled so I could hardly understand what he tried to say. I lay on the same side all night, and it seemed as if I could feel cold and damp striking through my system like ice. Had I been lying on ice I could not have been colder, it seemed to me. Such a long night I never before saw. In the morning when we got up we were still wet to the skin, and many were unable for a while to walk. For my part I could scarcely stand, and made several attempts before I could walk. About daylight we were permitted to build fires and I assure you we made good use of the fence rails about that time. We made big fires and dried our clothes and then got breakfast. I drank about a quart of strong coffee. It warmed me up and made me feel better than before, but I soon got sick. I was standing with my back to the fire, by the side of McAnally, and took sick and dizzy and came near falling over, but I stooped down and got seated on my gum blanket and soon began to feel better again.

We left the camp about eight o'clock, and I marched all day and stood it pretty well. But others, less able to travel than myself, got into the ambulance, or "played out," as the boys say. I stood the trip back pretty well. I did not wade the river on my return. We crossed just where we took dinner. You will find the place marked on the map. We took dinner in a nice level bottom, at the edge of which stood a large iron furnace, built of stone, about twenty-five feet high and eighty feet in diameter. It is known to be about 125 years old. Bushes are growing on the top, and an elm tree of some considerable size. It is a beautiful country along here, being in the Shenandoah mountains. There is a large fine stone house close to where we took dinner. They said here they would not care for soldiers passing there if they all conducted them-

selves as well as we did. After getting back, and getting cooled off I was so stiff that it was almost impossible for me to walk. My toes and feet were blistered in several places, and ached so badly I could not lie still or go to sleep for sometime after going to bed. But when I got to sleep I knew nothing till morning. I had slept none for two nights. I feel pretty well this morning, except soreness. Is it not almost a miracle if I keep well after this terrible exposure? If I do, I shall feel abundantly thankful. This is a beautiful morning, but it is pretty cool for the time of year.

The rebels are coming in and carrying off all the white citizens they can and putting them into their army. The man's son who lived just by where we camped had been forced away by some cavalry, and taken to the army. When we were eating dinner yesterday an old man and his wife passed us in a two-horse wagon with a few articles of furniture in it. They were going to Winchester, Martinsburg, and then to the north. All their children had been forced into the rebel army, and their own lives threatened and their property taken and they were afraid to stay at home any longer. Don't talk about trouble and hard times in the North. Just think of what the people have to suffer here. Just think of the many families in Winchester and all over Virginia that have not a bed in their house, and their innocent children, like Effie, hanging to their mother's tattered garments and crying for a piece of bread. These are common, every-day scenes here. I know of large houses and once well-furnished, that have not a bed in now. Many families in the country have not an axe to chop their wood. When out foraging we saw an old meat axe an old grey-bearded man used to knaw his wood off as it were. I have been made to shed tears when

I saw these things, for it is far different in effect to *look upon them* than simply to *read about them*.

There are other things I would like to write about but I am actually too tired to write more, and you must excuse me with these two sheets of imperfect writing. But I must tell you that Lt. Dehaven has got back from Richmond. He escaped by slipping off. I will tell you all about it at another time. He is dismissed from the service.

I hope these imperfect lines will find your health improving and find Effie and all the rest well. I will see you in June, and perhaps sooner, if I live, and nothing happens. Write often.

From your affectionate husband,

H. Y. RUSH.

P. S.—One of Capt. McIlwain's men deserted while we were on this march. He had been left in camp. His family was said to be very sick, and he could get no furlough. He will be telegraphed at Springfield and arrested and brought back. Such is war.

P. S.—Please let me know whether you get a letter from me with about three dollars in sheets of postage currency. I sent them to you, thinking they would be a very nice present and a great convenience to you in buying articles for family use, etc.

Excuse my many mistakes, for I have not time to read my letter and correct them.

Love and kisses for Effie.

After two years of strenuous service in the army, he found that the hardships and exposure, long marches, scouting and battles of the war proved too much for his constitution to bear, and he was compelled to retire from

the service. He was given an honorable discharge in October, 1864, and returned to his peaceful home and the quiet of private life, and domestic felicity. Yet he could not long remain inactive, but soon resumed the work of the ministry again, taking charge of the Cove Springs and Lost Creek churches. In the spring of 1866 he purchased property in Tippecanoe City and moved there April 17, 1866.

He was then editing a weekly religious paper, the *Gospel Herald*, having been chosen editor the year previous, 1865.

CHAPTER V.

EDITORIAL CAREER

From the hardships and stirring scenes of army life Rev. Rush was called to a work of a very different kind, yet one for which he was eminently fitted and which was most congenial to his tastes and literary ambitions, that of editing a weekly religious paper, the *Gospel Herald*. "This paper was established by the Ohio Christian Book Association in 1843, with Rev. Isaac N. Walter as its editor." After an itinerary life of about twenty-five years, "including as places of issuance, Springfield, Yellow Springs, Columbus and Eaton, its headquarters were established in Dayton about May 1, 1865. It had numbered on its editorial list such gifted men as I. N. Walter, James Williamson, James W. Marvin, James Maple, Levi Purviance, N. Summerbell, John Ellis and H. Y. Rush." But as "neither the *Herald of Gospel Liberty* nor the *Gospel Herald* fully met the demands of the denomination, plans were made to consolidate the two papers. This was accomplished at a meeting of the *Christian Publishing Association*, held at Hagerstown, Ind., November 19, 1867. The two papers were united January 4, 1868, under the name of the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, with headquarters at Dayton, Ohio. Rev. Henry Y. Rush was made editor of this paper with Rev. D. P. Pike associate editor, and the paper became the general denominational organ of the Christians." (Taken from Rev. D. B. Atkinson's article on *The Herald of Gospel Liberty—A History*, in volume "The Centennial of Religious Journalism.")

Rev. Rush now had a field of usefulness opened before him which called forth all his talents and strength. With the pastoral care of two churches, and the editing of the general denominational paper he found sufficient scope for the exercise of all his powers, both as a preacher and a writer. The work of the ministry lay very near his heart and he had no desire to give up preaching now that he had become an editor. About this time, or a little before (1866) he had taken charge of the Shiloh Springs and Trotwood Christian churches, both near Dayton, and he continued to preach for these churches until he was called to the Franklin pastorate in November, 1878. The policy of the paper under the editorship of Rev. Rush may be briefly summed up in his own language in the following editorial extract:

“To maintain the peace and harmony of the brotherhood; to allow all possible liberty of discussion that shall not involve ill temper and undue personality; to exclude from the paper all forms of liberalism, and all ingenious outcroppings of infidelity; to make it the preacher of a pure gospel, and the promoter of personal, domestic, and church piety; to recognize the labors and usefulness of the fathers, the vast good being done from city to remotest wilderness by the large number of pious, zealous, devoted ministers who never had the advantages of literary education—an advantage or disadvantage, just as the mind and heart are sacredly consecrated to Christly labors; to speak well of all good, industrious, useful ministers and laymen; to make as many and as earnest pleas as practicable for our schools and colleges; to give the fullest possible account of revival intelligence; of churches organized and dedicated; to make the paper a church paper, a denominational paper, a people’s paper, keeping it alive with

our own work as a people rather than a scientific, speculative, or a dogmatic journal."

He wrote on a varied class of subjects in its editorial columns, and always with candor, earnestness, loyalty to truth, consecration to his Master's work, and a gracefulness and beauty of diction which marked all his writings and pulpit discourse. He was not fond of controversy, but avoided all bitterness and wrangling disputation.

Being a staunch defender of the inspiration, integrity, and divine authenticity of the Bible, he ever remained a conservative interpreter and teacher on religious and theological questions. Such subjects as, *The Book of Books*, *Religious Revivals*, *German Theology*, *Love of Brethren*, *What Our Position Implies*, *The Glory of Pentecost*, *Our Mission*, *Mystery in Religion*, and kindred topics were those which engaged his pen most.

Those were days when controversy and debated questions were favorite themes with many ministers in the pulpit and through the press, hence it was difficult for the editor of a religious paper to hold in check the hot-spirited correspondents who often clamored for a place in its columns. By endeavoring to keep the paper up to a high standard of usefulness as the denominational organ of the Christians, he avoided many of the errors and pitfalls which sometimes make religious journalism shadowy or unsavory.

He preferred to build up and strengthen the things which make for truth, love and peace, rather than to allow any root of bitterness to spring up, or any doubtful teaching to unsettle the faith of some.

It was no easy task for one occupying the editorial chair to satisfy all classes of would-be writers. The modest, careful, and judicious class would not prove troublesome; but those who wanted to advocate their particular

theories, or promulgate their peculiar doctrines, or ventilate their pet notions, however crude, unlettered, or unscientific they might be if denied the privilege would surely feel hurt and bring the editor to task for "omitting to publish such important articles." But the best interests of the paper as a religious journal must be always uppermost in the mind of the editor, and its great mission to instruct, to inspire, to comfort, to uplift and save men, should govern its policy and management.

Rev. Rush sought to be wholly impartial and to make the paper helpful to the people among whom it circulated. He was a clear and graceful writer himself. The versatility of his pen, the manner in which he treated public questions, the kind sympathies of his heart for those in distress or grief, made his editorials, as well as his sermons, a source of great helpfulness to his readers and hearers. Referring to his editorial career he writes: "My record of thirteen years in that service is before the Lord, and as to honest, prayerful effort to fit it for divine scrutiny, no part of my life has been so laboriously devoted and no period of it affords me pleasanter recollections."

He continued to edit the paper until January, 1877, a period of thirteen years, when he resigned and the next year after (in October, 1878) he accepted a call to become pastor of the church at Franklin, Ohio. The year previous (1877) he bought a lot and built them a home in Dayton, into which they moved that summer. He still continued to preach one-half time at Shiloh Springs, near Dayton. About this time he took charge of the Sugar Creek Christian Church in Greene County, Ohio, where he preached once per month until he was called to Franklin. The writer well remembers his ministry at this place, and how we used to take notes as the preacher proceeded to

set forth his clear and definitely outlined discourse, for already license had been granted me to preach also. Many times have we thought if we could only preach as he did we would be filled with joy and satisfaction.

It was in 1879 that Rev. H. Y. Rush, together with the two venerable ministers, Rev. Isaiah Scott and Rev. Peter Banta, all now passed to their reward, at the old Sugar Creek Church, my own home church, one Sabbath afternoon in the autumn season, laid their hands upon my head, and with fervent prayer and earnest, sympathetic words, set me apart to the work of the Gospel ministry. Brother Rush was at that time pastor of the church at Franklin.

Through his kindly interest in me a few years later he invited me to fill his pulpit at Franklin one Sunday while he was in attendance at the meeting of the Board of Trustees of The Christian Biblical Institute at Stanfordville, N. Y. He was a charter member of the Board, and remained on the same until his death. His editorial career having ended, he now devoted all his time to the ministry.

CHAPTER VI

PASTORAL WORK AT FRANKLIN AND WEST MILTON

Rev. Rush was in full possession of his matured powers when he became pastor of the church at Franklin, being a little past forty-three. He had passed through some of life's varied and character-forming experiences, such as working on the farm, teaching, preaching, taking a theological course, serving as pastor of several country and village churches, spending two years of hard service in the army, building a home, with twelve years of editorial work as editor of *The Herald of Gospel Liberty*, the oldest religious weekly paper in the United States; having been first founded in September, 1808, by Elias Smith.

This varied experience and development of talent with the discipline of all life's best and noblest qualities, had fitted him in mind and heart for the sacred ministries of pulpit and pastoral work. His sermons were carefully prepared, and evinced much careful thought and preparation. His manuscripts were models of neat, well-arranged, well-written discourses, often printed and ornamented by the use of different colored inks, in a beautiful ornamental penmanship. His thought was varied, his scriptural interpretations were orthodox, and yet infused with a spirit of charity and freedom from formalism, his illustrations were drawn from a wide range of reading and observation, and filled with a beauty, simplicity and naturalness which was pleasing to his hearers, while they at the same time carried home the truths which he sought to teach.

The Franklin church had been blest with the ministrations of such devout and able men as Revs. Nathan Worley, Richard Simonton and David Purviance, and later by Rev. James Maple, D. D., and Rev. T. M. McWhinney, D. D. It was under the leadership of Dr. McWhinney that the present large, brick structure was erected, which was dedicated in November, 1872, Rev. A. W. Coan preaching the dedicatory sermon.

Dr. McWhinney's pastorate covered seven years, while that of his predecessor, Dr. James Maple, lasted twenty-two years, being the longest Christian pastorate at that time in the West.

Rev. Rush, as the successor of Dr. McWhinney, continued to preach for them almost ten years.

The congregation then and just prior was a large and wealthy one, composed in large part of well-to-do farmers of the better class. But a decline set in when these older members gradually passed away by death, and the homesteads were broken up and the families scattered.

This decline afterward became so marked and deplorable, and the church became so shorn of its former strength that in recent years but a few remained to hold the organization from complete dissolution and disbandment. However, much to the joy of the faithful few, late in the autumn of 1909, Rev. H. J. Rhodes took hold of the work and over one hundred and fifty new members have been added to their number and the church greatly strengthened and quickened into new activity.

Rev. Rush has left many beautiful and interesting written sermons as monuments of his careful pulpit preparation while at Franklin. He preached a number of times before the congregations at the monthly Sunday evening union services held in the different churches of this little city, and always with honor to himself, to his

own local church, and to the denomination which he represented. He also delivered several Memorial sermons before the Grand Army, and Decoration Day addresses. Having been a soldier himself, he was in full sympathy with his comrades who had served in the same great cause. He knew what it was to endure hardships in camp, on the field of battle, and during the long marches. He preached many funerals, and ministered at the bedside of the sick, thus becoming very much endeared to his people. But almost ten years of close and faithful pastoral work told on his strength and in 1888 he resigned his work at Franklin and moved to

WEST MILTON

He had previously fitted up a very pleasant home in this beautiful village, where he and Mrs. Rush lived in most congenial companionship until he was called to the heavenly home in 1905.

He served as pastor of the West Milton Christian Church some years after he settled there. He also preached for the Ludlow Falls church, and other churches near West Milton.

Their only daughter, Effie May, had been given the best educational advantages within the wisdom and ability of her devoted parents. And after graduating with honor at the age of eighteen in the Glendale Female College at Glendale near Cincinnati, she afterward became the wife of Mr. Daniel H. Pfoutz, of Trotwood, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Pfoutz were residing in a beautiful home in Trotwood while the writer was pastor of the Christian Church there in 1880-81, and were regular attendants, and attentive, appreciative listeners during my ministry there. Mr. Pfoutz was then engaged in business in the village, and taught the Bible Class in the Sunday-school,

but now (1911) resides in Dayton, Ohio, where he has been engaged in a prosperous legal profession for many years. Effie still keeps up her French and German and is an accomplished woman of high order. Yet she attends to her household affairs and domestic duties regularly and systematically. She is proficient in composition, has good literary taste, and might achieve honor as a writer for popular, and literary magazines if she desired.

Just preceding and during his early pastorate at Franklin he issued a small paper for a short time, devoted to reading suited to Christian homes, called the "*People's Home Journal*," but this was too expensive an experiment to be long continued, and hence was abandoned. A small collection of choice hymns and sacred songs was also edited and privately published by him about the year 1876, called "Spiritual Hymns."

THE CHRISTIAN SUN

In the year 1882 he was made Corresponding Editor of the *Christian Sun*, that excellent representative of the Christian denomination in the South, and issued in his own native state. I quote from his "*Salutatory*," dated December 1, 1882.

"Pastoral responsibility, together with obligations to other journals, makes imperative demands upon my time. This additional duty is accepted from several considerations.

"1. My interest in the *Sun*. It has come to my fireside many years. We see in familiar faces the friends most dear to us. In comparison with other religious family papers, no other excels it in the excellence of its reading matter, its brotherly spirit, its uniform breathing of the Master's mind.

"2. There has been no period within the history of

the Christians, South, when a well-supported church paper has been in such demand as now.

"3. While the church North is feeling the need of a still better support of the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, my interest in the brethren South leads me as I am able to help start the *Christian Sun* upon a grander career of enlightening, unifying, soul-saving influence.

"4. North Carolina being my native state contributes something to my interest in the brethren South.

"May the *Sun* ring silvery and clear through all those sunny states and be heard in many Northern homes. May it everywhere win honest minds to the truth of Christ, and mold a multitude of hearts into the image of the all-glorious Son of God."

His people at Franklin were very kind to their pastor and gave him a vacation during the hot summer season. His articles written for the local paper of these summer outings are full of interest and charm, and show the close observer he was, and his fine descriptive powers.

He was very fond of good music, and greatly enjoyed excellent singing. One of our own evangelistic singers assisted once in a service at the Christian Church in his own village. He very appreciatively commended the singer after the meeting, but said, "I hope the next time you sing the organist will not try to 'show off' for we want to hear you sing."



The Rush Home in West Milton, Ohio

CHAPTER VII

RETIRES FROM ACTIVE PASTORAL WORK

The activities of life had been strenuous with him, and a partial retirement from its more pressing duties brought a restful sense of relief and refreshment. He now had a delightful home in one of the most beautiful villages in that section of Ohio. To the east flowed the beautiful and placid Stillwater River, with its valley of almost unequaled fertility, where many fine, well-improved farms lay in the quiet repose of that poetic region. Along the road overlooking the valley stretched a long row of picturesque hills, down which flowed many a little rippling stream of cool, clear water from the numerous springs which gurgled out from some recess along the rugged hillsides.

The population was made up chiefly of well-to-do farmers, composed principally of members of the *Friends*, the *Christian*, and the *Methodist* churches, with a goodly number of those known as *Dunkards* and *River Brethren*. There were a number of Christian churches in the surrounding villages and neighborhoods. Also several Friends' churches, and Dunkard churches. As before stated Rev. Rush served the Christian Church in West Milton as pastor for sometime after he settled there. He also preached at Ludlow Falls, four miles north, where those picturesque little falls go plunging over a rocky precipice of about twenty or twenty-five feet, and where a beautiful grove of native cedars line the margin of the small creek.

During those years he preached a great many funerals near and far. His ability to minister to sorrowing hearts, his willingness to bring the Gospel message and the comforts of the Christian religion to people under such circumstances, his love for and interest in children, his deep sympathy with those in affliction and grief, gave him a power with the people and created a demand for his services which called him on many a mission of love and comfort. Many times was he called to homes in former parishes to preach the funeral of some dear babe, some bright and promising youth, some faithful Christian wife or mother, some beloved brother, or some aged and revered father.

He wrote many letters of sympathy and helpfulness during these last years. Many of these letters reveal a kindly sympathy, a genuine love, a tender feeling for those in bereavement, and a high appreciation of life's best qualities in child or man.

We give here one of such characteristic letters:—

WEST MILTON, O., October 18, 1895.

W. J. Davisson, Farmland, Ind.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I am glad that you and Sister Davisson had a pleasant visit to your son's. No doubt both you and they greatly enjoyed it. Children are always delighted with visits from their parents, as all of us can remember in the days gone by not to return again.

Your children will always think upon these visits you make to them with fond and ever sacred recollections. Such experiences,—such delightful associations,—though gone like a brief day of sunshine, are ever green and flowery spots in children's memories. May the Lord ever bless your children at Elkhart, and may they and their parents live to enjoy each other's company from time to time for many years to come! Finally, may you all be blessed with a happy re-union in the good land that knows no good-byes, and no parting again forever.

I much regret to hear of the death of my dear young friend,

Mr. Herby P. Davis. I hardly know when I have met a boy, or a young man, that I thought to be possessed of a more pure, kind, and loving spirit. His taking away was doubtless a sad experience for his parents, and will leave a very conscious vacancy in the home. But they will not sorrow as those without hope. Herby was a good, innocent, loving boy. He seemed to me like one lent not for a very long time to his parents and then to be called to that land of beautiful sunshine, the light of which seemed in some sweet, mysterious way, to envelop him as he walked, step by step through his brief journey on earth to his angel-home in the skies.

It was very kind in Brother and Sister Fowler to arrange for my brief, but pleasant meeting with Herby, when I was at your late conference. I did not want to leave the place without visiting Brother and Sister Fowler, and seeing my dear young friend again where I first formed my acquaintance with him, and so much enjoyed his company. I could not be with him long, for the evening service would soon begin. But before I left he had gone into the parlor, at his home, and there played a very beautiful tune. So the last act on earth of that dear boy was to charm my ear with those beautiful strains born of some divine power in his own soul, and now employed in melodies of praise to Jesus who redeemed him, and has now crowned him forever. Well, we must all say, "Good-bye, dear Herby," but this sad farewell will be forgotten forever in the "Good-morning" greetings that will ere long be spoken with immortal lips, when parents and dear friends shall meet the loved son, the precious redeemed youth, where sickness and death will be done with forever.

If you have opportunity, convey my sympathy to the bereft parents, and give my regards also to my beloved Brother and Sister Fowler.

With kindest regards to Sister Davisson, I am, as ever,

Your brother in Christ,

H. Y. RUSH.

P. S.—Have been so busy with funeral and other ministerial duties that I have not written to your son, but mean to do so soon.

Another letter written to an old parishioner is so characteristic of his kind, sympathetic nature that we give it room here:—

WEST MILTON, O., March 10, 1898.

Dear Brother and Sister Loudenback, St. Paris, Ohio.

We often think and talk of you both, and of the pleasant visits we have had at your home, and at the home of the dear good parents, on the highway between Addison and St. Paris. But since then how many years have sped away! And with the passing years marked and mysterious changes have been wrought. Perhaps not so mysterious after all. It is simply the course of a wise and good Providence by which heaven has received its accessions of the good and pure for the last six thousand years. It is thus that the generations come and go. The young and the old fulfill their little round of duty, and go back to God who created, commissioned, and sent them. Well may we say, "Blessed be His holy name." Every providence of His inspires to increased diligence as we turn away from fresh graves, and warm tears, to the divinely appointed and daily duties of life. When we have reached the age that we and you, dear brother and sister, have attained, the shadow of many graves—the graves of our dear departed—lies upon our path. But this only inspires us to greater diligence, giving us a deeper interest in, and a broader charity for, the suffering and the sorrowing who are all about us. By this fidelity to our earthly trust we are, in a measure, made worthy to join the bright assembly of the just where the saved and sainted of our homes now await us with hands outstretched and joyous welcome. Oh, when we arrive at that home of glory, we shall, I think, look back upon the tribulations of this world as instruments of grace, and of supreme personal good. Surely, our loving, heavenly Parent, who sent His Son to save us, can have only purposes of good in all the sorrow and suffering incident to the lot of His believing children. While but for a time only our dearest earthly joys are removed hence, God, in the fullness of His love, will abide with us, and in us forever. Let us ever, therefore, praise Him who is our abiding stay, our refuge, the Rock of our trust;—whose infinite goodness we can never doubt, though clouds and darkness at times seem round about him. In a little while the mists will clear away and

all the glory of His will and ways will shine upon our higher, clearer, and more perfect understanding. Till that glad day by faith we will follow our departed ones in the upward, shining way over which they have passed to mansions above. Though the earthly ties that bound them to us are broken, they can never be separated from God. They were His while here with us, and they are His forever. It was His goodness that gave them to us and allowed us the rich blessing of their affection, and of memories that now link us to the company of the redeemed. May all the blessing of their love to us, and ours for them be graven on our inmost souls, not to be erased by our grief at their going away, but rather deepened and consecrated by the tears we have shed. May that home of our loved ones rise before our faith in new brightness. May we be more earnest from day to day in the great work of life—of home and the church—till God shall call us to yonder higher sphere, and reunite the homes that are broken in this world only for a short time in the decree of death.

But I did not think of writing you almost a sermon as the first thing on taking my pen. But my mind and heart seem to run out in that special direction. May be I was under the influence of the sorrowful yet beautiful funeral occasion of yesterday. Yes, even a funeral occasion may be beautiful, beautiful in tributes of sympathy, of flowers, and impressive tokens of immortality, and prospective heavenly reunion, when a young life, pure and innocent, goes out to live and shine forever with Jesus. Such was the life of the pure, good, innocent boy whose funeral service I attended yesterday.

How rapidly time is pushing us forward toward the journey's end! But we are glad that the past is so full of precious memories, and that the future is rich in radiant prospects. Better days await us. If we do not realize them here, there is unspeakable good for us in the life to come. That other and better life may come soon. It cannot be very long delayed. May we be faithful till the change shall come.

Your brother in Christ,

H. Y. RUSH.

He not only wrote many long letters of comfort and spiritual helpfulness, but numerous brief messages of kindly and encouraging words were sent those who were

bearing burdens, or doing noble deeds, or giving out useful and helpful things with tongue or pen. Such are the following postal card messages:—

April 12, 1902.

DEAR BRO. CRAMPTON:—The last *HERALD* is proof that you have attended prayer-meeting, and know how to picture the proceedings.

Thanks for that excellent article. It will do good, and will tend to get this sacred cart out of the deep-cut rut. A fine editorial number in all that class of contents.

Many other *good* articles. Very truly,

RUSH.

To Rev. H. Crampton, while serving as assistant to J. J. Summerbell, editor of *Herald of Gospel Liberty*:

No date.

DEAR BROTHER:—It is very kind in you to put your shoulder under Bro. Summerbell's dual burden. You thus lighten its weight, and give a measure of comfort to a sorrowing heart. Heaven sustain our Brother, and justly reward you. You have used the "quill" well, and said to us many timely and helpful things. You are to be congratulated.

Your brother in Christ, H. Y. RUSH.

To Rev. P. H. Fleming, Burlington, N. C.:

WEST MILTON, O., March 24, 1904.

DEAR BRO. FLEMING:—I have read your "Bible Study" on *Numbers* with much interest. It is a large subject, but your ability to sift, simmer, condense, is very successfully set forth in this article. The preacher of limited time and of limited Biblical literature gets the gist of the subject from your happy and skillful condensation. Go on with the good work. Such a serial can hardly be too long-drawn. . . . May heaven bless you in your service for the Master, in pulpit and with the pen. Am ever glad to hear of Zion's prosperity in my native state. Yes, anywhere in the "field," which Jesus says, "is the world."

Your Brother sincerely, H. Y. RUSH.

Another letter to a ministerial friend is written in such a genial and appreciative manner that I here submit it:—

LETTER TO REV. H. E. BUTLER

WEST MILTON, O., February 12, 1902.

DEAR BRO. BUTLER:—Your very welcome and good letter of the seventh inst. came duly to hand. Every line and word of it was read with interest by Mrs. Rush and myself. It revived precious memories of the past, and awoke reminiscences that are now brightened by gleams from the "glory land," and glimpses of loved ones that now walk in white robes. Oh, what changes since the days and nights of those happy meetings ten years ago! To none of us is earth just what it was at that time; but to many of us "heaven" means infinitely more than it could possibly signify before its shining throng was so recruited from our homes, our firesides, the pulpit, and the pew. Moreover, how much nearer are you, and I, and our loved ones to that land that lies ever in a summer beauty, and whose citizens live ever in a Presence so gloriously bright as to make needless any "candle," or "sun"!

Yes, those were blessed days—and nights—when you came back into our home from the Lord's house, bounding through the door, shouting victory and praise, and trying to extort amens from all the family from cellar to garret, and then compelling the organ to swell the notes of victory, till our home echoed with glad notes almost as emphatic as the "voice of many waters". Everything in the home seemed to be spiritualized,—unless it was that unfailing cruse of candy.

Well those glad echoes still hang about the ceiling, and every now and then one drops down into our hearts. We are glad to hear of the Lord's blessing upon your work this winter. Fifty-three souls for Christ this winter! Blessed be His name! Mrs. Rush also says, "Amen"! Fifty-three more crowns, I trust, for heads of men and women that "follow the Lamb whithersoever he leads". I shall pray for them, that they may be faithful to the end and receive the crown of life.

I hope your ministry may run through many years, and that at last you may pass to that rest where you shall meet many dear ones whom you were instrumental in bringing to Jesus.

What a grand co-worker you have had in Bro. Bennett! We think he is a young man of piety, and perfect purity of life. These, with other qualities, make him a power. I have but little faith in preachers or laymen who have not come near enough the cleansing Fountain to get the filth out of their minds, and the smut from their lips. Mrs. Rush and I should like to have seen that race you had after the young man ("M. E.") that shouted and ran and leaped. No doubt it had some likeness to the Olympian races, while it was inspired by motives and emotions with a life more lasting than that of the laurel. Well, yes, I too like emotions a little more "pacific", but give me this a thousand times before the bedlum of foot-ball, and the loud rowdyism of our popular up-to-date games. God's service has the highest pleasures, so that we need borrow no delights from the devil.

May you have a good meeting at Vienna Cross Roads. Yes, that must be a sacred place to you. There you will almost feel the presence of Julia's spirit,—of that great and pure soul whose sympathy for you and your work was large, unselfish, Christlike, sublime. Those memories will be an inspiration, and will help you, through the Lord, to be at your best in pressing the claims of the Gospel upon sinners, and in turning their eyes to "beckoning hands" that would lure them heavenward, and enlarge their hope of happy re-unions in heaven.

Well, my dear brother, Mrs. Rush is desirous that I inquire of you how your dear little Julia Ruth is getting along. She feels a great interest in the little one, and you must tell us about her. What a noble Christian mother the little daughter had! May the good Shepherd guard her, carry her in His bosom, direct and keep in all the future of her life, and grant unto her the joy of seeing at last that mother's face, now more loving than ever, and all-glorious in the light of her celestial home.

Mrs. Rush sends kindest regards.

Your brother in Christ,

H. Y. RUSH.

Still another happy, genial message, written in rhythmic form, is given as revealing the kindly, helpful spirit of the man:—

Mrs. Rapp had sent two little socks, a plan to raise money toward their new church at Troy.

WEST MILTON, OHIO.

Mrs. C. E. Rapp, Troy, Ohio.

DEAR SISTER:—

Two tiny socks you sent by mail,
Were duly here received,
And that your good work may not fail
And many hearts be grieved—

We sat down quick to count our feet,
And find that each has two,
And two times two are four complete,
If 'rithmetic is true.

Two number sevens make fourteen,
Two number fives are ten.
By this reck'ning it is seen
That we to you must send

In cents, all told, just twenty-four—
It won't count otherwise;
But for good measure one cent more
Will make it twenty-five.

Now, Sister Rapp, may other friends
Be blessed with bigger feet,
Requiring shoes of number ten,—
Then, when at Mack's you meet

And count the totals of your toil,
Your hearts shall cheer with large success.
Your loving labor none can foil,—
Your work is such as God can bless.

With best wishes for a pleasant meeting of the society at
Sister D. M. McCullough's, and for large success in the society's
work, we remain,

Yours truly,

MR. AND MRS. H. Y. RUSH.

P. S.—Mrs. Rush thinks the *number* has reference to the socks
and not to the shoes.

If she is right and I am wrong,
And you mean socks instead of shoes,
Just fifty cents I'll send along,
Then you can have it as you choose. H. Y. R.

HABITS OF READING AND STUDY

He was in the habit of rising at four o'clock, and would spend from one to two hours reading or writing. He wrote many articles for religious papers, as well as obituary and memorial sketches for local papers. He had a library of some two or three thousand volumes, and was a careful and thoughtful reader. He donated over one hundred volumes to one Sunday-school and gave away many more. He did not yield well-grounded convictions and conservative views of religious questions to accept those of the newer school of theological writers and thinkers except so far as they accorded with the generally accepted views of orthodox teachers. He would rather hold to that which was regarded as safe, before accepting that which he thought failed to furnish any more solid foundation for standing upon. He lived in a transition period; or rather perhaps stood at the dawn of a new era in religious thinking. His religious writings are valuable chiefly for their practical helpfulness; their deep and sincere piety; their inspiring effect upon the life; their purity of thought and diction; their beauty and simplicity; their clear, picturesque, and graceful style. His analysis of Scripture lessons; his interpretation of their spiritual meaning; his exposition of their biblical significance; and his appropriate and beautiful illustrations were never dull, or prosaic, but always edifying, pleasing, and instructive to his hearers. He greatly endeared himself to many intelligent and appreciative listeners during his long and useful ministry. He never prided himself in titles or mere outward honors to recommend him or endear him to others, but in sincerity, integrity, brotherly friendship and fellowship as worth far more than titles. Yet he was fully qualified in scholarship, ministerial dignity and decorum to deserve and modestly wear a title



Mrs. Mary J. Rush

without pride or vanity. This was recognized by Union Christian College which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

CLOSING YEARS

His devotion to his companion during the years of her enfeebled health was of a rare and beautiful kind. They together visited many medicinal springs and health resorts. His letters describing these places are interesting and often instructive.

But as age crept slowly upon him he was the one who began to have feeble health. The exposure of army life, close application to ministerial labor, together with all the busy pursuits of life had told heavily upon his physical strength. He still continued to supply in pulpit work, and to preach funerals frequently. His last public effort was in the West Milton Christian Church just a short time before his death. He spoke then to the delight and satisfaction of his hearers. He was almost too much exhausted to return to his home, and his companion was shocked to see him as he steadied himself at the fence before entering the front gate. It was his last effort to preach the Gospel he had loved so long to proclaim. He speedily sank under the weakening effect of *la grippe*, and a few days later he passed quietly away,—April 16, 1905, in the seventieth year of his age. His last words were faintly spoken as he looked up into the face of his dear companion and said, "Alone! Alone." The winter previous he had said to her, "Mary, how lonely the one who is left will be when one of us is taken." His last words may be interpreted in the light of this remark. Later on as the end drew near he tried very hard to say something to the family but could not be understood. Finally he raised his right hand and pointing upward he waved his

hand while his eyes lighted up as though some beautiful vision had been given him, and then sank quietly to rest.

His remains were buried in the beautiful Riverside Cemetery at Troy, Ohio.

He had purchased a lot there some time before, and was heard to remark that he "had been around in many burial places, but had never found one which suited him as well as that one." With a gravelly soil, and a gently sloping fall toward the Miami River which it overlooked, it is indeed an ideal burying ground. Here rests also the remains of several other Christian ministers: Rev. A. L. McKinney, Rev. P. McCullough, Rev. J. P. Watson, D. D., Rev. Peter Banta.

He came home one day and told Mrs. Rush he had bought what he thought to be one of the most desirable lots in the cemetery, and afterward he took quite an interest in having corner stones placed upon it.

Here rests the remains of this man of God, preacher, soldier, editor.



Rev. H. Y. Rush, D. D.
(Age About Thirty)

REMINISCENCES AND TRIBUTES IN MEMORY OF DR. RUSH

REMINISCENCES BY AN OLD FRIEND

My recollections of Rev. H. Y. Rush are of the most pleasing nature.

In the early part of the year 1857 he came into the vicinity of what is known as Lower Honey Creek. The church record shows that in September, 1857, he was employed to preach twice a month for one year, his salary one hundred and fifty dollars.

December 3, 1859, he was employed to preach on the first and third Sabbath of each month for one year. August 4, 1860, he was employed to preach for one year for one hundred dollars and a donation of twenty-five dollars. At the close of that year there were 147 members in good standing.

Honey Creek Christian Church was organized January 20, 1839, under the guidance of Rev. Joseph Kirby.

The church record of Lost Creek Christian Church shows that he was employed in September, 1860, to preach at that place. The record reads as follows:—"Fourth Sabbath and Saturday preceding being the first meeting in the conference year, Elder H. Y. Rush in attendance, this meeting being the commencement of his labors with us as pastor." His relations as pastor to this church continued to the close of the conference year of 1866.

The Ohio Roster of Soldiers Vol. 8, page 20, has the following:—110th Regiment O. V. I., Company E., H. Y. Rush, First Lieut., age 26, date of entering service, Aug. 15, 1862. Period of service three years. Appointed Aug. 16, 1862. Resigned Oct. 6, 1863, on account of physical disability.

July 4, 1866, the following resolution was adopted:—"Resolved that whereas the church at this place has had the labors of Elder H. Y. Rush for the last six years, as pastor, that we with regret comply with his request to dissolve the relation he has sustained to us, yet in so doing, with pleasure state that our connection with him has been of the most pleasing nature. We therefore part with him with undiminished confidence in him as a

Christian and a minister and as such commend him to the Christian world."

The record shows the following:—

RESIGNATION OF H. Y. RUSH, PASTOR

July 21, 1866

DEAR BROTHERS:—Other religious labors that I have consented to take upon myself in addition to the care of four churches, has so increased my work, that it becomes necessary for me to resign the pastorship of this church. In doing so I can but call to remembrance the pleasantness of our past relationship and many happy seasons we have enjoyed in worshiping together in Christ Jesus. Truly the Lord has not been unmindful of our needs, nor has He withheld His favors while our relationship has existed. I trust that sinners have also been converted, and saints greatly revived and strengthened in their profession of Christ. May the same good Providence be with you and still bless you in all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.

"Since my first connection with the church here solemn changes have taken place. I have followed with you several of your brethren, sisters, children and grandchildren to the grave. We have stood together by the tomb and seen that the life of infancy, youth and old age are alike fickle and uncertain. Brethren, we too, shall all soon lie down to our last sleep. May it be that sleep whose slumber and whose waking are in Jesus Christ.

"And now thanking you for all your past and ever-to-be-remembered kindness, and praying that God may send a faithful Shepherd to our flock, I respectfully resign my office as pastor, to take effect at the close of the present conference year.

"And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.

H. Y. RUSH,

Pastor Lost Creek Christian Church."

At this time there were 110 members of the church, in good standing, some of whom were as follows:—George McCullough, Thomas Long, George Blaker, Richard Mitchell, Isaac H. Stinsman, Jacob Briggs, Henry Hartmen, Daniel Ralston, D. M. McCullough, B. V. Rossiter, Daniel Pence, Clifford Stratton, John Moore, Samuel Wilson, Bennett South, Rousseau Wilgus, Frank Wilgus, Wm. Pence, S. D. Stratton, George South, John Wilson, Paul Pence, Rev. Peter McCullough, Wm. Walker, Thomas Wilgus, Michael Wilgus, Henry Munger, Esther E. Jenkins, present church clerk. The record shows he was paid a salary of \$150 per year.

The resignation was a serious blow to his old friend, Mr. George McCullough, of Christiansburg, Ohio. Mr. McCullough had been his steadfast friend in sunshine and shadow, in winter's cold and summer's heat, in adversity, in poverty and as a soldier for the flag they both dearly loved. Their fellowship and love

for each other was like that of Jonathan and David, a thing of beauty. The kind of men who make the world better as the tide of years rises on the eternal shore.

In the Lost Creek Church record I find that the first name of the church was Christian Church Indian Creek, also the following statement:—"That this church as near as we can ascertain, was constituted by Elder Samuel Kyle and William Dye on the fourth Saturday and Sunday in May, 1821.

WM. H. GREEN, Church Clerk."

The above record was made December 30, 1830.

Cove Spring Church was organized about 1815. The first church was built a little southwest of the present edifice and was known as the New Light Church. It was built near a spring which gushed forth from an alcove or ledge of rocks, it was first Cold Spring, the first syllable being dropped from Alcove, hence—Cove Spring. The old church was mysteriously burned one night, the origin of the fire never became public.

The church is located almost in the center of Elizabeth Township, Miami County and was built in the fifties. The church record I was unable to obtain. It was dedicated by the Rev. I. N. Walters. About the same time that Mr. Rush preached at Lost Creek and Honey Creek he was employed at Cove Spring, where he had a host of friends. The man who could follow such men as Kyle, Walters, Banta and others and make a record had to have more than ordinary ability. Rev. Rush was modest and unassuming and of high character. The first time I heard him preach was when I was a mere boy of thirteen. The impression he made upon my young mind has come down with me through all the years, (51). He insisted that the cultivation of the powers of observation in the daily life of our youth were being sadly neglected, and that this lack of encouragement and cultivation would handicap them in the struggles of life. He dwelt upon what constituted true character. That quality and quantity are the specific tests which determine value and that there can be no ambiguity in discovering the difference between Christian character and a vicious life. Then he dwelt upon the importance of a knowledge of human character. He said that some day the study of physiognomy would rank as an exact science. That the eyes lips, ears and other features were an index of individual character. His text was "Consider the Lilies." He builded wiser than he knew. He was a striking example of the fact that beautiful characters of men and women carry the facial index. There was an atmosphere of purity about his life, like that of pure womanhood which adds luster to environment. Modest as a girl, brave as a Kosciusko on the battlefields of the Republic. No words of mine can adequately paint the character of this mild-mannered, manly man, whose life was as noiseless as the shadow, as silent as the placid lake. No clatter of an empty profession, no false pretenses of friendship, no hypocritical cant. His life-

work is interwoven into the warp and woof of the communities of Lost Creek, Cove Spring and Honey Creek, the lexicon of which lies in eternity. So his work leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the labor of life's moral vineyard—an inspiration, a benediction. His gentle influence is with the ages. We shall think of him in all the billowed years for what he wrought for others.

His life was a battle against the wrongs of society and his country, always reasonable, always adequate. The suggestions of his clear mind were heightened by his zeal and love of right. Modern degeneracy had no claim on him. With broadax he laid the foundation for the destruction of the saloon and the education of the people on the use of alcoholics. On the streets of Christiansburg he expressed those sentiments that have molded the social conditions into an intelligent conception of the wants of humanity. His eloquence at times was peculiar and of a spontaneous character, transporting a refined sensibility affecting human conduct, based upon instruction, wisdom, seldom observed in rural pulpits or platforms. His patriotism was unbounded. His life was fired with the high and holy ambition of saving his country to us and generations unborn. The firing on Ft. Sumter set on fire his love of human liberty. The frown of war was already upon the visages of men. Cadmus had thrown the stone, and the signal of combat sprung from the dragon's teeth.

He taught two terms of school at Christiansburg, Ohio, in the year 1861. One commencing April 8th and ending May 21st. The other commencing next day, May 22d and ending July 5, 1861. In the first school there were males, thirty-four; females twenty-six; total, sixty. In the second school, males, thirty-seven; females, twenty-eight; total, sixty-five. The average number of children then in each family was eight, now it is two. Think, gentle reader, whither are we drifting?

On the inside of the back of the old school register, now in the possession of Mr. D. M. McCullough, one of his pupils, and to whom we are all indebted for its preservation, I find a gem of purest ray serene, seemingly "Born to blush unseen" and shed its light amid the dust and vista of the silent years. I resurrect it here, that it may have a place in the archives of the lovers of human freedom. I chisel it not on marble, nor emblazon it on perishing bronze, but hope to write it upon the tablets of the hearts of those into whose hands it may fall in some succeeding years. Had Webster said it at Bunker Hill, or Lincoln at Gettysburg, it would take its place upon the scroll of the immortals, revealing rare statesmanship and prophetic vision, expressing gigantic sentiments and an uncommon grasp of civic, religious and military situations in our national life. And so his many splendid thoughts shall "Glide above our memories, like shadows over streams."

"And even now we have more to fear that our troubles will be but temporarily allayed, instead of their being fully eradicated

and their causes utterly purged from the nation. It is better to have a severe and long attack of a malady which when thoroughly cured leaves the system invulnerable to disease than to be perpetually afflicted with shocks and paroxysms that keep us in continual fear and suspense. Where life becomes nothing but a perpetual aftermath of disease and convalescence, existence itself becomes a burden and death a welcome relief. The thing most to be feared now is, not how long the war will continue or how it will end, but will the nation do right, leaving the consequences with God. Let us do right, respecting our troubles and institutions and our wounds will soon be healed and our nation possess a soundness that will utterly preclude the origin of disease within and the approach of disaster without.

"When will peace be made? When wrong is righted: when the cause of war is removed and the laws enforced—not compromised, then and not until then can peace be made. without gross indignity to every rule of right and justice. But will its close witness the removal of every quicksand from our national basis, that our free institution may hereafter be unsullied, unthreatened, permanent as the foundations of the earth. Amen."

On the inside of the back of a New Testament sent to D. M. McCullough from the Army of the Potomac, I find another beautiful letter so characteristic of the life of Mr. Rush, that I deem it worth publishing. It is as follows:—

"September 22, 1863.

From the Potomac Army.

"On the banks of the memorable Rapidan, where the roar of our artillery mingles with that of the enemy—a scene in the history of our country's struggle, presaging, perhaps, a grand conflict of arms, for which we now strip and prepare ourselves to do battle. But among the precious objects I cannot carry and cannot throw away, is this New Testament, these precious words of Light and Life. To you, then, my dear pupil, the son of my faithful brother and sister in Christ, to you I give and recommend this Book, praying you to make it the Guide of your life, the Lamp of your Path, your support in affliction and your Title in Christ to an Eternal Life.

"Devote your life to Christianity and the good of your country. Be swayed by no prejudices, no party and selfish spirit. Always be prepared and willing to die, if Providence so order it.

From your friend,

1st Lt. H. Y. RUSH,

Co. E. 110 Reg. O. V. I.

2nd Brig. 3rd Div.

3 A. C. Potomac Army."

About a mile southwest of Honey Creek Church lived Samuel W. Sterrett when Mr. Rush came into the neighborhood. Mr. Sterrett had been a bound boy, raised by "Uncle Ben" Gooden of Elizabeth Township, Miami County. He knew of the struggles

incident to poverty in the life of an ambitious boy. He could read character at a glance. He saw in Mr. Rush the making of a splendid man. Took an interest in him and assisted him in many ways, financially and otherwise. The latchstring was always out. Here the young minister spent many hours in consultation with the man of mature years, and excellent judgment. The writer received many lessons in wisdom's ways from Mr. Sterrett by which he has profited in after years. Sterrett was an intense Union man. This engendered a dislike for him by northern sympathizers. Rush took up the cudgel in favor of the Union and wielded it with telling effect against all comers, much to their discomfort. Why should not Sterrett be intense. On the bloody field of Chickamauga his son Jacob R., had offered up his life to save the flag. Knowing Mr. Rush's good sense and courage, Mr. Sterrett sent him to the southland to bring home the body of his fair-haired boy. This he did.

Of Quaker origin Mr. Rush broke away from the traditions of his people and early imbibed the theories of Horace Mann at Antioch, from which place he came to this community. Some of the characteristics of his people clung to him through life, which only emphasizes that "you may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of roses will cling round it still." To attempt an analysis of the characteristics of the subject of this sketch would be beyond my powers of description. The tones of his voice were full of melody. There were times when the intellectual powers seemed too great for physical endurance, yet in a moment he rallied and the very essence of his subject seemed to flash like the scintillations of genius. There was a most profound depth to his reasoning. An unanswerable philosophy. There were times when the form seemed to be sinking under its own weight, but in a moment as if nerved with sinews of steel he arose to the occasion and the truths he uttered seemed unchangeable, unanswerable, immortal. He had a way of getting at the very essence of his subject, in exactly the most appropriate manner. His sublime features irresistibly convinced his hearers of his belief in his abstract statements as he was of his own existence. In many ways he seemed to stand in a class of his own. He had faith in God and confidence in humanity. He loved the people and in turn they loved him. Duty was his watchword. Always sincere, always in deadly earnest. He was sagacious and conservative. He had a keen insight of human frailties and follies, yet seldom dwelt upon them. His appeal was to the better side of humanity. His effort was to set on fire the divine spark in every soul.

In discussing the theory that it is necessary for young persons to sow "wild oats" to become wise to the world, he said, I cannot see how reformed vice can be better than constant virtue. I am utterly astounded to hear men advocate such a fallacy. I could write a volume along similar lines, but perhaps this will suffice. His body died, yet his soul, his good work, his splendid

principles shall be as leaven in the bread and go on down the tide of the centuries.

That same benign countenance was strong in death, the lines of labor's cares had swept away as if an angel kissed them down while he had slept and given back the peace of boyhood days and seemed to say "None know life's secret but the immortal dead". So dwells our noble friend in best of lands.

Respectfully,

VAN S. DEATON, M. D.

Alcony, Ohio, July 10, 1911.

Among those who contributed to the success of the church at Cove Spring were John Greer, Dan McNeal, John McNeal, Henry Carver, The Bousmans, I. N. Kyle, Bennett Harter, I. A. Beales, H. C. Shidaker, Nelson Gearhart.

And among those of Honey Creek were:—M. R. Ayres, David Strock, Wm. Leffel, Benjamin Flinn, T. S. Wells, Wm. Scoby, Abraham Ullery, Wm. Ullery, Simeon Furrow, J. O. Kirby, Thompson P. Tullis, John Hart, George W. Cromer, Henry Brandenburg, Jos. Ullery, Edward Littlejohn, George Strock, James Black, George Mock, Emanuel Rudy, John Bradley, Rolly M. Van Devere, Wm. Morrett.

V. S. D.

NOTE.—The foregoing beautiful and appreciative sketch was written by Hon. Mr. Deaton at the request of Mr. D. M. McCullough to whose kindly help I am greatly indebted. The charm of the sketch is found in the warm personal element and sympathy which everywhere pervades this friendly tribute.—THE AUTHOR.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF H. Y. RUSH

NOTE.—The following Recollections were written by Col. F. M. Sterrett at the request of Mr. D. M. McCullough, of Troy, Ohio.—THE AUTHOR.

ST. CLOUD, FLA., June 14, 1911.

It has been almost a month since you wrote me to send you for publication, some of my recollections of the Rev. H. Y. Rush. I have just completed my bank building, and the bungalow on the lake is approaching completion, so nearly that I take time to write a few lines at least, about one who held a high place in the hearts of my father's entire family, although none of them were members of the Christian Church.

In the fifties, the Christian Community of the Northwest part of Pike Township, Clark County, Ohio, whose church house is now located in school district No. 5 in Pike Township, near Honey Creek; worshiped in a log house, built in the woods, near

where the Beech Grove Methodist Church is now situated. I think Peter Banta was the only regular minister that preached to this community, although I recollect Mark Briney, N. Summerbell, T. M. McWhinney, Peter McCullough and others preached there at irregular periods. It was a fertile region, and when the farms were cleared and roads made, they sought and built a more pretentious church house, of frame, yet standing, and in good repair, now called Honey Creek Chapel. Peter Banta continued to preach to this people in the new house. He preached the first sermon I ever heard, in the old log church, and I have carried much of it in memory to the present moment. Brother Banta preached a literal hell in those days, and it made my young blood curdle to think of the awful torments depicted in his sermons. I recollect, the conversation as we walked home from these meetings, consisted largely of an interchange of opinion about the degree of heat which could be generated with fire and brimstone. It was asserted that it was nine times as hot as an ordinary fire, and at this, one of the young men in all solemnity said: "It will be no use to send me there, I surely could never stand it".

Father Sterrett lived about three-fourths of a mile southwest of Honey Creek Chapel. His church membership and that of his family were at McKendrie M. E. Church, about two miles to the southwest of his farm. He lived and died a trustee of this church. There were ten children in the family and when young all attended Sabbath-school at Honey Creek Chapel and when grown, at McKendrie. Father owned and through help operated the saw and gristmill of the neighborhood, where the social, religious, political and other topics of the day were largely discussed.

It must have been in 1857 that Peter Banta brought H. Y. Rush to Honey Creek Chapel and introduced him as a young student from Antioch College, and a graduate of Meadville Theological Seminary. Rush was close to six feet in height and spare in build, with one of the most modest expressions that I have ever seen on the face of a living man. He was about twenty-two years of age at this time. His sermon on this occasion was pleasing to the congregation.

During the following week, David Strock, Wm. Leffell, and Micajah Ayers, all well-to-do intelligent farmers and members of the Honey Creek Chapel, met at father's gristmill, and being present at the office, I heard the conversation, which led up to the engagement of H. Y. Rush, to preach for that society, where he continued to preach until 1860.

Father said, (in the custom of the neighborhood) "Boys, are you aware you heard a great sermon on last Sunday?" Each of the "boys" although not so deeply impressed as father, agreed that Rush had preached a good sermon. Father urged them to secure Rush for regular sermons, and warned them, that if they failed to do so, they would miss the opportunity to secure the greatest preacher that had ever come into their midst. This

conversation resulted in a promise upon the part of my father, to pay as much to Honey Creek each year as to McKendrie.

Rush, in the pulpit, was a personification of reverend dignity. He looked at his audience with benign and kindly eyes. He was a typical religious teacher and sought his way to the understanding and heart by simple and direct methods. I have often thought that the greatest forcefulness of Rush consisted in this very simplicity of method. One seemed to reach his deeper channel, as the spring branch reaches the creek, through gravity, without effort, in the removal of that which had formerly obstructed the flow. He was erect in his pulpit bearing and always benignly serious. I never heard him, even in his later days, when he did not seem to approach his task as teacher with an almost blushing diffidence. He was the most modest, large intellectuality I have ever known. The only weakness I ever detected in him was that no man would ever speak ill of him. He never attempted the rhetorical and was singularly free from gesticulation; and while he did not practice the purely oratorical effect, I have seen his face aglow with a light seemingly sent down from the heavenly choir, that fired his clear, ringing voice with a magnetic force that carried the soul along the absolutely eloquent path he was treading with an ecstasy which inspired, enthralled.

Rush came to our house at will and stopped oftener with us than all the other neighbors combined, until he married Miss Kepper, one of the estimable young lady members of his congregation.

I recollect that when Benjamin G., the youngest of our family died in December of 1860, the Methodist brethren expressed some little discontent, that our own preacher should not have preached the funeral sermon, instead of Rush, but when a sister died, twenty years later, father would only have Rush to say the words that committed her body to the grave. When father died in 1885, we boys sent for Rush to say the last words above the body of the man who had been his very close friend for a quarter of a century. Six years ago, I looked on the face of Rush, lying in his coffin in the Presbyterian church of Troy. It came to me then, and it rushes over me now; what a good man he had been in the world and how much the world had lost in his taking away; and my own personal loss in his departure. I saw Rush on the train near Bradford, in 1899, for the first time in many years, and thanked him for an article I had seen from his pen, in which he defended me and my motives in a controversy I had been through with the *Omaha Bee*. He said at that time, "My dear Brother Frank, I have carefully watched every step of your course and have prayed God every day to guard and guide you." He added some eloquent and affectionate words about the old Honey Creek days and the old brick house on Walnut Hill which he still regarded as home, and which he visited nearly every year as long as mother lived. To know that this good man kept his eye on me, and prayed for me, at times when I forgot my own prayers, made a better man of me.

I can see the round form of father yet, as it shakes, while relating some incident that illustrated the innate modesty of Rush. At one time, when father had driven Rush to Troy, he detected a serious break in one of Rush's boots, which he was maneuvering to hide. He succeeded in getting him to a shoe store and said, "One of us is nearly barefooted and the weather is cold, fix this man up," which was accordingly done, while Rush protestingly blushed. This was before Rush had accumulated a competence.

Father was appointed in the fall of 1861, by Governor Tod, to go to our troops in West Virginia, where his son, Jacob R., was serving, in the 11th Ohio (afterwards killed at Chickamauga) to collect and bring home such funds as the soldiers desired to send to their families. He asked the Governor to appoint Rush to accompany him, which was done, and they traveled on the Ohio and Kenahlván together. The letters of each, published in the Springfield, Ohio, *Republican* at the time, are still preserved and those of Rush show a mind with a wide range of thought in other fields than the ministry, including treatment of matters military. These letters develop the first indications of the soldier spirit in this great preacher. In another year he had entered as a lieutenant, the 110th Ohio Infantry, commanded by my friend, J. Warren Kiefer, for fourteen years a member of Congress and for one term speaker of that body; an author, statesman and soldier. The friendship between these two really big men, in different channels, was kept up until the death of Rush, which the General mourned with a deep and lasting sorrow. The company in which Rush was lieutenant, was largely made up of men from Troy and vicinity. All speak of his coolness and bravery in action and his strict performance of duty in camp and on the march.

Rush was the greatest natural preacher that I have ever listened to. Altogether, I think he was the cleanest man that I have ever intimately known. It is certain that he was the most modest man I ever knew, and yet he was a valorous man and maintained his convictions with unswerving fidelity.

Such are a few thoughts and recollections of a good man whose acquaintance I made in the beginning of his career, at his first charge on Honey Creek.

Regretting that I have not yet brought any of my books or papers from Troy, through which I might write more extensively and accurately, I am, as ever,

Your friend,

F. M. STERRETT.

FROM AN OLD CLASSMATE AT MEADVILLE

I cannot say, in this brief note, near all my heart would prompt me to say of Bro. Rush. He was one of "nature's noble-men." To "know him was to love him".

My acquaintance with him began at the American Christian Convention, held in Marshall, Mich., in October, 1866. From

that time until his death, in 1905, we were associated as charter members of the Board of Trustees of the Christian Biblical Institute. This brought me into close relationship with him and gave me clear views of his beautiful Christian life.

When I learned of his death I wrote the *Herald of Gospel Liberty* as follows: "By the death of Rev. H. Y. Rush the Christian Church has lost one of its best men—an able preacher, a successful pastor, an accomplished writer, a safe counsellor, and a courteous Christian gentleman."

But while these words express briefly, but fairly, my estimate of the man as I knew him, following are some words I would now add.

1st. He was thoroughly devoted to his mission as a minister of the Gospel. Believing it to be divine, believing in God the Father and in man the brother, he did with patient, persistent might what hand, head and heart found to do.

2nd. As a preacher, he was not only forceful and instructive, but he inspired his hearers with the utmost confidence. Behind each sermon "there was the Christian man shining through and enforcing its principles by a living example".

3d. As a writer, his style—if at times strong and pungent—was always graceful and finished—his thoughts being presented in language well chosen, chaste and simple.

4th. In counsel, or wherever called to act, he was strong, ready, unassuming, capable and resolute. The church could trust him in any place.

5th. He was in every sense a brother. All could get near to him, tell him their joys and griefs and wishes and woes. In a word, he was an embodiment of Christian love.

Finally. It may be said of Dr. Rush, as was said of the late Dr. Rader, "Service nerved him. He could suffer but not shrink, renew his zeal but not surrender. When death struck the pen from his hand, he was ready for the crown he had won."

D. E. MILLARD.

April 17, 1911.

A FRIENDLY ESTIMATE FROM A NONOGENARIAN

My acquaintance with Rev. H. Y. Rush was not very intimate nor very extended, but what I did enjoy was of the pleasantest kind. He was a man whom to know was to love. He was always a sweet-spirited Christian. His countenance was an expression of welcome and an inspiration and invitation to confidence. This gave him an attractive influence over all whom he met; and it was an attraction to what was best and truest in life. So his very living was a blessing to all with whom he lived and as long as he lived. The good that he did actively was in addition to what he was passively.

As a minister, whether as pastor of a church or as co-worker

in conferences and conventions, his work and council were on the side of what tended to build up righteousness, truth and love. He was not demonstrative, not ambitious for leadership; but those who were leading for the best things could always count on his presence with them, and his wise and active co-operation. And the soundness of his judgment and the earnestness of his purpose made him a strong helper. The foremost found him one among themselves. As a pastor, his sermons were not for oratory but for persuasion. Their thought was weighty, clear, and winningly presented. But he won converts and built up his churches more by the influence of his personality, sincere and friendly, than by the power of his sermons; though each was always the helper of the other. This made him the successful pastor he was.

But it was as editor of the *Herald of Gospel Liberty* that I knew him most. He was handicapped in this by the injudicious financial management of the *Herald's* affairs, but his own work was untainted by the effect. He was an able, clear, and forceful writer, and his aim was to build up the things that pertained to the Gospel of the Kingdom. He was no controversialist. He was for building up righteousness, rather than finding fault with, and saying hard things about, the righteous man who differed from him in opinion. He read widely, judged candidly and impartially, treated all questions and all persons fairly, and wrote out of a heart and mind imbued with a love for the great Cause. He had no personal axe to grind nor hobby to ride. His position brought him into friendly touch with the people, and especially with the ministers, throughout our denomination. His spirit was broad and charitable to all; and at the same time strong, and loyal, and promotive of the vital interests of the cause of Christ and of the truly Christian principles for which we properly stand.

It is an honor to a denomination to have produced such a man; it is an honor to a man to have served so faithfully the real interests of such a denomination.

J. B. WESTON.

NOTE.—The above estimate is from Rev. J. B. Weston, D. D., LL. D., Chancellor of Christian Biblical Institute, Defiance, Ohio.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE FROM ONE OF HIS NATIVE STATE

Rev. Henry Y. Rush, D. D., was born and reared to young manhood in Randolph County, N. C. He came of sturdy and heroic stock. His father and mother, his grandfathers and grandmothers were plain Christian men and women of the people. Lord Bacon says: "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones fortune".

When a boy Henry offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not, as Emerson said of Lincoln in youth, "offend by superiority". As a boy and a man he was without vices. The face of the North Carolina boy, as well as his manner, disarmed suspicion.

Before he set his face toward what was then called "The West" he had inspired the confidence and confirmed the good will of everybody in Randolph County with whom he became well acquainted. He grew up with the West. Whether teacher or pastor, soldier or editor, his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his close application to his studies, his abiding faith in God as Father, Christ as Savior, the Holy Spirit as Comforter, enabled him, with his noble Christian wife and daughter, to grow in grace, in knowledge, in favor with men, until he was justly regarded as one of the ablest, purest, and best men, among our people, who ever bore the standard of the Cross, who ever went out from North Carolina to build his home and altar in the great state of Ohio.

D. A. LONG.

Graham, N. C.

NOTE.—The above tribute is from the pen of Rev. Daniel Albright Long, D. D., LL. D., Ex-President of Antioch College, and President-elect of Union Christian College, Ind.—THE AUTHOR.

GENERAL J. WARREN KEIFER'S ESTIMATE OF H. Y. RUSH AS A SOLDIER

Briefly summarized I remember Reverend Henry Y. Rush as a learned and devout minister of the Gospel in the Christian Church, who became a First Lieutenant in the 110th Ohio Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War and who, as such officer, entered the service August 15, 1862, and was mustered into the United States Volunteer Army for three years or during the war on October 3, 1862. He resigned on account of physical disability October 6, 1863, while serving in the Army of the Potomac under General Meade, near Culpepper Court House, Virginia. Besides numerous skirmishes and affairs in West Virginia, he fought with his regiment and company in the considerable battles of Union Mills, Winchester Heights and Stephenson's Depot, Va., June 13, 14 and 15, 1863, and he participated in the pursuit of Lee's Confederate army in the retreat from Gettysburg, Pa., July 6 to 13, 1863, and in the succeeding campaign, including the short but decisive battle of Wapping Heights, Va., July 23, 1863. He was also with his regiment in New York City and Brooklyn, N. Y., (August 15 to September 15, 1863) engaged in suppressing riots and enforcing the draft.

Though the duties in the army of Reverend Rush were with

his company and command and on the firing line in battle, he never forgot his high calling and Christian character. He unostentatiously conducted prayer-meetings, held religious services in his company and, at frequent times, acted as Chaplain of his regiment. He always commanded the respect of all the officers over him, also of all the officers and soldiers under or associated with him. He was a good disciplinarian, and yet always just and careful of his men. He never spared himself at their expense.

It was his fortune to participate in a number of great battles of the Civil War, and though his constitution was naturally not strong, he endured the hardships of camp life, severe drills, marches, bivouacs, campaigns, guard duties by night and day and the necessary exposure in all kinds of weather in all seasons of the year, often going for weeks in campaigns without protection or shelter by day or night, and obliged, at times, to sleep on frozen or wet ground. Only when broken down with disease incident to his severe and trying service did he relinquish his field service, return to civil life and to his ministerial work both in the pulpit and as a writer and editor of a Gospel newspaper.

He was an exceptional and critical scholar. His literary attainments were high; and his learning was not that of a theologian alone. He was an investigator of science and of abstruse subjects. His learning was recondite. He was a thinker. He loved his fellow-men, and devoted his life to doing good, and with all, he hated, despised and indignantly spurned shams, pretenses, falsehood and deception.

He was hostile to slavery. He early favored emancipation, and he rejoiced in Lincoln's Proclamation freeing the slave. He was a North Carolinian by birth, and had a deep sympathy for the non-slaveholding white people of his native state and of the South generally. He believed, as the sequel has proved, that they too would be emancipated from social and personal thralldom incident to a residence among slaveholders. He also had prescient wisdom enough to foretell that with slavery abolished, the slaveholder population would also be emancipated from a condition that, all moral and religious questions aside, would bring it to enjoy greater happiness, safety, security and prosperity in the future.

In the pursuit of Lee's army through Maryland just after his defeat at Gettysburg (July 1 to 3, 1863) some North Carolina Confederate soldiers fell into our hands, some of whom were personally known to Lieut. Rush. He evinced the greatest and tenderest interest in them. He told me that they were (as they informed him) as devoted to the Union and as much opposed to human slavery as he was himself, but, as citizens of North Carolina, they were obliged to enlist in the Confederate army, and being in that army, that they could only do their duty as soldiers and fight bravely. This serves as an example of the situation of many of the Confederate soldiers. Regardless of an honest hatred of slavery and a patriotic Union sentiment, many, through

pride of race and soldierly duty, fought to dissolve the Union and establish a government which, by its organic act—its Constitution—proposed, for the first time in the world's history, to make slavery *eternal* in it. Reverend Rush rejoiced that he was, when the war came, a resident of a loyal state—one dedicated to freedom; that he was permitted to participate in freeing the slave. He was my friend. I wish I could pay to his memory the tribute his exceptionally high character deserved.

J. WARREN KEIFER.

Springfield, Ohio, July 31, 1911.

THE FRIENDLY TRIBUTE OF ANOTHER MEADVILLE GRADUATE

DEAR BRO. VAUGHAN:—I gladly comply with your request to furnish for your book a personal estimate of our lamented brother, Dr. Henry Y. Rush. I esteem it a privilege to pay to his memory a tribute of affection.

On my leaving the Meadville Theological School, in June, 1865, this dear brother, then editor of the *Gospel Herald*, in Dayton, Ohio, interested himself in my future welfare by seeking to find for me a field of labor. The church in West Dayton (then "Miami City") being pastorless, he arranged for me a candidating visit to that society, which, though disappointing to my fond hope for a prompt settlement, was nevertheless richly rewarded in the formation of an inspiring personal friendship which has continued until now it rises in memory as a beautiful picture vanishing invariably into the past as a delightful dream.

Looking back from the present hour, memory freshens, of incidents occurring through the succeeding years, which speak of an abiding friendship happily growing into a veritable *intimacy*.

To have had such a sympathetic and confiding friend as was H. Y. Rush through the larger part of my ministerial career from its beginning, I cherish as a favor of Providence.

Between the covers of a valuable book, the gift of this brother of precious memory, I find a postal card which I cannot refrain from inserting in this place as serving to indicate a mutual personal regard in later years, and the characteristic spirit of this brotherly man.

WEST MILTON, O., 12-2-95.

DEAR BRO. NEWHOUSE:—Thanks for your card of the 29th ult. Its words are those of true brotherly kindness and comfort—a gleam of bright sunshine in our little household circle. The Lord ever bless you and yours. I am convalescing, sitting up a few hours each day. What precious lessons—what delightful experiences—in these bodily afflictions! How frail we are! How strong when even weakest! How, too, our ranks are being

thinned. Truly "we are all going". How swiftly sped the messenger to Bro. Garoutte! May we all be ready. Love to all.

Your brother in Christ, H. Y. RUSH.

The impression of the character, and the remembrance of the pure and loving spirit of this unique writer and preacher are left in a multitude of hearts. He was a *Christian* man, not merely in the sense in which the many are known as Christians, but in the profounder sense in which the soul continuously and increasingly lives in Christ. His whole life was imbued with the spirit of Christ, so much so that his daily walk and conversation were an epistle of the grace of God to all who came within the range of his influence. He unconsciously wielded a wholesome and elevating power over men. There was a tenderness of feeling, a brightness, a kindliness of spirit, a quiet, free, unassuming demeanor about him that interpreted the great soul within, and made those who knew him feel that here is a man who has a grasp on the powers of the world to come. He impressed me as one to whom a malign feeling was impossible.

In the whole tenor of his life he openly and with convincing power expressed the reality of his Christian profession. Not so much by what he said, but much more by what he was in his everyday life, the same guileless, genial Christian man, he testified to the fact that Christ indeed dwells in men as a present Savior of the world. Retiring and modest, even timid among his brethren, he was a man of unpretending piety—a godliness which was *seen* rather than proclaimed. It was not alone the richness of his mind, but in still larger measure those heart graces which are summarized in the mind of Christ that made him strong whether he spoke or was silent, whether in official place or in the quiet walks of life.

The churches that were favored with his ministry could never complain that any opinions expressed by him, however unpalatable to any class of hearers, were ever tainted by acrid passions unbecoming a Christian minister to feel. They could bear their testimony that he had always been bold and independent, and at the same time been free from the wilfulness and malignity into which boldness and independence are apt to lead when stung by harsh criticism and open opposition. If he had a fault it grew out of his native modesty, diffidence and kindliness of spirit. It was the hidden, interior man of the heart, the invisible character behind all the rich possessions, intellectual, social and spiritual, of this Christian man, that gave him his real power and skill to control the wills, and move the hearts, and win the confidence and love of his fellow-beings. Both as a writer and speaker he was unique and fascinating. His productions were original in conception and clear in arrangement. His thoughts were always clothed in beautiful and eloquent language, and adorned with appropriate imagery; and in his happiest moods in speaking, when the spell of his religious genius possessed him, his delivery was magnetic and impressive in a high degree.

Excellent as were his powers of acquisition, of thought, and of speech, there was something still more excellent in the genial, loving and cheerful spirit from which his powers derived their finest life, drew their richest aspirations, and received their noblest impulse.

On the platform his personal presence was attractive. He had a pleasing countenance, and his eye and features were expressive of the loving heart within.

His manner was graceful, animated and free, always suiting the "action to the word". Though earnest, serious and impressive, there was never harshness or severity in his expression or tone. The sweetness of his voice, added to the clear intelligence of his utterances, and the transparent goodness of his spirit, won for him an attentive and responsive hearing on all occasions.

But, using his own words: "How swiftly sped the messenger" to him! He is gone. Not *dead*—such noble spirits never die. But he is gone! This is the melancholy fact. Brother, we will not mourn for thee as lost:—

"We only know that thou hast gone
From God's own hand to God's own hand."

S. S. N.

NOTE.—The above beautiful tribute is by Rev. S. S. Newhouse, D. D., who now occupies the Chair of Homiletics and New Testament Literature in the Christian Biblical Institute at Defiance, Ohio.—THE AUTHOR.

WARM WORDS OF PRAISE FROM A BROTHER IN THE MINISTRY

It was my good fortune to succeed Dr. Rush as pastor of the Christian Church at West Milton, Ohio, and during nine years, in all, thereafter he was a resident minister in my parish. From our midst his great soul ascended to its sure reward and his sudden departure seemed to us like the swift going down of the sun from the western sky. But his sun did not descend until the long, lingering day was approaching its glorious completion. What a full, radiant light it shed as it hung soft and resplendent above the horizon! We were fondly hoping that the shining gifts of this strong man, gifts that had shown little, if any, diminution of their pristine power, would be employed yet many years to come in proclaiming the gospel story that had ever been the joy of his life. But while we were hoping he quickly gathered about himself "the drapery of his couch" that he might "lie down to pleasant dreams" and the vacancy caused by his withdrawal was great indeed.

Those years of personal intercourse not only afforded an excellent opportunity to observe his strong, beneficent character and

to study the sources of his marvelous power as a preacher but they, also, brought me into such close, vital touch with his life that I shall ever feel myself a great debtor to this eminent minister of the Gospel.

I am glad to affirm of this distinguished son of our church that he was a model of excellence both as a man and as a preacher. As a firm basis of his life with its splendid achievements we must reckon, as first in importance, his personal religious character. His devout soul believed implicitly in God and yielded itself in grateful submission to his will. One could not continue long under the pulpit ministrations of Dr. Rush without observing the most absolute intellectual docility toward our Heavenly Father. Toward men he was always considerate, and conciliatory but, withal, his bearing was lordly, dignified and free. But toward God—God speaking in his Word, he uniformly assumed a reverent, lowly attitude. God's Word was the arbiter to which all questions should be referred for final decision. The liberty to interpret that Word he freely granted to all, but, in his thought, the liberty to interpret in no sense involved the liberty to reject it.

This loyal submission of himself, mind and heart, to the teachings of the Bible led him to exert himself earnestly to know what that teaching is. In his study he sought all the light that consecrated scholarship and investigation could throw upon the sacred page. He was a careful, devoted Bible student. He was, in fact, a skilful exegete of the Scriptures. His usual method of treating a text in the pulpit was topical but it was invariably based upon a thorough exposition of its teaching. In all his preaching he combined homiletic genius with applied exegesis in a remarkable degree. He was careful to inject no thought or doctrine into the text that did not properly belong there. He was ever conscious of profound responsibility as he stood in the pulpit handling the invisible realities of the eternal world in the presence of a living congregation. He proclaimed these eternal verities of God's Word with great power, urging upon men everywhere the high privilege of accepting them by an invincible faith instead of subjecting them to the arbitration of human judgment. He was a strong, tenacious believer and preacher, holding firmly the truth as God gave him to know the truth, ever seeking the best forms and methods of its presentation. His obedience was not conformity, merely, in act. It was, rather, a voluntary conformity of his whole being to the spirit and life of Jesus Christ as set forth in the Scriptures.

Dr. Rush was, also, master of a literary style that was noted for its elegance and purity of diction. How chaste and circumspect his language, in the pulpit or out of it! His fine literary instinct enabled him to clothe his thought in terse, simple, lucid sentences, infinitely varied and often of surprising beauty. Order and arrangement are to be found in his productions, that render them, not only effective, but, also, gratifying to the sense of ideal perfection in form. And how easily and gracefully he glides

from one mood of thought into another! At times you are deeply touched by the tender pathos of his thought, then, anon, a cheerful sally of humor enlivens his message and impresses its meaning more forcibly.

When deeply engaged in a theme he was presenting in the pulpit, a theme that profoundly moved his soul, he poured forth his message with genuine oratoric power. His natural buoyancy of thought would then enable him to rise to great heights upon the wings of fancy and imagination, carrying his audience with him at will. The power with which he could sway a great audience, at such times, was marvelous. An audience quickly recognizes a master and Dr. Rush could wield such power because he was a genuine poet in sacred oratory, and was himself swayed by deep moral earnestness. Throughout his long career as a preacher he constantly employed his bewitching eloquence in winning thousands to our Lord Jesus Christ, whom he loved and whom he served.

Not only was this superb preacher noted for his highly cultured and ornate literary style, but there was thought, as well, and it was thought fully commensurate with the beautiful garb in which it was clothed. One always finds originality and suggestiveness in his discourses. He was a thinker as well as a preacher. And his thought was as strong and virile as his language was polished and esthetic. What an intelligence is displayed in the productions of this prolific writer and preacher! He was usually an extemporaneous speaker, or practically such, but he was not an extemporaneous thinker. He thought for the pulpit, and his fertile mind laid tribute upon everything that would yield material for the sermon. And when uttered in the pulpit it was prepared thought taking form under the inspiration of the moment. And a noteworthy characteristic of his sermon is the cardinal fact that it not only deals with thoughts but it deals with *thought*. When a sermon holds before us a single, great thought, in the development of which the whole discourse moves on strongly, majestically, as to a goal to be reached—that is the mark of the essential thinker. Some sermons are like a string of beautiful pearls—only the string is not there. There is no vital relation of its several parts. Not so with the sermons of Dr. Rush. In his discourse you readily perceive the relation of one thing to another as they unfold before you, like a plant from a seed. It is eminently rational, logical. His divisions are made with care and often with great felicity. And in all the movement of the discourse there is a conclusion to be reached, and the conclusion is more than the process. A dominant thought is unfolded, step by step, and every subsidiary thought owes its value to its relation to the prevailing truth of the sermon. Herein was one of the secrets of Dr. Rush's great power in the pulpit. The element of cumulation enabled the discourse to gather momentum in its progress, and oftentimes, in a fitting climax the whole force of the sermon would be discharged with telling effect upon his auditors.

As a resident minister in the pastorate Dr. Rush gave to the pastor, whoever he might be, the most cordial and sympathetic support. It was his supreme delight to preach the Gospel, and he often responded to the invitation to occupy the pulpit, but he would sit with equal grace an humble worshiper in the pew. How thoroughly unselfish he was in thought and life! In everything how disinterested! No vanity was to be found in his soul. His instinctive modesty and reticence rendered it impossible to obtrude his strong personality when he felt that it should be repressed for the sake of another. Sometimes the position of a resident minister is fraught with difficulty and embarrassment. It is so easy for him to be misunderstood. But Dr. Rush possessed a fine sense of propriety, and was so sensitive to the proper amenities of his position that no pastor would have the remotest reason for any embarrassment from his presence in the parish. Far from it! On the other hand the pastor had abundant reason for profound gratitude for the encouragement and noble assistance so freely given by this generous-hearted preacher. His kind word of appreciation is never forgotten. His friendly greeting and kindly interest are a constant inspiration to the pastor. And how real, how sincere his whole attitude was! There was nothing disingenuous in the nature of this great, good man. He did not seem conscious, even, of his own immense superiority but adapted himself naturally and easily to his surroundings, anxious, simply, that God's will should be done. Such, to the writer, was Rev. Henry Yount Rush, both as a man and as a preacher. The memory of those years in which we were thrown together in the most sacred relations will ever be cherished with grateful appreciation.

O. P. FURNAS.

NOTE.—The above worthy tribute was written by Bro. Furnas in the midst of very pressing pastoral duties, and the preaching of many funerals, yet it comes like the heartfelt message of one who knew Dr. Rush intimately and knew how to appreciate him. We are grateful for such an excellent tribute.—THE AUTHOR.

FROM A SOUTHERN FRIEND

SUFFOLK, VA., March 13, 1905.

Rev. H. Y. Rush, D. D., West Milton, Ohio.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I visited Rev. R. H. Holland two weeks ago and, while there, his daughter handed me, at his request, your letter of February 17th, which he asked me to answer for him as he was not able to answer it himself.

He has been confined for some weeks with the grippe, is now in his eighty-sixth year, and besides this, he had a slight stroke of paralysis last year from which he has not fully recovered. He is, however, improving slowly and his son, who is a physician,

thinks he will get out again, though he thought otherwise himself; but he is perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord and talks of his departure tenderly and beautifully. It is sweet to listen to him talk of going home. Capt. P. H. Lee, one of Holy Neck's aged and noble members, came to see him while I was there, and it was heavenly to see those old Christians embrace each other in tears of joy. It was patriarchal and Christian, too.

He appreciated your letter very much, and especially the personal references and the kind words you said about his usefulness as a minister, and his writings in the *Sun*. He regrets his present inability to answer your letter himself, and reciprocates in his heart all the good and nice things your letter contains about the estimation in which he is held by our brotherhood at the four points of the compass in our Zion.

If he ever gets able to write, you may expect a letter from his own pen; for your letter cheered him and did him much good. I doubt whether you ever wrote a letter that was so timely and brought so much comfort to an aged pilgrim, and at a time when it was needed most. It must have been inspired by the Spirit of the Lord.

I am glad Dr. Barrett had such a good meeting in the Covington church; and the results have been even larger since your letter was written. I preached for him the second Sunday in January, and wanted to stop to see you, but did not have time. If I have time next winter, I will come to see you and your good wife. I carried the specimens you gave me last year to Elon College and they have been properly labeled in your name as the donor, and you have not only my thanks but the thanks of all the officials of the institution.

With best wishes for you and family, I am,

Sincerely yours,

W. W. STALEY FOR REV. R. H. HOLLAND.

Brother Holland esteems *you* and your letter more than I can express in words.

PART TWO

Introduction

When I stood by the casket containing the mortal part of Dr. H. Y. Rush I realized more fully than ever before the value of his life. I have never found any one quite like him. I rejoice that one so competent as Brother Vaughan has felt the importance of preserving in permanent form and in such fascinating style so many of the sermons, addresses, essays, editorials, and other writings of that grand and noble man. Perhaps no one thing has impressed me more than the thoughtfulness of his life. It was his habit and joy to send letters and cards by the thousands to his friends and acquaintances recognizing and commenting upon some ordinary matter. If success crowned some effort the word of rejoicing was sent; if affliction crossed a friend's pathway the letter of cheering sympathy quickly followed; if he saw in some field note in the church paper a suggestion, a practical method, how soon the author would receive a message thanking him for it and saying that it had been helpful. I learned of this little incident that left its impression upon me. He was in a city waiting for a car. A church was near by and a funeral service was being held. He stepped in and took a rear seat. He was impressed with the singing of a quartet and with the selection of the songs. He inquired the name of one of the singers and on

reaching home wrote a note of appreciation to the quartet, telling how he had enjoyed and been helped by the song, though they were strangers to him. The following quotation from a letter received by the writer is another illustration of kindly interest at the birth of one of his children: "You and Sister Denison will please accept the congratulations of Mrs. Rush and myself on the arrival of the little but most precious life that came into your home on Inauguration Day. Such an event is a happy crisis in a family life—a new joy, a new hope, a new responsibility to parentage. But so is the world's life renewed, and so is the blessed work of Christ carried on. Parents pass away, but consecrated children take up their noble tasks of life, and push on all movements for the world's betterment to the day of full millennial dawn. The Good Shepherd bless and carry the lamb tenderly and safely in His warm bosom." I have given this personal note now so appreciated, and referred to this ordinary custom of his life to show the spirit which breathed through all his sermons and writings. Do you wonder that they were messages with life and went from the heart to other hearts? I urge upon ministers and other Christian workers the value of a careful study of the message contained in the volume. Not only is its thought splendid but it is clothed in such elegant and chaste language, so plain that a child may readily grasp its meaning. Its simplicity is its charm. One loves to read and re-read his writings.

Dr. Rush's messages from lips and life were the same. His character was so unselfish, he was so modest and retiring in his nature that he would willingly be out of sight and unknown if only the work might be advanced, the Lord honored and souls saved. In an ordinary letter to me these words are found in the very heart of it; "Noth-

ing among us is more needed than a true brotherhood, an eye-to-eye view of the work given us by the Master, and a constant, loving, intelligent co-operation in carrying to success our people's high and providential mission". He had an eye that looked into the very heart of things. When the Civil War broke out he was a school teacher and on the cover of his school register were such sentiments expressed: "The thing most to be feared now is not how long the war will continue or how it will end but will the nation do right, leaving the consequences."

When he was in the army and was preparing for battle he sent a New Testament to one of his former pupils and on the fly leaf were found these words: "But among the precious objects I cannot carry and cannot throw away is this New Testament, these precious words of light and life. To you then, my dear little pupil, the son of my faithful brother and sister in Christ, to you I give and recommend this book, praying you to make it the guide of your life, the lamp of your path, your support in affliction, and your title in Christ to an eternal life. Devote your life to Christianity and the good of your country. Be swayed by no prejudices, no party and selfish spirit. Always be prepared and willing to die if Providence so orders it."

He was not only a minister in the pulpit but a man among men, sympathetic, patriotic, and a practical Christian. Through his writings his name has become a household word. His written message and his life message was, preach the Word, live the Christ life.

May the Lord grant to each reader of this volume the spirit of our brother Rush, and to the church an unfailing

succession of men to carry out the Gospel directions and fulfil it in its spirit and its letter.

The messages of the book will help to do this.

WARREN HATHAWAY DENISON.

Huntington, Indiana, July, 1911.

NOTE.—The foregoing *Introduction* was very kindly prepared at my request by the one who preached the funeral sermon in memory of Dr. Rush, and who knew how to appreciate his life and worth as a minister of the Gospel, Rev. W. H. Denison, D. D., long-time pastor of the Troy Christian Church.—THE AUTHOR.

NOTE.—In the Sermons which follow the italicized words were underscored in the manuscript of Rev. Rush.—THE AUTHOR.

THE SEA

(Covington, Ohio, September 29, 1901.)

TEXT—"But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."
—Isaiah 57:20.

We speak of the *repose* of a mountain, but the billows of the ocean are ever rising and falling. There are three principal causes of the restlessness of the sea:

1. One reason why the sea cannot rest is because of its vastness.

A pool may be without a ripple, but the billows of the ocean are restless because of the five miles of water beneath them, and of the mighty expanse about them. So the *soul* of man is too *vast* to rest. It rocks with an eternity beneath it—with infinitude above it. My hearer, if you ever allow sin to stir these infinite depths of heart and conscience, no power can restore their peace save that which calmed the mad billows of Galilee. Guards who day and night watch at the cell of condemned criminals, testify to their distress while awake and when in fitful sleep. The condemned criminal utters involuntary groans, and gives other evidence of unrest like that of the sea. Like a beast in pain the miserable assassin, whose very name should perish, walked his cell day and night after the awful deed at Buffalo, with looks, mutterings and gesticulations of anguish. The sea of his disturbed soul ebbed and flowed with billows of torment. The flames were kindled and his hell had begun.

2. Another reason why the sea cannot rest, is because of its attractions both *heavenward* and *earthward*.

The *sky* is influencing the ocean to *rise*, and the *earth*

—gravitation—is saying to it, “*Come back*,” and thus we have the sea’s unrest, its murmurs—its ebb and flow.

Are not our *souls* acted upon by these two opposite influences—the *heavenly* and the *earthly*? *Earth* calls to us to seek *her* treasures, and *heaven* says to us, “Lay up your treasures *here*.” Acted upon by these two opposite influences, our souls are restless like the sea.

Again, there are *winds* that sweep along the ocean and *fret* it into *agitation*. So there are the *circumstances* incident to this life that agitate and disturb the soul. Financial reverses, domestic afflictions, social disruptions, betrayals of confidence, political animosities, temptations yielded to, the risings of remorse, the clouding of hope—all these are like winds that sweep the coast and fret the sea to its very center. But the troubled waters of the *Christian’s* soul cast up no “mire and dirt.” Jesus has cleansed that soul to its depths. Nothing can fret it into hatred of brethren, into doubt, backsliding or Judas-like betrayal. Let God be praised that this great sea of the soul can be cleansed to its *depths*! Oh, my brother,

“Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?

Are you wash’d in the blood of the Lamb?

***In the *soul*-cleansing blood of the Lamb?”

When grace has brought to one this cleansing, his wickedness is taken away, and under no storm, agitation, provocation, will his soul “cast up mire and dirt.” If this corruption is nowhere down in the depths of his heart it will not come up on to his lips, nor go out into his life.

“Our deeds thus travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.”

II. The sea is made a symbol of *memory's power* to bring to light that which seems forgotten.

Sometimes the *great waters* roll up upon the beach articles that long ago disappeared in their *depths*. One mind may readily summon and command its impressions; another may not; but alike imperishable is all that is vivid on its surface or hidden in its depths.

It is said that Horace Greeley would take a morning paper, read rapidly column after column, and then quote accurately word for word.

We may wish we had such a memory as that, but when we come to stand at the judgment seat, we shall find ourselves in possession of a memory of whose faithfulness we were here ignorant.

Memory faithfully holds in its grasp all the past actions of our life. The early impressions of childhood give mold of good or evil to the grown-up man. The Nihilist of Southern Europe, of Poland, of Russia, teaches his heresy, his hatred of divine and of civil authority to his sons. They remember these teachings and retain these impressions. They grow to manhood, immigrate to this country, perjure themselves into citizenship, and then seek, by stealth or trick, to stab the very government that gave them liberties offered by no other land. This bad element in our population—this offscouring of Old World monarchies, has been cast up by the restless sea of socialism, atheism, malice and malcontent. It has been drifted by ill winds across the Atlantic to imperil the lives of our public men, mock at God, the Bible, the Sabbath, our free schools, the marriage relation and the home. It is a demon and a danger that will be met by patriotic and non-partisan resistance. All parties will approve such legislation as will not only *suppress* this anarchical element, but *eradicate* it from the country. Storms of the

sea result in stauncher ships, and our "*ship of state*" will be made equal to any occasional or unforeseen commotion that rocks for the moment this ark bearing our civil liberties. Such legislation will make our country all the more secure amid the agitations that cast up the mire and dirt of anarchical heresy and hatred.

I was saying that pain or pleasure, impressions for patriotism, for Christ, for exalted character, were largely the result of memory and of early impressions. Memory is a deep sea, which, in manhood's day, casts up either *treasures* that *gladden and enrich*, or "*mire and dirt*" to *disappoint* and to *distress*.

What greater punishment, therefore, could befall a sinful man or woman, than an eternity of bitter recollections!

A few years ago (November 8, 1881), a Mr. Sullivan, a convicted train robber, died in prison. He was twenty-three years of age, and the term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced was twenty years. Soon after his imprisonment he complained of being ill. The prison physician found no symptoms of physical ailment. After awhile a letter from home reached him. That letter stirred afresh the loving recollections of his innocent and happy home life. Immediately he grew worse until he was delirious. His face grew dark, and waving his hands wildly, he muttered in broken sentences: "Oh, how my good father is humbled because of my crime and my condition. And my mother!— — Suddenly he raised his head, looked intently toward the door, and fell back *dead!* The prison physicians, in returning the certificate of death, could assign no other cause than remorse and despair. If *in this world* the *memory* of sin can kill a man, what tremendous power may memory have when awakened as it will be at the *Judgment Seat!* Truly are

the wicked like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, "whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

Young man, preserve your memory from pollution. When once corrupted, the profane jest or the lewd picture will fasten itself in the brain, dwell in the imagination, and re-appear in your nightly dreams. From such a mind all beautiful images are driven out, and filthiest pictures cover its walls. Such a memory is like a filthy pool wherein *fish* die and *frogs* live. Imperishable memory!—keep all its treasures pure. What you learn from bad habits and in bad society you will never forget. Its memory and its curse will be a thorn and a pang to you. John B. Gough said: "I confess before God, that I would give my right hand to-night if I could forget what I have learned in bad society." The very memory of these things was like the troubled sea, continually casting up mire and dirt.

III. The sea is referred to in teaching the *fulness* of Divine forgiveness. The prophet Micah says: "And thou wilt cast all their sins into the depth of the sea."

Here sin is compared to a heavy substance, as iron, which, when cast into the sea, is gone from sight forever. Thus, God *abundantly* pardons. Men instinctively feel the need of such forgiveness.

A minister, by request, visited a dying man, and began to sing the hymn, "There is a land of pure delight," He was interrupted by the sick man with the request that he would sing the hymn,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners" etc.

IV. The sea is referred to in predicting the *final triumphs* of Christianity.

Isaiah says: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the deep."

As the waters cover the bed of the sea in every part—inlet, bay, harbor, and depression of the coast, so shall the day come when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.

That knowledge has already vastly extended. It was proclaimed to multitudes as early as the day of Pentecost, and from Jerusalem it flowed like water through many nations. Gibbon himself confesses that by the time of Constantine eight millions had confessed the religion of Jesus.

Paris is justly spoken of as a city of infidelity, and yet in Paris only five persons in a hundred are buried without any religious rites whatever. Thousands there are who will not obey the gospel who desire at last a Christian burial, and shrink from a death that has not in it at least some feeble hope of pardon, and of paradise.

Bayard Taylor mentions the striking fact that in the foulest dens of the slums of New York, he found the portraits of good men and noble women. These vilest characters of the great city, under the impression that Christianity had made even *indirectly* upon them, thus pay tribute to the searching and saving power of the Christian religion. In the deep sea of memory there still remained something better than "mire and dirt."

V. The sea also illustrates the *mysteries* of Divine Providence.

The Psalmist, speaking of Jehovah, says: "Thy *way* is in the *sea*, and thy *path* in the *great waters*, and thy *footsteps are not known*."

If a man could walk across the Atlantic, who could find his footsteps in the waves? Great battles have been fought on the sea, but no monuments point out the place

of conflict. Great men have been buried from stately steamships, and ships of war, but no *headstones* mark their resting-place beneath the waves. Mighty vessels have ploughed the sea's smooth bosom and rough billows, but covered, hidden and mysterious are their pathways. So are the footsteps of God in Providence unknown. Happy is the man who is content to traverse this ocean to the "haven of rest," without presuming to explore its depths in the wretched diving bells of his own doubts and fancies. Let us leave God's secrets to himself. It is enough that He invites us into his *court*;—let us not ask to sit in his *council*. Of necessity the government of the wise and good Father transcends the understanding of his children. We need not try to explain it. God's footsteps in the sea we may be able to discern by and by. Paul himself lived by faith and not by sight. Only in this precious faith could the dying President have said: "This is God's way; His will, not ours, be done!" That which now seems an illegible handwriting may resolve into letters of gold, and into sentences of simple and precious meaning.

Among some recent *electrical* experiments is one with letters upon a wall. The letters *appear* to be *black*, but they cannot be distinguished so as to make out *words* and *sentences*. Suddenly a *light* is in some way flashed *through* the letters, and *then* it is seen that they are *not* black, but formed of *gold-leaf*, and by the light you can make out words and complete sentences.

So to us the messages of Divine Providence, as they appear in this sin-darkened world, seem altogether *obscure*, and too *confused* to be *legible*. But when the light of *eternity* shall flash through that writing, we shall see that the letters were not *black*, but *golden*, and we

shall read clearly the complete sentence: "All things work together for good to them that love God."

This working, transforming energy belongs only to God. He is infinitely wise and infinitely able. He possesses a transmuting power that turns losses into gain; grief into joy, pain into infinite pleasure. Even the grating discords of earth may ascend to the celestial dome, and echo in sweetest harmonies there.

One of the cathedrals of the old world has a dome of marvelous construction. Standing in the dome, you hear the sweetest music. You look in vain for the performer. Whence comes the music? The edifice is so arranged that every footfall in the room below, every opening of the door, every whisper, every cry, every groan,—even the murmur of the restless sea near by,—is carried up into that dome, and worked over, blended, harmonized, until all is a melody of richest sound. So *eternity* may take up the discordant elements of this lower world,—our experiences of joy and sorrow, of loss and gain, of victory and defeat,—and blend them into enrapturing music forever!

VI. The sea is also an emblem of eternity.

"Yes, thou art almighty,
Eternal, sublime,
Unweakened, unwasted,
Twin brother of Time!

"Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the *stars* first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!"

It is not eternal—simply the emblem of eternity. Not eternal for when the ocean has ceased to roll; when

the last ship has crossed the wide waters to return no more; when the *tide* has gone out to come in never again, the *Lord* shall still live. *Hushed* forever "the voice of many waters," but *undying* shall be the praises of the redeemed. Saints shall live, and sing, and soar on tireless wing when there is no more sea.

A father relates that he sat in a room by the sea-side, holding the hand of his dying child. He felt the chill of death in those little fingers; and as he stooped to kiss the tiny brow, he felt the breath of the grave. Through the dull grey of the morning he looked out of the window, and saw the strong-beating breakers of the deep, rushing up the strand in their majesty and might, as if in proud contrast with the feeble, ebbing life. Just as the *tide* went out, that innocent *spirit* also departed. Holding the little cold hand in his, the father, through his tears, cried: "O sea! roll on, if thou wilt! *Thy* years are numbered by thy *sands*, but this *little life*, caught up to dwell with angels, will *outlive thine own*, and will look down in triumph when there is—"no more sea!"



DWELLING IN UNITY

(Sermon before Coleman Commandery No. 17, K. T., Troy, Ohio, on Ascension Sunday, May 22, 1898.)

TEXT—"Behold how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Ps. 133: 1.

"In unity." The human race is a unit. It is so by creation, and by the bond of sacred brotherhood. So teaches science; so teaches Revelation. The religious obligation of this lesson, as *Christ* gave it interpretation, was to the world a new announcement. The early *be-*

lievers were slow to accept it as declared by Peter at the house of Cornelius. The Lord had caused Peter to behold a thrice-repeated vision, the peculiar nature of which *impelled him to declare*: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." Fifteen years later, or about the year 54 after Christ, *Paul*, in the midst of *Mars' Hill*, voiced the truth of this brotherhood as to man's *physical* origin. He said: "God giveth to all life and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

Moreover, the Creator of man has endowed him with certain *instincts*, shown to be common to all the five races. Among these *intuitions* is the *social* impulse—the *desire* for *society*. This desire for society tends ultimately to alliances of friendship. It crystallizes into organizations of system and rule—into pledges of benevolence and mutual aid.

Perhaps the most primitive, distinctive and generally prevailing of such organizations, is the one worshipping in this lodge room to-day. The centuries upon centuries of its existence have given it wide prevalence. It is so extended over the earth that any one of these brethren, if familiar with its ancient signs and usages, might travel the world over, taking every step and reposing every night under the ægis of Masonic protection. In the dense forest there are tribes of Red-men that would recognize your signs and take you through the ceremonies of this Fraternity. Upon the sandy desert you might participate in the rites of the craft as practiced by the Arabs since the days of Solomon. *Their* forms have all the philosophy and meaning of those common to our own country and times. I speak of these facts in illustration of the propo-

sition that these forms of fraternal and business organization, are the result of a high order of universal social instinct and sense of interdependence. Such mention is made not as intimating that there is anything supernatural in the origin of Masonry, more than in the founding of any other social or business compact, primitive or present. Only the church of Jesus Christ is an institution of heaven's own planting. Nevertheless, there is an element of Providence in the springing up of any movement that is an outgrowth of man's social necessity, or of other divinely-given instincts. Man has a soul-longing for brotherhood, unity, sympathy, and any organization that springs into being to make more possible these blessings of brotherhood, is in some measure a growth from a supernatural germ and is co-operative with Christianity. In its very nature such an organization must confess, as does Masonry, the being of God, and give reverence to His holy name. Therefore it is that a candidate for Masonic degrees must, at the very threshold of the order, acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being; must, by emblem and act, be impressed with the necessity of prayer to Him, and of reliance upon His protection. Farther along he must have emblemized to his mind the moral precepts of the Scriptures, the momentous truths of the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension of Christ, and of being and blessedness through Him for the righteous beyond the tomb. Any organization, however, which believes in God, must, in order to be consistent with itself, also teach and impress certain fundamental, immutable principles of truth and right. Hence this ancient order, in its speculative and emblematic forms, displays to the eye, and calls to remembrance, "the most sublime truths, in the midst of the most innocent and social pleasures, founded on liberty, brotherly love, and charity."

The earliest forms in which moral truths were represented, were those of symbol and allegory. The Great Teacher of the universe put the infant race back into this very alphabet of all knowledge. His chosen people became as a kindergarten in which every learner's eye was turned upon such intelligible objects of sight and sense as represented moral and religious truth. All nature is to the soul a vocabulary of symbols—a ready-prepared repository of signs. These visible forms give impulse to thought, assist reflection, and fasten great lessons upon heart and memory. Such signs and analogies from the material world God has ever employed to instruct His children. The principle upon which symbolic language depends is thus seen to be deep-seated in man's nature. How proper it therefore appears that in religion and in all fraternal relations the voiceless language of sign and symbol should play no unimportant part. It is easy to discover why the Old Testament religion should be largely a religion of imposing ceremonial and sumptuous symbolism. Holiness was impressed upon the mind by the inscription of divine precepts upon sacred utensils, upon the door-posts, upon the garments of priest and people, and even upon the bells of the horses. For the purpose of teaching, *one* such illustration is worth a thousand abstractions. Such symbols are the windows of speech through which the *truth* shines. They are object-lessons which the common mind and the most cultured may learn with ease, pleasure and enduring profit. It is a fact, too, that in every age of chivalry, in every age of our holy Christianity, badge, and grip, and word, and token, mystic shrine and sacramental symbol, have answered the high ends of plighted friendship, holy fellowship, and worship. To promote these relations between man and man, and man and his Maker, Providence has brought to bear all

the paraphernalia of history—churches, synagogues, temples, altars, priests and liturgies.

We thus see how that which is largely characteristic of Masonry—which is an outgrowth of man's higher nature and higher needs, runs parallel in its principles with the earliest religious rites of the race. We see that so far as human institutions answer those high ends, they are as important in their *human* place as are the *divine* helps in their *divine* place.

Any organization among men growing out of human instincts and human interdependence, would, by reason of its own origin, maintain and teach the true principles of a happy and enduring social compact. In other words, it would teach that it is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity. Hence in receiving even the elementary degrees of this ancient order, the candidate is instructed to exercise brotherly love, "to abstain from all malice, slander and evil speaking; from all provoking, reproachful, and ungodly language, keeping always a tongue of good report." This order, in all its ancient history, has fostered peace in the state, and peace in domestic and neighborhood life. In these principles it is said to run parallel in age and in distinctive teaching with the Mosaic jurisprudence itself. Therefore the manual says that the order has ever flourished in times of peace, and been always injured by war, bloodshed and confusion; so that kings and princes in all ages, have been much disposed to encourage the craftsmen on account of their peaceableness and loyalty. * * * * Craftsmen are bound by peculiar ties to promote peace, cultivate harmony, and live in concord and brotherly love. * * * * No private offenses, or disputes about nationality, families, religions or politics, must be brought within the doors of the lodge. On this principle the craft unites men of every

community, sect, opinion, and conciliates true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance.

And yet there is nothing in Masonic obligations that interferes with any duty to God, country, family, or self. On the contrary, the craft regards with most cordial favor whatever has bearing for the betterment of humanity. The brotherhood has ever looked with interest upon every struggle by which men rise above their animal conditions, or by which—as now in Cuba—men seek freedom from long-borne burdens and chaotic anarchy. For centuries Spain has been their barbarous oppressor and the whole American heart grows hot with a sense of the atrocity. If such barbarism be indifferently permitted, then civilization drifts backward, and the liberty-loving sentiment of Masons, Odd Fellows, Pythians—all true Americans—becomes a nullity. Many Masonic fathers laid down their lives for our present national liberties. I doubt not that their *sons* would to-day pay the price of blood to vindicate the sanctity of justice, of brotherhood,—of chastity, and of outraged, helpless womanhood. True, our craft teaches moral chivalry, manliness, moral knighthood. But those who are down, and cannot themselves arise, appeal most piteously to our *physical* as well as moral knighthood. It is beautiful, too, that in every struggle for the right our sympathies turn to the weaker side. Our hearts go with the lad David down in the valley to meet Goliath. All our sympathies side with Leonidas and his three hundred. If a small, helpless island near our borders, writhes under the misrule of a parent power across the sea, to us there is music in every broadside and bursting bomb that prophecies that island's freedom. In war and in peace our order rallies in sympathy to all the suffering—to all the needs of men—of men of all nationalities, of all diver-

sities of condition, education or fortune. Broad is the field of philanthropy. Everywhere may we show ourselves merciful companions and pilgrims by the multitude and magnitude of our gifts. But no Mason—no man or woman—need go far to find some one worthy of pity and help—some one who impersonates his poor and suffering Master. Here in your own beautiful city, nestled in a valley of Nile-like fertility, there is a field for mercy. In many homes, factories and workshops, the Good Samaritan's word or helping hand may do service. Want and sorrow, in some form, tread every stone of your sidewalks. There is not a carved pillar or iron railing against which throbbing hearts have not leaned. We do well, brethren, if by our patriotism, by our humanity, by our symmetrical manhood, we rise to that eminence of humane usefulness enjoined in our every lecture and reflected in every jewel.

Could all fraternities, all communities, rise to the unity taught in the text, it would be to them the one casket containing many jewels. In *oneness* of heart and effort there is enclasped almost every other good. Our precepts bearing upon brotherly unity shine like gems upon our ritual pages. May the cement "of love and affection" bind in close affiliation all the brotherhoods here represented. Our order has much to do with the history of ancient Israel. It was this spirit of unity that made Israel great, and at one time invincible in war. It was the decay of national brotherhood and unity that rent her in twain and made her an easy prey to her enemies. When that people lost their spirit of mutual helpfulness, disintegration began. In the nation, in the church, in all fraternal compacts, if one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it. Problems of humanity that affect one section of the country are as vital in all other parts of the land. The race problem of South Carolina is a

question equally serious to every sister state. The earthquake that shook Charleston sent its waves afar, and every Ohio home trembled under its transmitted shock. The flames that laid Chicago in ruins, leaped up with a brightness that revealed in every sister city, of every land, the beauty of brotherly kindness. We live under God's irrevocable law of universal fraternity and unity. Therefore the most fallen and degraded man or woman has a claim upon every cultured, æsthetic member of every richly-carpeted lodge, or occupant of cushioned pew. So far only as we recognize this claim to brotherhood and mutual helpfulness, can Masonry, or kindred orders, be prosperous. That victory over poverty and want, ignorance, selfishness, oppression, which an Omnipotent arm could win at a single blow, God allows *us* to secure by centuries of human effort. We unsheathe our swords under the "Great Captain of the host," and to the good soldier there is more virtue in the *fight* than in the *victory*. Really, they only have fought the *good* fight who have helped some one else to fight it. Sublime battle!—not waged by mailed warrior,—not fought with sword, and lance, and battle axe;—not fought by *men* only, but pressed to the gates by such souls as George Muller, George Peabody, David Livingstone, Phillips Brooks, Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard and Clara Barton.

In attaining the brotherly unity of the text our order does well in giving marked prominence to the Word of God—in making it first of "the three great lights of Masonry. The Bible inculcates love to all men. That we may be well instructed in the qualities that intertwine us into sacred and inseparable brotherhood, our manuals abound in quotations from this volume of inspiration. The order teaches, emblemizes, illustrates much of Bible precept and history, and even founds upon these some of

its most beautiful, impressive and inspiring degrees. Nor is there small significance in the fact that an open Bible, with square and compasses, lies upon every Masonic altar, and adds sanctity to every fraternal obligation.

That such an order grows; that it attracts to itself and assimilates so much of the young manhood, the business ability, the social, intellectual, industrial life of society, is but a natural and happy result. Toward all well-organized fraternities; toward all organizations that are religious, moral, humane, patriotic, mutually helpful, the best and truest men will be attracted. To it statesmen, patriots, educators, authors, merchants, mechanics, artisans,—all classes of honest, industrious men, are drawn. But they are drawn by the *highest* of all affinities toward that only *divinely*-founded institution among men, the church of Jesus Christ.

It is man's innate tendency to social unity and to brotherhood alliances, for mutual good and other laudable ends, that identified so many of our forefathers, revolutionary statesmen and patriots, with this fraternity. Benjamin Franklin, that world-renowned statesman and philosopher, was Master of the second lodge of this order in the United States—instituted at Philadelphia in the year 1774. The first Grand-Master was Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell a martyr to liberty's cause on the heights of Bunker Hill. Most of the leading men who engaged in the Revolutionary struggle were members of the fraternity. So, also, were most of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and but one Major-General in the Revolutionary War is known not to have belonged to the same brotherhood,—and that was—Arnold. High in this ancient order are written the names George Washington, La Fayette, John Marshall and a host of other patriots and statesmen conspicuous in our national history. But

from these men there comes to us a yet greater lesson. Imagine them standing to-day before these sir knights—before all this people—and confessing by their own allegiance to our Lord, that, excellent as were the tenets of the order, in their place and for their purpose, *their* only hope of a blissful immortality was by faith in and obedience toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Many of them became exemplary members of different churches, and by their own quiet, peaceable lives said to the world, through both the lodge and church, Masonry and Christianity, that it is “good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity.” Upon these eminent statesmen and fellow-countrymen seemed to fall the mantle of truth-revering Zerubabel, of loving St. John, and the cross-bearing Cyrenean. May that mantle of consecration to good institutions, both *divine* and human, fall upon all fraternities represented in this assembly. So, too, will it *be* if we have a proper soul-longing for purity of life—for the attainment of those Christ-like qualities essential to admission to the celestial lodge, where the Supreme Architect of the universe presides.

Brethren of the “mystic tie,” may it be our abiding purpose to display a high, chivalrous, Christian knight-hood in our daily life. May “no temptations draw us aside from the path of duty, or cause us to forget those due guards and pass-words which our very honor should hold in perpetual remembrance; and while one hand is wielding the sword for our companion in danger, let the other grasp the mystic trowel, and widely diffuse the genuine cement of brotherly love and friendship.” In our *fraternal harmony* the world about us beholds a beauty beyond the exploits of martial strength and bravery. No achievements of war can cover one with honor like conquest over self.

Masonry makes prominent one's duty to his family, and attaches importance to happiness in domestic life. Such a home is possible to *no* Mason who rules not his own spirit. Hence our rites, emblems, lectures, obligations are such as help to the mastery of one's foibles—those little infirmities of temper and tongue that make miserable more homes than the tramp and invasion of armies. The excitable peevishness that kindles at trifles has in it no ingredient but that of gall. Its bitterness should be distilled into the cup of no Mason's wife or daughter. Our sublimest knighthood should be to drive captiousness from the castle of our souls—to cast out that acrid disposition which is a vitriol that eats into all it touches; that leaves a sore at every spot; a stain upon every thread of its existence. Our order teaches us the self-control, the charity, that forbears; that gives up a little; that takes less than belongs to it; that *endures* more than should be put upon it. Do not weary, sir knights, at the *little* courtesies. It is the one thread, running in many ways, that composes all that the loom has ever woven.

Before Christ's coming a *skull*—seemingly by common consent—was for ages an emblem of man's mortality. Christ came, and no longer did that emblem hold its cheerless association with the mold of the tomb and eternal extinction. Christ came. This Bible bears to us His words of life. And now to Masonic eyes that emblem of mortality “rests on divinity.” I lay that skull down on the texts: “I am the resurrection and the life;” “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;” “He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die,”—then all the gruesomeness of that emblem is gone; then light breaks through the darkness; then angels in snowy garments sit in the sepulcher, and shadowy skeletons vanish from the imagination.

Yes, Jesus saw the world's ruin, and looked down upon it with a face flushed with an infinite compassion. He humbled Himself to become a helpless babe—to live a life of pilgrimage and poverty. His ministry finished, His many works of mercy done, He consents to die. Oh, the meaning of the *cross* we wear!

For us *all*, this loving, perfect Savior was crucified—was buried—his grave sealed with a great stone. Profounder than ever now seemed the problem that reached out into eternity. But he went down into the *tomb* that he might rise, and rule upon the *throne*; that he might intercede for our sinful souls; that His *life* might be reproduced in the life of His people. It is the infinite ordering that all life grow out of death. We die daily to self and rise daily to richer, fuller life in Christ. We rise above the wrecks of selfish plans, and live more truly for those we love. We are always dying and being born again into better and higher spheres.

Risen from the tomb, Jesus must ascend to the Father, as He said. Hence His farewell words to His disciples. Then, with them, He went out to the mountain-side, apparently to a point where they could see Bethany, the village which He loved so well. Here, so near the home that love and hospitality had so endeared to Him, He lifted His hands in holiest benediction. While He pronounced the words of blessing, He parted from them. Their longing eyes look a sad farewell! They will see Him no more bearing weariness, hunger and the contempt of men. Satan will no more assault. He goes back to His native glory in the befitting splendor of a cloud. Dare we imagine the scene! He returns to the throne amid angels whose faces are solemn with a new awe. The first woman beholds at last her promised seed that has bruised the serpent's head. Adam rejoices to see the fearful work of his

sin undone, and the race free to join itself to a new head. Prophets now behold sublime fulfilments, and priest and preacher look back upon the slain Lamb who *himself* fulfilled all the meaning of Mosaic rites—of innocent blood and spotless sacrifice. The babes of Bethlehem, slaughtered all about the angel-guarded cradle of the infant Christ, lift up their hosannas as he moves in regal glory through their midst. Up He passes through the bowed ranks, among saints, and elders, and martyrs, beneath the emerald-glittering bow, to that glory whose brightness all our burnished jewels—all jasper and sardius—cannot express. On that highest height of the supreme throne of the ineffable God, he takes His place, to plead for our sinful souls.

All this, sir knights, brethren, friends, all this is the stupendous mystery and meaning of the event we commemorate to-day, the ascension of our triumphant Savior. When *we* shall ascend to the heavenly asylum where *he* shall be our Grand Commander, then will there be perfect fulfilment of all the meaning of the text; then we shall dwell forever in that perfect unity which shall distil as dew upon the heavenly Hermon, and descend upon the mountains of Zion above—forever.

“Soar we soon where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made *like* Him, like Him we’ll rise;—
Ours the *cross*, the *grave*, the *skies*.”

HAPPY NEW YEAR

(Franklin, Ohio, January 3, 1886.)

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."—Prov. 3:13.

Within the last few days how often has been heard the olden phrase, "A Happy New Year!" In the home, on the street, wherever friend met friend, that salutation was heard. These words of friendly greeting suggest the line of thought appropriate to this first Sunday of the year 1886.

1. We must concede the fact that many people, probably the majority, are *not* happy. How many of those to whom you have spoken the salutation: "A Happy New Year," do you suppose are *really* happy?

One has only to study the sad faces met with upon the street, in the market-place, in the railway car, and upon the boat, to be convinced that gladness, joy, exhilaration—what the world generally calls happiness—is a rare experience—a rare possession.

The more necessary is it, therefore, that you cordially and sincerely extend this accustomed greeting. It may lighten some burden and obliterate from the troubled face some line of care.

2. Happiness is not found in fame or worldly honors. If you *buy* these, their price is *perplexity*. The day-laborer in Franklin receives a larger pleasure of life than does the Czar of Russia. Ask Victoria's glittering crown: "Canst thou give me happiness." Its jewels will answer: "We can adorn the head, but we cannot satisfy the heart."

After the death of Abderman, Caliph of Cordova, the following paper was found in his own handwriting: "Fifty years have elapsed since I became caliph. I have

possessed riches, honors, pleasures, friends, in short, everything that man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I could say I was really happy, and they amount to fourteen."

The young, the aged, the rich and the poor, each has trouble peculiar to his particular condition in life.

Elevation to office brings happiness to no one. The czar of Russia is in constant dread of assassination. Even good Queen Victoria is under the constant watch of guards and sentinels. President Cleveland bears a burden of care, and suffers from want of sleep more than the hardest worker in this house.

After Garfield's death his wife was invited to go to the White House. She replied: "Oh, no, I cannot go there: the saddest days of my life have been passed in that house!"

Those who live by manual labor generally suppose that happiness is found only in the so-called higher professions. Hence, too many of our young men, instead of learning a trade, aspire to merchandise and medicine, the law and political life. This is a great mistake. The average farmer or mechanic of to-day has less worry and anxiety and makes a better living than the average lawyer and physician. There is no happiness in the high professions when hunger pinches, clothing is threadbare, the purse empty, and creditors clamoring.

3. Happiness is not found in the possession of *wealth*.

The large majority of mankind think that to be rich is to be happy. There can be no true happiness in that which over-burdens the body. Could that man have been happy who last summer came all the way from England to visit an old Connecticut burying-ground? Three graves were opened. This was done to find a signet ring believed

to have been buried with its wearer, one of the earliest settlers of Connecticut. The ring was wanted to make good a claim to certain property in England, a question having been raised as to the authenticity of the impression on certain seals. The necessary permission having been procured, the English lawyer sifted, with the utmost care, the dust of three of the graves of persons buried nearly a hundred years ago. But the dust of mortality yielded up no ring, and the lawyer returned to England empty-handed.

When property is the object of pursuit, the ocean is no barrier, and the ashes of the dead are not too sacred to be disturbed.

But wealth does not bring happiness. I am acquainted with some rich people, and know that they have their troubles. Frequently, too, riches are the direct cause of unhappiness. Those who were contented, humble, useful, happy, when poor, have too often become vain, haughty spendthrifts and prodigals when made rich.

Illustration: In West Virginia lived a farmer by the name of Drake. The father was an old soldier. The family had lived in peace and harmony until a few weeks ago. They were poor, but recently the father was allowed a pension amounting to several thousand dollars. On receiving the money, the family fell into contention over its distribution, and a general fight ensued, during the excitement of which the old man, without having touched the money, fell dead from heart disease. A happy family, until a few thousand dollars entered the home!

4. Much happiness may be found in *doing good* to others. Oliver Cromwell had a very intimate friend. Those who sought favors of Cromwell asked through this friend, and the favors were generally granted. After a time Cromwell said: "When are you going to ask a favor

for *yourself*?" His answer was, "I find all the joy I wish in securing good to others."

5. As a rule it may be said that happiness *sought* is seldom obtained.

Like the Presidency of the United States, it is not for those who toil for it. Daniel Webster worked hard for the presidency, but obtained it not. The same is true of Henry Clay and Lewis Cass. In the majority of cases the men who quietly pursue their usual calling and do not covet that prize, are the ones who win it. So it is with happiness. It is found not in actively *seeking* it, but in quietly pursuing your duty in life.

In old age President Knox, the college president, said to a young couple he had just married: "Take an old man's advice. If you *seek* happiness you will find it not. Do your duty in life and happiness will *come* to you."

6. Consider that *time* may render you happy amid circumstances which now seem *unfavorable* to happiness. During the reign of King Charles the First, an officer was placed in a dark dungeon. For several days he could see nothing. Then he could see the outlines of the walls. Then he could see to count the stones which composed the walls of the dungeon. The more he became accustomed to the prison, the less intense was the darkness. Time alone rendered his condition more endurable. We are so constituted that in time we may become adjusted to almost any circumstance or condition in life. Your surroundings may now seem gloomy, but as you become used to them, the gloom will become less intense. Even *dungeon* experiences will grow brighter.

7. Happiness is greatly hindered by the habit of *borrowing trouble*.

If you are looking into the future and see there the poor-house, and nothing but trouble, you cannot be happy.

This borrowing of trouble is a constant habit with some persons. Instead of praying, "Give us this *day* our daily bread," they must see fifty years' supply ahead of them, or they worry and fret. Such people cannot be happy.

Never anticipate trouble. Remember the familiar proverb, and "do not cross the bridge before you come to it." The *dark* day which you *imagine* you see five or ten years ahead, may transpire to be a *bright* day.

In the winter of 1630 the Bay Colony, in Massachusetts, had a thanksgiving day brought about by peculiar circumstances. They were threatened with lack of provision in the near future, and a boat was sent to Ireland for the needed supplies. The ship did not return so soon as expected. The long delay led the colony to believe that the boat was lost. They now could see only starvation awaiting them. They appointed a day of fasting. This was the 22d of February, 1631, but upon that very day appointed for fasting, the boat, laden with provisions, reached the colony. That happy event at once changed the day from one of *fasting* to one of *feasting* and thanksgiving.

You who render yourselves miserable by borrowing trouble, can you not learn a lesson from that colony of 1631? The dark days which you see in the future—the far-away fast-day which you have appointed, may be changed, when you reach it, to a day of thanksgiving!

8. Consider, again, that the sum of your joys is far greater than that of your sorrows. You will be surprised, in noting the weather for a few successive weeks, at the preponderance of the clear days over the cloudy.

There is a poetic illustration of this truth—that the bright days in life exceed the black—in a recent poem by

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. It is entitled, "The New Year Ledger," and reads:

I said one day a year ago,
I wonder, if I *truly* kept,
A list of days when life burnt *low*,
Of days I *smiled*, and days I *wept*—
If *good*, or *bad*, would highest mount,
When I made up the year's account.

I took a ledger, *fair* and *fine*,
And now, I said, when days are *glad*,
I'll write with bright *red ink* the line;
And write with *black* when they are *bad*,
So that they'll stand before my sight
As *clear* apart as *day* and *night*.

I will not *heed* the changing *skies*,
Nor if it *shine*, nor if it *rain*;
But if there come some sweet surprise,
Of friendship, love, or honest gain,
Why, then, it shall be understood,
That day is written down as *good*.

And if to any one I love
A blessing meets them on the way,
That will a *double pleasure* prove,
So *it* shall be a happy day;
And if some day I've cause to dread,
Pass harmless by—I'll write *it* red.

When *hands* and *brain* stand labor's test,
And I can do the thing I would,
Those days when I am at my best,
Shall *all* be traced as very *good*.

And in "*red-letter*" too, I'll write,
Those *rare, strong* hours, when *right* is *migh*

When first I meet in some *grand book*,

A noble soul that touches mine ;

And with *his* vision I can look

Through some "Gate Beautiful" of time ;

That day such happiness will shed,

That golden-lined will *seem* the *red*.

And when pure, holy thoughts have power

To touch my heart and dim my eyes,

And I, in some diviner hour

Can hold sweet converse with the skies ;

Ah, then my soul may safely write,

"This day hath been most good and bright."

What do I *see* on looking back ?

A *Red-lined Book* before me lies,

With here and there a thread of black,

That like a passing shadow flies.

A shadow, it must be confessed,

That often rose in *my own* breast.

And I have found 'tis good to note

The blessing that is mine *each day* ;

For happiness is *vainly* sought

In some dim future far away.

Just *try* my ledger for a year,

Then look with grateful wonder back,

And you will find there is no fear,

The Red Days far exceed the Black.

If you would have the new year to be a happy one,
God gives you the only condition upon which you can so
make it: It is by trying to make *others*-happy.

Illustration. Said a mother to her little son: "You
said you were going to try to make your little school-mate

happy to-day. Did you do it?" "No; he is so spiteful that he got angry when I tried to be pleasant toward him; but in trying to make *him* happy I made *myself* happy." The little boy's experience expresses the unvarying law of happiness. It is the daily endeavor to make life a delight to others. Would you have 1886 to be to you a happy year? Then rise each morning with a resolution to make some one happy that day. It is easily done. You have only to help a little, as God hath enabled you, in every good work; to put your mite, however small, into every Christly charity; to give a left-off garment to the child or man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowing; an encouraging expression to the striving. If you are young, such a daily endeavor to do good will tell happily upon you when you are old; and if you are old, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result even mathematically considered: If you can add just a trifle to some one's happiness each day, *that* is three hundred and sixty-five days in the course of the year. Now, suppose you live even ten years after commencing such a course as this, you have made 3,650 persons a little more happy by reason of that good New Year's resolution.

Suppose we put this New Year's resolve into the form of this simple little poem:

*Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before;
Pray a little oftener;
Love a little more.*

*Cling a little closer
To the Father's love;
And life below shall liker grow
To the life above.*

THE WISE PREACHER

The Difficulty of Securing a Good Pastor, Allegorically Illustrated

[Sermon before the Eastern Indiana Christian Conference at Eden Christian Church, near Shideler, Delaware County, Ind., Tuesday, September 15 to Friday, 18, 1903.]

TEXT—"Because the preacher was wise."—Eccl. 12:9.

Yes, Solomon was wise, hampered as he was by human weakness. Because he was wise he preached to instruct; he gave himself to study; he sought to use acceptable words—to employ the best forms of speech.

Every *right* thing done; every thing *well* done—by a preacher or pastor from Solomon's time to ours,—was so done "because the preacher was wise".

It was so done because he meant wisely, thought wisely, acted wisely. But from apostolic times till now, the church has carried a crippling weight of foolish preachers. Worse than that, such preachers ply their folly by sacred authority. The state licenses the vending of *liquors*, and the *church* too often licenses the *slang-peddler* and *pulpit-clown*. Why these clerical scourges when wisdom cries from school-house and college halls?—when her voice echoes from the ages of history, and her treasures enrich all the centuries of experience? In our age every preacher, every man, may be wise. He may not be a linguist, a philosopher, a sage; but in a practical, common-sense way he may be wise. He needs to be wise. A foolish, frivolous preacher is a dangerous preacher. You may fear a quack in medicine, but all the more a quack in the ministry. Yes, a foolish minister—an idle,

unthinking preacher, is a dangerous man. His license is an official warrant to work mischief—to lower standards of reverence and refinement—of lofty Christian character. A foolish church may admire him, make much ado about him, and even disrupt the membership to retain him. Perhaps they succeed, but into the same pit they both fall at last.

“Because the preacher is wise” he is a *student*—a prayerful, persevering *student*. He is a student of the Bible, of other helpful books, of his parish work, of his people, of the times, of himself, of the best methods of securing usefulness and success. Not to read, think, study, observe, and lay hold upon all available helps, is stupidity, folly, failure.

Because the preacher is wise he preaches *simply*. He preaches to be understood. He thinks it no mark of learning to talk above the *understanding* of his people. With no condescension to slang, with no sacrifice of verbal purity, he can use great simplicity of style. He can do this and yet enrich his thought and phraseology with freshness, figure, force. The most marked simplicity is proper if it open to one’s understanding the riches of the Gospel. If only a *wooden* key will unlock a treasury, then it is more useful than a key of *gold*.

The effort, however, to draw an audience by slang, studied wit, mimicry, amusing story, or by any mannerism that is sensational and eccentric, is distasteful and sacrilegious. The wits and wags of the pulpit are of short-lived reputation. They are never taken into the *heart* of the people; and, after a generation or two, are dropped out of history and biography. The elements of grateful memorial and of immortality, inhere only in true worth—in those qualities in man that are divine. *Godliness* is an attribute of immortality. Live *Godlike*

—put *godliness* into every action,—and you shall at last live with God.

Because the preacher is wise he will give due weight to *personal cleanliness*. He will do this for his own sake, example's sake, and ministerial consistency's sake. Giving heed to Paul, he will “cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh”. Should he belong to a church that believes in the “holy kiss”, as do the Dunkards, he will not allow defiled lips to make repulsive that sacred greeting. He will not, by any poison or unpleasant odor on his lips, make sickening to others the single sacred cup of communion. He will keep his lips pure to pronounce the name of God,—pure to sip the emblem of Christ's cleansing blood,—pure for the kiss of wife, mother, or childhood's immaculate cheek.

A wise preacher will also keep himself *mentally clean*—*intellectually* chaste and pure. He will indulge no indecent thought, and will disdain to cast a lustful look. Among women his conduct and speech are above reproach. Taught by Paul, he “intreats the elder women as mothers; the younger as sisters, with all purity”. In the society of ladies he shuns the slightest departure from purity and propriety. Neither among *men* nor *women* will he tell a story that would offend the modesty of wife, sister, or mother. The preacher who inclines to excite mirth by anecdotes that flavor of immodesty is in mind and imagination a rake. Watch him, lest with his strong leaning to indecency he drag down the innocent to his own level. Alas, that any foul mouth or mind should ever have license to invade the home or desecrate the pulpit! A man given to impure conversation should have no conferential right in the home-garden. There his speech may poison the mind of innocent children, and his ruthless tread crush

the budding hope of stainless maidenhood. The license of such a preacher should be revoked.

“Because the preacher is wise” he preaches his *honest convictions*, and not his *honest doubts*. Brethren, preach your convictions, if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourselves. Come into the pulpit with a positive Gospel; stay out of it with speculation and uncertainty. The habit of publicly pointing out the exceptions that some critics take to this or that book, chapter, or verse of Bible is pernicious and proves the want of common sense. Never give a guest poison in order to prove to him the superiority of wholesome food. More will be made sick than your medicine will cure. A man once set fire to a village shop to show the qualities of his patent fire extinguisher. The flames spread into a conflagration that all the patents in the world could not put out. You have heard preachers whose sermons did more to weaken men’s faith than to strengthen it. They started up more foxes of doubt than their fancied smartness could run down. A sermon should send an audience away more impressed with the perfection of God’s Word than with the doubts of infidels. Foolish is the preacher who feeds his people on Sunday with nothing better than a lot of skeptical objections scraped up through the week. We should bring men into the church that we may *strengthen* their faith, and not that we may make *shipwreck* of the little they already have. Let us open our eyes to the unprofitableness of preaching what is *not* the Gospel. If our pulpit and our press are to become a power in the land for Christ, it will be by attention to what we *believe*, and not what we *doubt*. We are glad that our editor has guarded the *Herald* pages against free-thinking flings at the Bible and the divinity of our Savior. Now let our con-

ferences and ordaining committees throw equal watchfulness about our pulpit.

"Because the preacher is wise" he shrinks not from the *sacrifices of foreign nor of frontier mission work*. The preacher that aspires to none but rich and easy home parishes, courts effeminacy and failure. He follows the Master for *gain*. He is inspired by the sight of *loaves*. He has caught the smell of *fishes*. It is through *struggle* that *strength* comes and *souls* are won. Every true missionary becomes a hero, and deserves a place in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Yes, he brings light to the benighted by putting his very life-blood into the work. Souls are helped out of heathen darkness only by industry, incessant and assiduous. Mission work in foreign fields is the most exacting, exhausting, health-trying and life-endangering that heart or brain or body can endure. Blessing upon those dear brethren and sisters who sought not work that was *pleasant*, nor shrunk from labors that were *painful*, but answered gladly the far-away cry of the perishing.

"Because the preacher is wise," *in the highest wisdom, he possesses a spiritual mind*. He lives in constant communion with God. He has *spiritual* discernment of the truth. He preaches out of a *personal spiritual* experience. He knows for himself the things which he affirms. He has the life that comprehends life, that responds to life, and the experience that answers to experience. Religion to him is not a speculation. It is a *promise* and its *appropriation*. The wise preacher sets before his people, not a cold philosophy, but the Bread of Life. To his hearers the teachings of Scripture come fresh and new, lifting them up to a happier, serener, loftier life. His words come to the congregation in the spirit in which the Master spake them—in which the Holy Ghost revealed

them. Thus spoken, they act upon the hearer like Christ's disclosure of the woman to herself when awakened memory and conscience exclaimed: "Come, see a man that told me all that ever I did". That is the preacher who makes the Gospel a mirror—a mirror in which the sinner sees himself—flees from himself—flees unto Christ. That is the preacher who transmutes *doctrine* into *life*, and brings fellowship for dissension. In the soul of such a preacher there is nothing that incites faction. He wastes not his life fighting for some favorite tenet. He is set, like Paul, for the defense of the Gospel. He fears the evil fruits of threadbare controversy—of denominational quarrels that excite only the derision of sinners. There are two kinds of discourses he *never* preaches: the sermon that has in it nothing *but dogma*, and the sermon that has in it nothing but the most *dogmatic* denunciation of *all dogmas*.

"Because the preacher is wise" he is a *hopeful* preacher—is optimistic—a believer in the overcoming power and final reign of right and truth. He has grown tired of pessimistic pulpit scolds. The church is *Christ's*, and he cannot berate it. How can He? He is a *child* of the church. He can trace back to the church every good influence that has come into his life. A pulpit pessimist is as much out of position *morally* as he would be *physically* standing on his head. Thus inverted, his brain would be dazed, his thoughts confused—his entire view of things tangled and distorted. Such a man would be foolish, useless, dangerous as a moral teacher and leader. Every great religious leader was, or is, an optimist. Moses, seeing no hindrance in the *sea*, crossed over and *conquered*. Caleb's great faith dwindled giants to pigmies and seized the promise. Joshua conquered, reminded by every bugle blast and clash of spear that Jehovah was captain. The church will conquer. No sham or shirk;

no Philistine or Pharisee; no pessimist or partizan can stand successfully between narrowness and breadth, darkness and light, savagery and civilization. Contrast the condition of the church in England—in all Europe a century ago—the condition of both the Episcopal church and the Non-Conformists—with the same churches of 1903. If as a pessimist or a discouraged preacher you will do this, and then doubt that Christianity will triumph, your incredulity will not be the doubt of the wise, but the croak of cowardice and the dirge of despair.

May a church always secure this wise preacher?—this model man, model student, model teacher? No, no! He is a parish prize that colleges and training schools seldom turn out. But they give us scores of the other sort, each of whom *thinks* himself that model preacher. Not *scores*, you say! Yes; you test it. Advertise for a preacher. What bundles of *letters* you now bring from the office! The door bell—go, answer it! A messenger boy!—you are wanted at the telephone! Such was the result of a late published call for a preacher. The church had appointed a pastoral committee, and its unhappy chairman—a business man—has related to me his experience. He said: “Soon after the published notice *letters* began to pour in upon me. At first I thought it was fun, but in a few days it took all my time at the office to read and answer them. Then when I got home at night another installment of letters had to be gone through. I had great numbers of callers, too, at home and at the office, and through the telephone, all concerning our vacant pulpit. Friends would ring up my telephone and begin, “Have you got a man for your pulpit yet?” “No.” “Well, I know a capital man, doing well where he is, but his wife’s health isn’t good.” I said, “Better send for a doctor,” and rang off the wire. Then an acquaintance

came in. He said he had an old classmate who was as eloquent as Apollos and mighty as Paul, but he was too deep for his audience, and wanted to get a more intelligent congregation. I told him to send his classmate to *Boston*, and went out to lunch. But three strangers followed me. They sat down by me at the table and introduced themselves. Each had a different man, and a volume of history about his good qualities, and his reasons for wanting a change. One wanted to do more studying, and I advised that he be sent back to the seminary. Another had too large a family to keep on his present salary, and I recommended that he give some of his children away. The other was—well, a little too outspoken for his people on the labor question, and I suggested that he go into politics.

It was *four* o'clock before I got back from my lunch to the office, and I slipped in at the back door. But the clerk said that two or three persons had been ringing me up on the telephone,—that they wanted a word with me about a minister or something, and that there were *two* men and *three women* waiting in the other room to see me. I told the clerk that I wished the lightning would strike somebody.

Then I went into the other room to see what my callers wanted. Now I have always thought it a Christian duty to be polite and nice. But when one of the ladies said in a piping voice: "I have a friend who I think would be an excellent man for your pul—", I didn't wait to hear any more, but broke for the back door and got *home* as quick as I could. By this time I had a raging headache, but my wife said that my old friend Blank was waiting in the parlor to see me; that he had brought with him a former pastor, and she was sure I would like him; "he had such a pleasing manner, patted the children on

the head, and said the baby was pretty, and he would certainly take with the parents, and perhaps with the young people too."

I got through with my friend Blank and his former pastor long after the supper hour, and then went straight to bed, with the solemn injunction to my family that I was too sick to see anybody. But pretty soon my oldest boy came up and said that a gentleman wanted very much to see me; that he understood that our church—"Shut that door and get out of here," I shouted.

Well, I *dozed* off to sleep, while the doorbell was ringing. I had a *bad* night of it. I *dreamed* all the time of our vacant pulpit—of ministers, and *their* friends and *my* friends. I could see long lines of them coming with big bundles of letters and recommendations. Then it *seemed* that our pulpit was full of *candidates*, all there at *once*, some standing on the shoulders of others, and all preaching, some about Moses, some about Melchisedek, some about Armageddon, some about the lynching of negroes, and the race problem; others on "The New Woman;" others on the text; "Let Her Drive"; and another, who was opposed to education, on the text: "The Ass Spake Unto Balaam",—and why can't *we*!

Well, our people were getting all divided up. They had heard all sorts of talent, and all manner of pulpit manners. They had heard all kinds of candidates and had got into their heads all sorts of standards. One wanted a short man, another a tall man; another an old man, another a young man; one a conservative man; another a progressive man; some wanted a *married* man, and several young ladies a *single* man; one wanted a man familiar with economic questions, and a ready talker about the sciences; another *ventured* to suggest a man who understood the *Bible*. One wanted a man who could

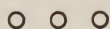
quote Greek; another said he had grown hungry for good English; a sister who had come from the Quakers objected to a mustache; another said that her dear pastor in New Bedford always wore burnsides. One brother declared he would subscribe nothing to a man that says "Aw-men"; another declared he wouldn't give a cent to one that says "A-men". But all agreed that they wanted a *good* man, a *perfect* man, an *angel*, and all were getting out with the pastoral committee because it didn't find him.

Waking from my dream, I got up feeling bad enough; but I made a vow to be as good as I could until the next church-meeting, and then resign my place on the committee. But before breakfast the *doorbell rang*, and I answered it myself. There stood a man with a ministerial look all over his face. He said he understood——! I didn't wait to hear any more. I shot out at the back door, ran round the house, and climbed in through my bedroom window. Wife, hearing my movements, came quietly in.

"Wife," said I, "lay me out a change of linen, I'm going to the Eastern Indiana Conference, at Eden Church, near Shideler, in Delaware County." "Why, husband, you don't mean, do you, to leave this applicant for our vacant pulpit on *my* hands?" "I do—I shall board the next train, take the traction at Muncie, and stop at Station 21, at the Eden Church. It's a *country* church, and seems a little out of the way for a *big* conference, but they say the people there have hearts as big as the conference and will care gladly for all that come." "But why are you going to the conference?" "Why, wife, after all these applications for our pulpit, by letter, all these solicitations by *candidates* and their *friends*, I want to see some of the preachers for myself, and hear for myself about their success, and their good *conference* record for study,

industry, good example, taking the collections, encouraging our literature, and co-operating with our church at large. I want to see if our Eastern Indiana Conference has any available preachers that have learned *wisdom* in *pastoral work*; who can *hold, instruct and build up* a church through consecutive years; who can preach the *Bible* oftener than they do Emerson or Aristotle; who can preach repentance as earnestly as they do sociology, higher criticism, the trust problem, and what stand the President should take on strikes, and the labor question."

Well, my discouraged brother of that pastoral committee, you did well to come to this conference. Take courage. This conference can supply your church with the desired pastor. They have here preachers that are wise,—preachers that can *feed and lead* their flocks,—and every year, under heaven's help, this conference, aided by our schools and colleges, is equipping more laborers to reap the now ripe harvest. We are gathering in the grain, and the story of every garnered sheaf is told in this simple text: "Because the *preacher* was *wise*".



THE DOVE

TEXT—And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:—Matt. 3: 16.

The Holy Spirit here assumes the form of a dove. There is doubtless great significance in the use of this symbol. There is good reason why the form assumed by the Holy Spirit was not that of any bird of prey, as the hawk or the raven, but of a dove.

In the paintings of the old masters, the dove frequently appears as an emblem.

First, it is used as an emblem of the Holy Spirit. In that sense, it is placed near certain saints who are supposed to be inspired. It is also a symbol of *purity*, and as such it is introduced into pictures of female saints, and especially the pictures of Mary and the infant Jesus.

Again, the dove is used as an emblem of the human soul. In this sense a dove is seen issuing from the lips of dying martyrs.

In the Word of God the dove is often used as an emblem. That the dove mentioned in Scripture is the pigeon, or turtle-dove, is evident from descriptions of ancient authors, and from representations handed down to us by the chisel of the sculptor.

1. The dove is used as a symbol of *spiritual aspiration*. The Psalmist says: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest."

The dove here alluded to was distinguished for the rapidity of its flight, flying at the rate of about a mile a minute. Have *we* any longing for this upward flight, these higher spiritual experiences, or are we satisfied with groveling on the ground?—no wings to our aspirations?—no plumage of *soul*!

2. The dove is used as an emblem of the rapid *increase of the church, or revival success*.

When Isaiah, in prophetic vision, beholds the multitudes flocking to the house of God, he exclaims: "Who are these that fly as a *cloud*, and as *doves* to the *windows*?" Thus did the people come to Christ under the preaching of Wesley, Edwards, Finney, Moody. It is stated that Mr. Spurgeon expects a certain number of converts every month. His church come out to all the services, work to that end, and realize it. Brethren, we need to pray

and work for a revival in which sinners shall fly to the Savior "as doves to their windows."

The dove is an emblem of the *search of the human soul after rest*.

At the end of the forty days of the deluge, Noah opened the window of the Ark, and sent forth a *dove* to ascertain if the waters were abated from the face of the earth. The dove wandered on, but found no rest, no place where it could alight, for the waters were yet on the face of the whole earth. Weary with its search for a resting place, it returns exhausted to the ark. There, and there only, could it find rest. How typical is this of the human soul, seeking rest in this world! Christ is the ark of our salvation, and only He can give rest to the wandering, weary, disappointed soul. Honor, office, fame, cannot give that rest. You have perhaps noticed the difference of expression in two of the most popular portraits of Abraham Lincoln. One has freshness of face, clearness and mildness of eye. *It* was taken just after his inauguration. The other is haggard and careworn in expression. *This* was taken but a few months before his assassination. The honors of office could not counteract the care that wore upon his soul, and wrote lines of sadness over his manly face.

4. The dove is an emblem of *love* and *fidelity*.

Naturalists tell us that when a dove has selected its mate, the alliance continues till one or the other of them dies. Because of the affection which the dove exhibited for its mate, heathen nations dedicated that bird to the goddess of love. Doves were cultivated and protected by law. In the paintings and sculptures of the old masters, Venus, the goddess of love, is represented as attended, or drawn in a car, by doves. Thus, is the dove an emblem of love, tenderness, affection, fidelity.

Would that *we* had more of this dove-like spirit. Says Paul: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." You have said that if you only had the eloquence of Beecher or Gladstone how you would speak for Jesus and espouse the cause of the oppressed. But Paul says that though we have an *angel's* enrapturing eloquence, and have not love, it avails nothing. We are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. We have all heard men of this kind. There was no love for God nor man in their heart, but they talked fluently. Paul says that that sort of talk, with no corresponding action, is but a tinkling cymbal. The clanging cymbal in a band of music has no musical effect when the other instruments are not playing. Sounding alone, it is only *noise*. Such, says Paul, is the most eloquent man on earth, if he is devoid of love—*Noise, noise*,—simply *that*, and nothing more!

The dove is an emblem of *peaceableness*.

Says the Savior: "Be ye therefore as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves." The eagle, the hawk, the vulture, kill and devour other birds. Not so the dove. *It is armed* with neither *beak* nor *talons*. Injuring no one, it pursues its quiet way. Its highest security is in its amiable qualities. Live like *that*, says Christ. How little of this dove-like spirit is in the world! Instead of being *doves* we are *hawks, vultures*, thrusting our talons into men's good name, or heartlessly devouring their morsel of happiness. Too much is this so in social life, in business life, in professional life—even in *national* life. Christian *Europe*, whose kings and emperors in the coronation ceremony pray to the Prince of Peace, has to-day more than ten million soldiers, ready at a moment's notice

to butcher each other! What are their national emblems?

England has the lion; Belgium three lions; Sweden two lions; Norway a lion wielding a ponderous axe; Prussia an eagle and two gladiators; Holland a lion wielding a dagger; the United States an eagle with arrows in its talons. We search in vain for the dove among the national emblems of the world.

In churches, in neighborhoods, in families, there is often more of the hawk, and the vulture, than of the dove. Some people seem never so happy as when in a quarrel—never so happy as when they are miserable! They stir up strife wherever they go.

There is a woman in Philadelphia of whom it is said that no sooner does she enter the zoological gardens than every animal begins to growl, or snarl, and show signs of fight. The very sight of her arouses all the fighting propensities of the caged lions, tigers and bears. There are people who cannot come into a family, a church, a neighborhood, without arousing the fighting propensities of every one with whom they come in contact. Wherever they go there is a quarrel. How much better, how much more beautiful, to study the things that make for peace,—to cultivate the dove-like spirit.

6. Another characteristic of the dove is its *attachment for home*.

It is on this fact that the system of carrier pigeons is based. When one of the ancients left home, he took with him one or more of these birds. When, say fifty miles from home, he desired to write to his family, he attached his message to one of these birds and set it free. No sooner does it gain its liberty than it rises to a great height, circles round for a moment to determine the direction it is to go, and then, like an arrow, it flies with un-

erring accuracy over the fifty miles, straight to its home. When a hundred miles from home another bird is put on wing to bear another message home. An historian tells us that at the siege of Jerusalem that Christians intercepted a letter tied to the legs of a dove, in which letter the Persian emperor promised assistance to the besieged.

These birds played an important part in the siege of Paris. Their training is a branch of the military service in France. Prizes are given to the best trainers of carrier pigeons in the Department of the Seine. The French government has now (1887) in its possession one of these birds that took part in the siege of Paris. It is regarded as a hero and a patriot. In 1870 this dove was taken up in a Paris balloon, and was captured by the Prussians. He was sent as a present to a princess of Prussia. He soon afterward effected his escape and made his way directly back to Paris.

Attachment for home is, then, one of the leading characteristics of the dove.

God is the home of the soul. Though we may have wandered far from Him, and become entangled in worldliness, let us resolve this day to break away from our captivity, and, like the dove on silvery pinions, return unto our God.

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick’ning power.
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.”

THE MAGNIFIED WORD

(Preached at union service, at M. E. Church, Franklin, Ohio, Sunday night, May 1, 1887.)

TEXT—"For thou hast magnified thy words above all thy works."—Psalm 108: 2.

This Bible is the *word* of God. Though a small book, comparatively,—far smaller than many human volumes,—though a child can span it, and lift it, it is the *word of God*. The words of God's *first* and *final* written *revelation* to man, are thus couched in so *small* a compass. Might lies not in magnitude, nor power in expansion. With *thumb* and *finger* you can clasp your precious pocket Bible—perhaps your mother's gift—and this is the word of God. Around us, reaching to *infinite distances*, are the *works* of God. But the Author of these *words* has *magnified* them above all His *works*. In a word, a whisper, an accent, there is singular power,—power, it may be of wisdom, of comfort, of cheer, of renewed life. This power lies not in *loudness*, nor in *lengthy* speech. In Sinai's *thunder* there was *death*; but Christ's three words: "Lazarus come forth," unlocked the grave, and pierced the tomb with the omnipotent power of *life*.

The words of man's *lips* are greater than all his *hand* creates. The words of Longfellow, or Whittier, or Prescott are greater than the manufactured paper upon which they were written. The paper of these publications may be calendared and costly; the binding beautiful; but the spirit, genius, *power* of the authors speak, glow, sing, whisper, *thunder* in their *words*.

Great are sun, moon, stars, but the *word* that spake them into existence, is greater. Great are the *works* of God as seen in the orbs above us, and in this earth now

beautiful in the robes of springtime; but, says the text: "Thou hast magnified thy *words* above all thy *works*."

1. God has magnified His Word in the *beauty of its language*.

Benjamin Franklin, holding this book in his hand, stood before an infidel club in Paris, and read to them selections from both the Old and the New Testaments. Unacquainted with the very Book they rejected, they exclaimed: "How exquisitely beautiful! Why! from what volume have you read?" Franklin replied: "The volume from which I have read is the Bible."

These self-conceited infidels knew about as much of the Bible as the skeptical Cambridge student, who was asked by a Christian professor to relate any scriptural incident whatever, that might at the moment occur to his memory. He answered: "The only one that comes to my recollection is that of Peter cutting off the ear of the prophet Malachi." He had some faint recollection of Malchus, the high priest's servant, whose ear Peter cut off with a sword.

God being the *author* of the human *mind* and human *speech*, how easily might his *own thought* and his *own language transcend*, in richness and radiance, the *best* and most *beautiful* utterance of his *creatures*!

Judged as a mere *literary* production, what can surpass such expressions as: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Or, as Isaiah, foreseeing the final triumph of the Messiah's kingdom, calls upon hills and mountains, and Lebanon's stately cedars to break forth into one mighty oratorio of song.

Prof. Mathews, one of the ablest essayists in America, recommends that public speakers and writers study the *Bible* as a help to the enriching of their vocabulary, and the formation of a chaste and forcible style. He

mentions the names of several eminent attorneys and statesmen whose marvelous command of choice and charming forms of speech, was, in part, the result of a careful reading and study of God's Word.

2. God has *magnified* His Word, (2d) in its adaptation to all mankind in all ages.

In one of the immense libraries of Europe there is pointed out to the traveler a large number of select and special volumes which, at one time, were considered standards on the several subjects on which they treat. Men of science and literature once crossed continents and seas to consult these authorities.

But the world has long since moved *on beyond* the wisdom and learning of those volumes. They are still upon the shelves, but obsolete, unread, *worthless*. They were adapted to only a few persons in a particular period of the world's history. The Bible is adapted to *all people* and to *all times*.

This adaptation of the written word is partly due to the variety in its composition,—poetry and prose; the preceptive, the promissory, the prophetic; history, genealogy, chronology, narrative,—yes, *mainly narrative*. Thus God's character, His truth, His will and ways towards man, are seen and studied from various standpoints.

When the artist wished to make a portrait of Shakespeare he had the death-mask removed from the face. He then took twenty or thirty daguerreotypes from every possible angle of vision.

So the Bible shows us *Christ* from every possible angle of vision. Now we see Him as the ancient prophets draw the distant, tremulous outline of the man of sorrows. In the same olden pages of inspiration we behold Him, as Israel's bard chants, in melodious cadence, the ultimate triumphs of Messiah's kingdom. In the New Testament

we see Him as teacher and friend; brother, Savior, triumphant Redeemer, ever-living intercessor. We see Him going about and doing good everywhere, to everybody. He makes the rocking boat His pulpit, and teaches the multitude on the shore. We see Him on the grassy mountain-side feeding the hungry. We behold Him on the stormy sea with *power* in His mere *word* over *wind* and *wave*. From might and majesty He descends to tenderness, and consents to be touched by the penitent Mary; He is moved by pity, and restores the lame and blind. We see Him entering into the feeling of a *mother's* heart, and He heals the daughter of the Syrophenician woman, arrests the funeral processions and restores to a broken-hearted mother her dead and only son. We see Him in beautiful appreciation of a mother's spiritual solicitude for her children as He takes the little ones into His arms and blesses them.

On another occasion the people of Capernaum improved the cool of the evening by bringing *all* their sick, of every disease, rich and poor, great and small, to Him whose pity and power were equal to all this pain, and all this honest, artless appeal. So the all-healing Physician walked amid the stretchers, and cots, and couches and with a word, a look, a touch, brought *healing* and turned all this scene of dolor and dejection into a grand evening, open-air meeting of gratitude and *rejoicing*!

Inspired by this wondrous scene, some one has written:

“At ev’ning, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, *around* thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met—
Oh, with what *joy* they went *away*!

"Once more 'tis eventide, and *we*,
Oppressed with *various ills*, draw near;
What if thy form we cannot *see*?
We *know* and *feel* that thou art here.

"Oh, Savior, Christ! *our* woes dispel;
For some are *sick*, and some are *sad*,
And some have *never* loved thee *well*,
And *some* have *lost*—the love they *had*.

"Thy touch has still its ancient *power*;
No *word* from *thee*—can fruitless fall
Hear in this solemn, evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal *us* all."

Farther on, we behold Jesus on the cross. Agony drives great drops of blood to the surface. But *pain* cannot blunt His pity. With lips taking on the pallor of death, He prays *forgiveness* for His *murderers*.

Looking again, we see this Jesus alive from the dead, loving with undiminished tenderness His sorrowing disciples. Forty days pass, and we see our Lord ascending to glory to His former home in the skies, and to the mediatorial throne. Now, it is the Bible that becomes the camera of the divine artist to show us Jesus from all those angles of vision that present His "matchless worth," that "show His glories forth," that ravish our souls by a vision of "all the forms of *love* He wears."

Another feature of the Bible which adapts it to all classes, and in which God has highly magnified His word, is this:—Much of the Book is in the form of *narrative*, or *story*.

A prominent journalist says: "A majority of all readers are most interested in what happens to *persons*. When the daily or weekly paper is taken up to be read,

that department called '*Personal*' will usually be pursued with more interest than those columns that tell of legislative, commercial, state, national and international affairs."

Now, the Bible is three-fourths narrative. It tells what happened to *persons*—of the creation and fall; how Eve and Adam sinned, and were driven from the garden; how Abel and Cain made offerings to God; how Abel's offering was accepted and Cain's rejected; how Cain slew his brother, and was rebuked of God and marked for life. The Word also tells of Noah, Abraham, Lot, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca; Jacob, Rachael, Moses, Joshua, Saul, Samuel, Solomon, David, Daniel, Isaiah and Jeremiah. Yes, of Joseph, Mary, Zechariah, Elizabeth, *Jesus*, the disciples, the apostles, the memorable women of holy writ, John, banished, dwelling on Patmos, and shown visions of things that shall shortly come to pass.

It is this larger part of the Bible that gives it interest to the adult reader, and makes the story of God's dealings with men one of interest, instruction, and spiritual, converting power even to children.

4. God has magnified His Word by stamping upon it the impress of His workmanship.

In literature, in art, in mechanics, every production is marked with the individuality, even the nationality of its author. No man's thought or manual skill can rise above his talent, taste, culture, genius. That which is *human* cannot rise *above* the human. Only that which is *divine* can bear the *stamp* and display the *wonders* of divinity.

Daniel Webster, a master critic in language and thought, said on his dying bed: "The sermon on the mount cannot be a merely human production. The thought, the

wisdom, the impress of God are in those masterly and matchless sentences."

This illustrious statesman had mastered the philosophy and laws of language and thought. Senates and philologic critics marveled at his genius. His memorable address at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument was a *literary* triumph equal to the *military* victory that took place when bayonets gleamed along the crest of that historic hill, and British valor was unequal to the bravery and patriotism of the colonial troops. Yes, *this* was the great master of language and thought that said of the sermon on the mount: "Here is a production that towers above *all* that ever came from *human tongue or pen*."

The Persians had a novel method granting a copyright. The law required that the poet insert his name in the last stanza, and this was to be done in such a way as not to break or mar the melody of the verse. This required much skill, but it marked the poem as the author's own.

You may know that this book is the word of God, for into its very texture is inwrought the name and attributes of God, in characters as vivid as those which flash from the starry firmament, or are read in the mountain ranges which none but an omnipotent hand could have lifted up.

5. God has magnified His Word in the testimony of travel and discovery.

In the sacred pages we read: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about His people."

Now, suppose that when a traveler, Bible in hand, goes to Jerusalem, he should find that there are no mountains round about Jerusalem. In that event the Bible would fall to the ground as false in its record and preposterous in its claims. But the mountains are *there* as

hoary, perpetual, unimpeachable witnesses. There will they ever stand in unvarying testimony. Hostile and now perished armies have crossed them; the feet of marching, conquering soldiers have ascended their rocky sides, charged over their crest, and walked down at last into a darker valley than Hinnom or Gihon. But there still stand the *mountains*, the symbol of that divine bulwark and defense that has never failed God's people, and has never crumbled from about his spiritual Zion.

Nay, more, all the hills and valleys, and seas, and rivers and brooks of the Bible, just as the sacred narrative locates them, are still there to *speak*. Their testimony is against doubt, against infidelity, against all ungodliness and defiance of history, reason, testimony, truth. All these voices of nature speak; all these sacred hillsides, peaks, valleys, rivers, and yet running brooks, lift up their warning voice; nay, speak in pitying plea, asking the skeptic: "Why will you doubt—why will you die?"

The Bible says that as a punishment Nebuchadnezzar was for seven years like a beast upon the earth, and ate grass.

Men have ridiculed this account, but there has now come to light some circumstantial evidence corroborative of the Bible account. The records made by Nebuchadnezzar himself of his own reign, have been discovered. In these records he first gives an account of the magnificent palaces, the hanging gardens, and the walls of Babylon. Then he suddenly says: "And how I took no pleasure in walking or riding. I took no pleasure in anything for a term of years." And then the records go on with what he did *afterwards*. What was he doing *during* "*that term of years*" in which he took no pleasure in anything? The Bible says that he was eating grass like an ox; that is, that he was insane, and imagined himself a

beast. Now, the above quotation is believed by learned scholars as being the delicate way in which he refers to his singular punishment.

How true it is that all modern Biblical research and discovery is directly corroborative of the truthfulness—even the exactness—of all Bible statements. In *this* way also is the word of God magnified above all his works.

6. Again: This Book which God has magnified above all His works, is not going to *fall* from the high position which God has assigned it.

Jesus says: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my *words* shall not pass away." Matt. 24:34. They shall never be added to; they shall never be diminished by so much as the crossing of a *t* or the dotting of an *i*. The sun, in its stupendous diameter, shall be blotted out, but not a tiny dot, or jot, or period,—not the minutest mark of punctuation that gives point to meaning, pathos to love, or power to teaching,—not a jot or tittle of this Book shall *ever* pass away. The great sun, visible to oldest and dimmest vision, shall be no more, but the tiny marks that only *modify meaning* in this volume—so small that age puts on its spectacles to discern them—shall outlast all material magnitude and mightiness.

Such a book can never fall from the lofty position assigned it by the divine author in the moral universe.

It is related of President Lincoln, that when a young man, he stopped over night at the house of a friend. About midnight the neighbors awoke him, and in great alarm told him to go and look out at the window, that the stars were falling and the world was coming to an end. Young Lincoln went to the window, looked up *beyond* the shower of falling meteors, to the firmament, and there were the *fixed* stars as undisturbed as when Jacob beheld

them in the midnight at Bethel. "Wait till *they* fall," said Lincoln, and went back to bed.

Some human speculations, some Christless theories of religion, of men's relation to God and eternity, *may* fall, *must* fall, but be not alarmed. The eternal truths of the Bible are undisturbed. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." What God has made great; what God has magnified, can never diminish. Combine the diameters of all suns, systems, worlds, material and outward things, and above all these visible works of God's hand, He hath magnified His Word.

In every way, then, the Bible is a most wonderful book. The impress of divinity is on all its pages. Every event, as shown by its own light, is linked to God. Its every doctrine tends to glorify Him; every precept to bless His creatures. There is no trace of flattery of the readers, nor of vanity in the writers. There is no effort to give force to any fact by false coloring, nor to explain any circumstance that seems inconsistent. The writers of this Book all wrote as those that felt they were the amanuenses of God,—the sworn witnesses of the truth. They concealed nothing from fear—palliated nothing through shame. These pages tell us, too, how the very murderers of Christ confessed Him divine. And since the day of His false accusation and crucifixion other wicked and worldly-wise men have borne witness to the wonders of this holy Book, and to the divinity and majesty of our Lord's character. Infidels, from Julian, and Porphyry to Paine and Rousseau, have made confession of the fact that the Bible is, indeed, the magnified, wonderful word of God.

God has also magnified His word in its late wide and rapid dissemination. Previous to 1804 there was not a society in existence whose object was the distribution of

the Bible. These societies are now found, not only in many parts of Christendom, but in places which in 1804 were not evangelized. *Then* the Bible was accessible to comparatively few; *now* it is translated into all the leading tongues of the nations. The church has given the Word of God to the olden lands of Palestine, Asia Minor, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Ethiopia; to the different nationalities of India; to the inhabitants of Burmah and Siam; to the myriads of China and Africa. More recently the Word has been translated into Japanese, and the teeming population of Japan are ripe to receive it. It now seems that the whole world will soon be able to have the Gospel of the Son of God. Free Protestant states are found in both hemispheres; in every grand division of the globe, and Christian kingdoms have arisen in regions not long since wholly pagan. Our Bible societies have been largely the instruments through which God has thus magnified His Word. Encourage them, contribute to them; speak words in their behalf; welcome their workers, and pray for their success. Ask, What would our nation be without the Bible? and what could give peace to the dying or hope for the dead, were the light and promise of this inspired, divine, magnified Word withdrawn from the world, from our country, our community, our homes, *ourselves!* Well, then, may we join with the Psalmist in his prayer: "Order my footsteps in thy Word," and *truthfully* may we exclaim: "Thou hast magnified thy words above all thy works."

JACOB

(Franklin, October 17, 1886.)

TEXT—"Fear not, thou worm Jacob; * * * I will help thee, saith the Lord."—Isaiah 41:14.

The unfolding life of Jacob was characterized by singular contrasts. His life was a *paradox*. It was full of contradictions and violent alternations. The *first* glimpse you get of him exhibits him in a phase of littleness and meanness. You lift your eyes a few seconds, and you see him again the favored one of God, with wonderful visions of God's glory, and wonderful experiences of communion with him. Following him a few steps farther, you find him plying *deceit* and practicing *meanness*. A *later* look reveals him wrestling with *angels*, and *camping* with *God's host* about him.

A Jew, Jacob was crafty and overreaching; but at the same time he was filled with lofty aspirations,—was a prince in prayer, owned and loved of God.

There are a good many Jacobs in the world to-day—men who are singular contradictions of great spirituality and greater meanness. We have these Jacobs in our churches, casting constant shame upon their profession. In *business* they seem the very sum of all duplicity; in the forms of worship they carry the air of consecration. Such characters are *dual* in their nature. With *one* life they are plying their deceit and sin; with the *other* they are carrying the *form* of a high profession. One hand is reached to God; the other is feeling for lucre. One eye looks reverently to heaven; the other constantly and keenly toward the world. *This* is our modern Jacob. We have him in the *church*, just as Judaism had him in the *tent* and the *tabernacle*.

What shall we do with these Jacobs? How are we going to rate them? Do they belong in truth to the number of Christ's redeemed; or are they hypocrites, deceptive, inconsistent by choice?

As to their evil influence, there is no question. The inconsistencies of such members of the church are a hindrance to the church's progress. The world sneeringly says: "*We* are better than *they*. Don't ask *us* to join the church while it retains in its membership such men as *these*!"

It is in this way that these inconsistent members are a harm and a stumbling-block. Do you wonder that we ask ourselves the question: "How is it that such profession of faith and inconsistency of life can exist together? How is it that there can be true heart-knowledge of Christ, and great sins, or foibles—whatever you may term them—side by side in the same heart?"

Now, the first thing I want you to notice, is that there are just such people in the world—whose *meaning* is sincere, but whose *weaknesses* are alarming,—whose *faith* is a *reality*, but whose *inconsistencies* are extreme.

This dual life—(these strange contradictions of *faith and practice*),—is a *fact* which we cannot force aside. It is a fact which the church must face,—a moral weakness which can be better met and removed under the religion of the Messiah than that of the Patriarchs or of Moses.

We rarely take into account differences of individuality. There are some great-hearted, impulsive people to-day who are always making mistakes, always saying and doing things they are sorry for. These persons can understand Jacob precisely; but those of calm and peaceful temperament—of well-poised impulses—can ill interpret such a character.

Look at the characters that come before us in this

connection. There was *Isaac*, one of our quiet, noble men, entirely domestic—loving peace—satisfied only in tranquility. We can hardly imagine his ever having spoken a cross word. *His* individuality was like a dreamy, summer afternoon—quiet, peaceful, sunny. *Isaac* could not understand *Jacob* any more than a gentle peaceful breeze can understand the blast or the cyclone. *Isaac* and *Jacob* were of diverse individuality. *Isaac* was never inconsistent. Perhaps his neighbors never saw anything in him to be condemned. But *Jacob's* soul was like a charged thundercloud, sure sooner or later to break forth into startling contrarieties.

It is just so to-day. The *Isaacs* can never understand the *Jacobs*.

And there was *Esau*. Of his cranium we have no phrenologic chart. It was probably small, and bullet-shaped. His heart was probably large and warm. His friendship was perhaps strong, simple, unsuspecting. He was fond of hunting—of out-door life and sports. Had he lived to-day he would have played base-ball, ridden a bicycle, attended the races, kept his mother in painful anxiety, and would have had no piety to boast of. The trouble with *Esau* was, he was thoughtless, careless of serious things, more bent on enjoying the *present* than anything else, without any deep undertone of plan or purpose in life. Of course *Esau* could not understand *Jacob*. *Jacob's* temptations and individuality were entirely different. Now, is there not enough warning in this picture to cry a *stop* to persons who are always *criticising* other people's faults? What do we know of *their individuality*? Their faults may not be as bad as *ours*! The *worst* faults are not always those which are most conspicuous. The sin which no one but God can see, may be immeasurably worse than some inconsistency open to

every gaze. There sits a man who prides himself on his honorable, upright, consistent life. Note his physiognomy. He is thin-lipped and stern of feature. When asked to give to some important and worthy cause, the thin lips quietly refuse; and when you look more closely into his *life*, you find he is *hard* and *stern* in his *dealings with his fellow-men*.

Over against *this* picture let me paint *another*,—that of a man of *diverse* individuality. *He* is *warm of heart* and *noble of nature*. But with all this he has a *temper* that is sometimes ungovernable; and an appetite for intoxicants that sometimes leads him into great sin and degradation. Now our thin-lipped, consistent, self-controlled man with his narrow, sordid nature, looks with disdain upon this Jacob so often at the mercy of constitutional infirmity. Nevertheless, may not the principal difference be simply this, that the sins of the one are more *public* and *conspicuous* than those of the other? And may it not be that the man with the great, large, noble nature, stained as it is with sin, is better in the sight of heaven than he of Pharisaic respectability, but with a selfishness and littleness of soul almost beneath contempt?

My friends, we are all beset with mortifying infirmities. Even *David* and *Peter* were like Jacob in many ways. They, too, had great *virtues* and great *vices*. They, too, seemed at one period of their life to be paradoxes, standing firm and high; but at another time lying prostrate and low.

Jacob's soul was on the one side filled with the sublimest hopes of the nation which was to spring from him, and on the other side with strange craftiness and cunning. Esau was the very antipodes of this character. *He despised* his birthright. *He* cared nothing for God's promise about the chosen race and the promised land.

He was free, and frank, and generous, but unsusceptible to great religious emotion. *Jacob*, on the other hand, though crafty and keenly selfish, took God at His word. *He* believed in the promise. *He* had a faith to which Esau was a stranger—a faith which in this especial case was all things. *Believing* God, he coveted the birthright and the blessing, that all this heritage of promise and glory might go to his own descendants. Inconsistent as it must seem, it was his high appreciation of God's promise that caused him to covet this birthright, and made him crafty to secure it. Joined, however, to his vices were great virtues, but the crudeness of his moral perceptions allowed him to employ *vicious* means to a *virtuous* end.

Esau, on the other hand, was light-hearted and careless, —a *hunter* who cared more for the *chase* than for *ancestral relations* to a mighty people. *He* could not, therefore, be a proper man to be the father of God's chosen people. But Jacob's *faith* made *him* that man. True, the *cunning* and the *meanness* were there, but a *great-hearted faith* was to be the chief factor in a far-reaching patriarchal relation. Because of men's *weakness* God has never shown unwillingness to accept and wisely use their *strength*. Supreme wisdom and power are superior to human foibles, and enable God to use imperfect men for wise and humane ends. So did He with Noah, and Moses, with Saul and David; with Peter and Thomas and Barnabas.

Weak men are often *strong*. Over against great infirmities are set qualities of power.

Jacob, though *weak*, was one of the world's *strong* men. Whatever he did he did with his heart, and all the impulses of his nature were strong ones. When he

leaned toward God he leaned hard ; so also when he leaned toward evil.

Jacob was not like Isaac, a smiling valley or a quiet lake. Nay, Jacob's soul was the ocean lashed by contrary and clashing storms of impulse, now dominated by his faith and now by his greed ; now by pure and manly affection, and now by despicable meanness. Yet all the time he was the same Jacob, only good and evil were contending within him. After all, is not this picture of the Israelitish patriarch, pertinent also to our own day ? Great *vices* are *to-day* found in close association with great *virtues*. Some one beautifully writes :

"Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That the strongest suffer most ;
That the noblest wander farthest,
And most hopelessly are lost?"

There is a deep truth in those two last lines. Great virtues make great vices possible, and the two walk hand in hand in the same soul. Jacob is no anomaly, no exception, no marvel among men. His character and trials many of us understand.

Notice, in the second place, the necessary conflicts in such a life.

Here are two *great opposing forces* in Jacob's *individuality*. Two mighty armies are marshaled in his soul :—on the one side the *deceit and craftiness and meanness*, and on the other the *better impulses* of the man and his *faith* in God. To look at Jacob's *individuality* is to know at once that his life must be a *stormy* one. Clashing and contention must go on through his life. His soul will be rent and tossed, and buffeted till the very end, or till one of the two contending natures prevails. And so must every life be which has within it both great virtues and

great vices. The two selves which made up such an individuality can never be agreed. One or the other must at the end prevail.

The *beginning* of this great moral battle is *invited* in Jacob's very *setting out* in life. The deceit is practiced upon his aged father, and Jacob has to fly from home. He entered *at once* upon the consequences of his sin. The *reaping* came very soon after the *sowing*. He left his father's home flying from his brother's wrath. *Sad*, as well as *lonely*, must have been that walk upon which he entered toward Haran. The very first night offered him only a *stone* for a *pillow*. But, penitent and disappointed, in mercy, and for a wise purpose, God gave him that comforting dream of the ladder, with ascending and descending angels. That *first day* of Jacob's journey was a day of mental and spiritual struggle. But Jacob's *better* life *prevailed* that day. But *that* is only *one* of the struggles in that life. Jacob comes to his *uncle's*, and finds it very *far* from being *smooth sailing* there. Here again his life is *tossed and stormy*. *Ten times* his wages are changed, while Laban and Jacob *vie* with one another as to *which* shall outwit the *other*, and Jacob was cheated *time and again*. He got *Leah* for a wife when he wanted *Rachael*. All this was provocation, and it would seem that Jacob did not make much progress in grace while at Haran. It is the more *probable* that his craftiness *increased*. At all events, during those twenty years we have scarcely any glimpse of his faith. But now the time comes when he must *leave* his uncle. *Haran* is becoming too *hot* to hold him. The disagreements between himself and his uncle are increasing both in *number and fierceness*. Jacob flees into his own country again. There, *too*, he has great reason to fear, for *there* is the *old quarrel* between *him and Esau*. Jacob

stands between *two fires*. He fears the *hostility* of the uncle left *behind*, and *dreads* the *revenge* of his brother whom he had *deceived*. Even now he hears that Esau is coming against him with an *armed band*. The memory of his guilt quickly divines the object of Esau's approach. He knows that the thirst for revenge is still strong in Esau's heart. He knows that he stands in great personal danger. He makes his arrangements to propitiate his brother by presents, and betakes himself to the mountains alone, to pray. Ah, that was

THE PIVOTAL HOUR

of Jacob's life, for he met God face to face in some such revelation hour as Paul experienced on his way to Damascus. We cannot fully understand the mystery of that midnight wrestling in the darkness with God, but I think this much is plain: it was the struggle over sin, the struggle of repentance. It was the strong crying and tears of a soul deeply conscious of its guilt, and pleading for forgiveness. There *may* have been repentance before—a passing sorrow for sin, but not a *deep, long-continued, vehement mental and spiritual struggle*,—such an inward battle as may bring *moral revolution* to the soul. But now at this crisis hour, when the long-deferred punishment seemed to stare him in the face—now Jacob saw his sin in its true light,—now, helpless and penitent he cried importunately unto God. *Before* this he had trusted in his *craftiness* rather than relied upon *God*. Like every scheming man, he comes to a crisis in which shrewdness cannot save. Jacob is now *forced* to fly to *God*. He goes to Him in an *agony of penitence and fear*. God *meets* him. God, the avenger, the *unnamable*, the awful *presence*, meets him now in condemnation. All the night he wrestles with the angel. He pleads with God; he be-

moans his sin; he supplicates forgiveness, until at last *blessing falls upon him*. Now Jacob is *another*, a *new* man, with *new name and new character*. No longer strong in his *own* strength, he is now a prince with *God*,—to be known henceforth as *Israel*, one who has *power with God and with man*.

The life of *every* Jacob must be a *stormy* one. To have great, opposing forces in one's heart, is to have a life full of conflict and bitter strife. So tossed are we at times that it seems as if our lives were but a shuttlecock for our virtues and our vices to sport with in their fierce games at battledore. Now driven hard by vice, and now checked by virtue and tossed back again to right and faith and God, but no sooner safe than seized again by vice and madly hurled to be caught again by patient virtue. So goes the game of our probation, and the madder our vices are, and the more persistent our virtues, the more will our lives be tossed like helpless puppets between heaven and hell. *Every* life must struggle, but with most characters who are striving to live Christian lives, the *good*, aided by Christ, is the *predominating* motive in the heart. Hence such lives are *proximately consistent*. Not so with *forceful* natures like that of Jacob. There is *too much* of evil there to yield *except* by the *fiercest* struggle. Such a life must be a stormy one,—now lifted high to heaven,—now plunged to deep abysses—fighting its way amid weariness and pain and trial to the end.

Thank God for the Jacobs and the Peters and the Davids in the Bible, for *they, too*, like some of *us*, had much in their individuality that they had to *struggle* against. And yet the Lord *loved* them and *trusted* them. The Lord *used* them, and blessed the *world* with them. I find in this picture of the patriarch's life hope for every sin-burdened and sin-conscious heart. How many of *us*

have looked on our neighbors, who seem always unruffled and peaceful in their religion, wishing that such a calm might be ours! But *their* individuality is different. Our individuality is such that *only* a *conflict* can develop us. with us, fierce *battle* is the price of victory,—*struggle and wrestling* the road to blessing. “Think it not strange, then, concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as if some strange thing had happened you,” but rejoice that you are counted worthy to suffer. God knows best, and it is He that has appointed our life-struggle for us. In the fierce battle He will be near us, and support us.

3. I want you to notice in the third place the *beautiful* in Jacob’s life.

Here, too, you observe evidence of the good and the evil in the man—evidence of his *dual life*.

There are *two* selves in each of us, and they are contending for the mastery. Sometimes it is the *better*—the more *beautiful* self that acts—sometimes the *baser*. One or the other of these selves is *gathering power*, and purposes to *prevail*! With Jacob it was his *better* self. The long vacillation of his life between good and evil was at last ended, and Jacob’s declining years present a most beautiful picture in the Bible of rich and abiding trust in God. His old inconsistencies seem to have been fought down, and stamped out. Triumphant faith transfigured and illuminated with strange glory the last years of Jacob’s life. Tender and affectionate, submissive under God’s chastisement, a prince in faith, point out, if you can, a death more beautiful and glorious than Jacob’s. No trace now in the last years of life of the old sins of the baser self. Jacob’s nobler side and better self had conquered. The lower had yielded to the higher nature. The upright, the beautiful, the heavenly, had triumphed gloriously in his life.

You who are troubled with many a conflict—with weaknesses that get the better of you in the battle, give not over to discouragement. All the good of earth are in sympathy with you in the conflict. High heaven is watching, and the angels crowd the galleries, hanging breathless upon the struggle. Every time you practice meanness, or give way to temper, appetite, or whatever else is your besetment, you are contributing to the final triumph of your baser self. But every aspiration that rises to heaven, every heart-felt pleading, every sob of penitence, every wailing cry for help, every noble, manly struggle against sin, is a step toward the triumph of the soul.

I wish I could impress upon you, with all the sun-lit vividness that this truth possesses, the importance of this daily, hourly struggle against sin: for it is in these moments that our lives and characters are taking form for *eternity*! If we act more often, and by choice, in the baser self, by and by the baser self shall be the *only* self, and our characters will crystallize into an awful and eternal performance of evil! But, if we let our better selves triumph, then glory and honor shall await us at the last.

And now, my friends, let us have a just charity for those restless, storm-tossed and inconsistent lives. God loves them, owns them, and in pity metes out to them a precious opportunity. There is great worth in them, and for their sake and ours they *must* be saved. They are the world's forceful men who possess great powers of usefulness. We feel like rallying the more closely around them by reason of these mighty forces of good. We feel not and fear not so much for Isaac, that quiet, peaceful man with so perfect a poise of passion. He was a *good* man, of course. It is always easy for *such* men to be good, but with *Jacob*, with great swelling impulses to evil; with

a life full of flagrant sin, and yet with a great, forceful nature, there were counter-impulses and constant conflict. But with all the *evil* of the man there was enough of the noble and the excellent to make him the Jacob of Israel who prevailed with God, and after whom it pleased God to name his people.

You who have great faults and great virtues, be not discouraged. Final triumph may be yours, and God may make you greatly useful in His service. Be sure, then, that little by little you are growing stronger; that your better self is triumphing; that amid all the storm and struggle of life you are veering toward God, and not away from Him. Go alone, if necessary, to the wilderness, to the mountain, to your closet to wrestle with God, and you shall prevail. God shall use you, and make your very name a heritage and blessing. Gather courage from the experience of this grand patriarch of the lesson to-day;—and forget not the promise of the text: “Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel, I will help thee, saith the Lord and thy redeemer, the holy one of Israel.”



FRETTING

TEXT—“*Fret not thyself.*”—Psalm 37: 1.

The ancient idolaters had a *deity* to represent every human passion and impulse. It were in better keeping with Scripture had they imagined as many different *demons* assailing man at all the weaker points of his depravity. Among the most noted of these would have been the demon of discontent.

But, whatever the origin of fretting—whatever its occasion or its aggravations—it is a forbidden evil.

The Bible points a protesting finger toward every infirmity that dishonors God and does injury to man.

Fretting *does* man injury. Fretting is to man what friction is to machinery—it is rubbing and rasping—it is wobbling and wear, and soon results in irreparable injury.

Why, and whence, this fretting? The conflict between secular perplexities and pious, peaceful states of mind, leads to a great deal of fretting. We attend the Sunday service; we join in prayer and song; we are inspired by the sermon and lifted into loftier conceptions of Christian living. And now we resolve upon better self-control; upon greater calmness and consistency of life. This was on *Sunday*.

Monday morning is upon you. Just a few hours have pushed you forward out of calmness and quiet of the Sabbath into the whirl and friction of business. Influences now begin to operate to dissipate the spiritual impressions and nobler impulses of the late Sabbath. Perhaps the thought now comes to you: How much easier is it to maintain a pleasant poise of mind on Sunday, in the church, than in the shop, or store, the office, or school-room; the nursery, or kitchen, on Monday!

In the church here to-night there is nothing to irritate you to evil thought. Scarcely for the world would you rail out *here* against your bitterest enemy. But the seven, eight and nine o'clock hours to-morrow morning, will find you in altogether different places, and amid different surroundings. Your farm-hands come late to their work; your clerks are less alert than on other mornings. Children are to be urged from their beds, hurried in their toilet, and made ready for the morning meal, or the school. Monday's accumulated work calls for energy and exertion. Business makes new and unexpected demands. Bills mature to-day, and at three o'clock a note in bank will go

to protest. Now, my brother, my sister, keep careful watch over your *Sunday* resolutions. If found off your guard you will be tempted to fret, and find fault. Notwithstanding your pleasurable emotions and high resolves in the sanctuary, you may, like the children of Israel, be betrayed into murmuring. Complaining children always make unhappy the home. It is possible that earthly parents take their distaste for murmuring from the Great Father above, who positively forbids fretting. A mother would rather her child would cry right out, than whine. An awful thing that is soon over is less awful than a petty annoyance that never ceases. A *powder-mill explosion* is more tolerable to the ear and nerves than a *mouse* gnawing the long night just behind the headboard. Complaining Christians are always unhappy, and often make unhappy the church.

God has always forbidden His dear children to murmur. To complain is to find fault with something belonging to earth or to our earthly lot. And what is all this life of earth but His own wise and merciful appointment? Are we to cross the Jordan before traversing the wilderness? Are we to taste the sweets of Canaan if we cannot trust God in the desert and the danger?

In the providence of God, only a man, here and there, is so situated as to be free from secular care and perplexity,—and *he* only *seemingly* so.

For example, it is said that Mr. Spurgeon has no care as to the secular management of his household. He is told to give all his time to the church. His membership arrange that certain persons shall purchase the provisions for the family. *They* see that his horses are fed, and groomed. His carriage stands at his door, at his bidding. He is relieved of all concern as to secular affairs, even to

the making and paying of all bills in the current expenses of living.

Perhaps you say, "If *I* were relieved of all that, *I* could be as even-tempered and saintly as he. You should have thought twice before speaking thus. Though relieved of all those cares, Mr. Spurgeon bears a *self-imposed* load—(or, rather, a burden *providentially placed*)—greater, perhaps, than that of any man. But he does not chafe and fret. He does not walk the street or move among his people with a captious spirit, cringing before life's cares, and setting up petty and half-skeptical criticisms against the ways of God. It is a mistake to think that worldly ease brings quiet and calmness of spirit. It may bring the lull of laziness, the indifference of death, but not that divineness of self-control that comes to the Christian in his closet and in secular conflict—not that majesty of calmness which Christ speaks to the deep and terrible sea.

I will notice, briefly, a few of the unreasonable causes of fretting.

(1.) *Unfavorable comparisons as to apparel.*

One man contrasts his apparel with that of another; one lady hers with that of another; one child its dress with that of another. The difference of cost, fabric and fashion often excites jealousy, discontent, discouragement, and sometimes keeps persons away from all Sabbath-day services. Now God never made your intelligence, your manhood, your moral worth, your piety, or true independence to depend upon your outward apparel. A man worth a *million of dollars* would excite no ridicule if he chose to come to church in the quaint garb of Puritanic times. Now, shall not our religion, our charity, our commonsense, our pity and our *politeness*, cover as *wide* a distinction in financial and social life as a few green-

backs or government bonds are allowed to cover? Ah, my brother, my hearer, beneath your *costlier* or *cheaper* raiment, God requires another, a spiritual dress, for which no earthly apparel shall have been a substitute in that day when only the robe of righteousness can admit you to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Every man and woman should have the independence to dress on week days and on the Sabbath, in just such apparel as his or her means may allow. In so doing one will detract nothing from the regard of all sensible and serious minds. Nay, he will rather augment that power for good which grows out of a just measure of individualism modestly manifested.

The attempt of those of moderate means, in the church and out of the church, to keep pace with pride and a full purse, in dress, is a terrible strain upon one's peace of mind and piety. The great mass of American citizenship—and that which constitutes the strength and glory of the nation, are men and women in so-called moderate circumstances. They have a right to stand up, and stand to the front, in the glory of what they *are*, rather than in the *cost and cut* of what they *wear*.

In the Bible the body is said to be more than raiment, but our *timidity*—(as often, perhaps, as our *pride*)—reads the Bible Hebrew wise—backward,—and concludes that *raiment* is more than the *body*.

A clergyman visiting Saratoga for his health, wrote back to a friend that the belle of the season wears at times a dress—(and that but one of many others used for specific occasions)—which cost a sum equal to his salary for two years. Her diamonds cost as much as the fine mission church of his city, including its organ, gas bill and sexton expenses for a year. A lady whom I became acquainted with at a health and rest resort, last summer,

wore diamonds that cost as much as all the churches in Troy, and had it not been for her constant dread that some *other* lady would arrive who would excel *her* dress and jewelry, she *might* have had a few moments' peace of mind. As it was, she was in constant dread of *rivals* by day, and of *burglars* at night. Had she been possessed of *beauty*, or *culture*, or *Christian graces*, *these* would have outsparkled her gems of the *mine*, and would not have needed the protection of lock, and key, and pretty ivory-handled pistol.

In the mere matter of dress, let no one fret. There is an inner adorning of mind and heart more comely than the fabrics of finger or loom, and more enduring than those silken patterns from the *same* piece, of which *some* are stitched and trimmed into garments for the living, and *others* plaited and folded into shrouds for the dead.

(2.) The discrepancy between our *ideal* and our *actual* Christian life, leads to fretting.

We know well enough how Christians *should* live, and know that *we* fall very far *short* of that ideal.

Be not discouraged; murmur not at this. God has placed all standards of excellence *above* us, and not at our feet. This is in order that we may not be satisfied with what we are—that we may not sit at ease, or grovel, but strive, and climb, and rise.

Visiting Salt Lake City a few years since, I desired, with a friend, to ascend a high mountain in that vicinity. In looking upward it was evident that the summit towered thousands of feet, and that wearisome indeed must be the way. But it was much better that *we* should *ascend* to the summit, than that the summit should *descend* to us. Could it have come down to our feet, there would have been no effort, no helpful exercise, no pleasant

sense of ascending, no inspiring outlook from a lofty altitude.

The same law holds true with reference to all high standards. Murmur not, therefore, at the exactions of your holy profession. It is better that you rise into obedience, holiness, and augmented spiritual power, than that the standard of piety be brought down to the dust—to a compromise with passion and disappointing pleasures.

We may fret over a perplexing problem in mathematics, but that will not change or simplify a single one of its four fundamental rules by which all its questions are solved.

So we may murmur about that law of Christ which requires abstinence from both *actual* and *apparent* evil; that requires a life of prayer and of increasing spirituality; but our worldly-mindedness and our obstinacy will make no change in that unalterable law of God by which you and I shall soon be judged. That law allows no man to fret because its standard of perfection is far, *far* above him; but it sounds the alarm of doom into the soul of him who says: "I can sit down and be as happy as those who rise and climb; I can sin and be as safe as those who repent, and wage a life-long warfare against their infirmities!"

(3.) The mistakes of our *past life* engender a great deal of fretting.

Some of our city postoffices have a sort of local dead-letter office, employing, in some cities, as many as six or seven clerks in correcting the mistakes of other men—mistakes in illegible writing, incorrect spelling, wrong states, counties, etc. How many of us have wished for some place where we could leave our former life for repair, and receive it back again made free from all its past errors!

But life is not a page of manuscript that you can revise; not the superscription of a letter that you can correct. It is a *journey*, and if your course has been crooked in the past, by God's help you must make it straight in the future.

4. The habit of *borrowing trouble*, leads to considerable fretting.

There is a class of persons who, seeing nothing in the *present* to fret about, peer forward into the future for something to worry over. It is well enough with them to-day, but they say nobody knows what may happen to-morrow.

It is said that a man was walking on a *double track railroad*. He saw in the distance an express train coming toward him. He tried to spring off the track, but his foot caught, in some way, and held him fast. Great was his fright as he saw death so near and in form so terrible. The express train thundered on—nearer—nearer—but—it—swept by *on* the other track!

So most of the dangers that seem to approach you, in the near or distant future, are imaginary—are on another track. The greater number of the things that worry us have no existence save in a disordered fancy. Many things that in the dim distance look like shapes of peril, when we draw near them, melt into harmless shadows, or even change into forms of friendliness.

Fear no evil. The hand of the Omnipotent Engineer is upon the throttle-lever, and the feeblest child of grace is as safe on the track of an awful Providence as a saint resting at the foot of the throne.

II. Having enumerated a few of the *causes* of fretting, I will offer some suggestions that may help to a cure.

(1.) No matter what your trouble, fretting does no good.

If an eye is inflamed, will friction allay the fire? If a child is cross, will teasing smooth out the ruffles of its temper? It is a good rule never to fret about what you *cannot* help, because it will not do any good; and never to fret about what you *can* help, because if you *can* help it, *do so*.

(2.) *Silence* is often an effectual cure for fretfulness.

An aggravated man that is silent is like a cloud that cannot rain; it soon drifts away, and vanishes, and then the sky is clear. So a dark scowl may hang upon the face of one in a worry, but if he keep his mouth closed, his lips silent, his temper will soon become sunny and serene again. It is Solomon that wisely says: "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his *soul* from troubles." (Prov. 21:23.)

(3.) Remember that *you* are getting about as much happiness in this life as there is for any one.

If at first thought this is not seen to be so, a little reflection will show it to be a fact.

Have you plenty to eat? Yes. Have you sufficient raiment? Yes. Have you a home, and some true friends? Yes. Now, he who has food, and raiment, and home, and friends, has about all there is in this life for any one.

Mr. Astor inquired of a well-dressed young man if he would come and work for him. The young man asked as to the wages. Mr. Astor said: "I will board you and clothe you." The young man scorned such an offer. The millionaire replied: "But that is about all that I get. I have millions of dollars, but about all that I get out of it all is my board and clothes."

There is much truth in that statement, and it illus-

trates the wisdom of the apostle's admonition: "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

(4.) *Your* trouble is perhaps not so unpleasant as that which many of your *friends and neighbors* are bearing. A fair comparison will show this to be the case.

In one of the allegories of Addison we have a striking illustration of this truth: A certain king heard that the people over all his realm were fretting, each because he thought his own trouble the worst, and therefore envied his neighbors. The king heard these complaints until he became tired of them. He therefore made proclamation that all the citizens of his kingdom should meet in a great plain on a certain day, and throw their troubles into one great mass together. The people gladly responded. The great procession marched in front of the king, and each person threw into the pile his particular affliction.

One brings a box of grief over loss of property; another a package of slanderous reports; another the annoyances of too frequent a visitor; another a great bundle of neuralgias; another a mass of domestic infelicity; and many mothers their special burden of domestic bereavement.

All these cast into a heap, the king called on them, each one to select some trouble for himself, since of *necessity* every man and every woman *must* have some trouble or other.

Thereupon all exchanged troubles. But in a short time the people complained more than ever before. No one was satisfied with the exchange he had made.

The king now made a second proclamation. He made known to his subjects that every one of them could have his *old* trouble back. Every person hailed this announcement with delight!

Your trouble, my brother, my sister, is not the worst.

Bad as it may be, you have learned to wear it. God has fitted it to your soul more kindly and comfortably than the cutter, with tape and rule, can adjust a garment to the *outward* form.

When God chooses a work for us, a home for us, He fits us for its peculiar trials. Endure them as a good soldier. The true victory is not found in evading or escaping trials, but in rightly meeting and enduring them. The question should not be: "How can I get out of these worries? How can I get into a place where there are no irritations, nothing to try my trust in Christ, or put my temper to the test?"

The question should rather be: "How can I pass through these trying experiences and not fail as a Christian? How can I endure these struggles and not suffer defeat? How can I live amid these provocations and yet live sweetly, guarding my lips, bearing injuries meekly, and becoming more Christ-like in my domestic, social and business life?"

All your experiences of perplexity abound in most needful blessing. Be careful that you recognize and reach forth for that needed good. Gather all the gold that lies in the hard rocks over which your feet stumble. Too many things which the unthinking look upon as perplexities, are full of that which God intends shall uplift us and enrich us.

Those Christian millionaires of our large cities—such as McCormick, and Miller, and Whitely, and Phelps, and Childs, have assured us that the very *vexations* of their business have kept them closer to Christ, and have opened their hearts and hands more widely to all human want. Their perplexities are great, but when for a time they have journeyed away from them for rest, they found a yet larger good in their return. It is more like heaven to

be in the *storm* with Christ, than to lie down in a calm with a less consciousness of His presence.

Mothers, in your homes you have had a like experience to this. The babe seemed very troublesome as with its cries it broke your night's rest. But when you bore it to yonder hill and laid it beneath the sighing pines, what would you have given to hear its cry again? What joy, what blessing the care of that child brought to your earthly life! So with all the cares that are cheerfully accepted and patiently borne. When accepted in this spirit, they become ministers to us of a profounder peace and sublimer hope.

Lastly, away with complaint, and "let the peace of God rule in your hearts." Bear in mind those words of the wise man: "Fret not thyself." Let the admonition be sounded in store, and mill, and shop and home. Ill-temper is the closet skeleton of thousands of households. Its bony fingers have furrowed the wife's face. Its shadow is upon the husband's spirit; and its grin has frightened away the laughter and freedom of childhood. I believe the fretfulness of human life is a greater evil, and destroys more happiness than the invasion of armies and the spoils of conquest. In war there may be patriotism as well as passion. Mighty ideas of right may mingle in its motives; heroic endurance of every hardship may attend its progress; and saving the sacred palladium of freedom is sometimes its result. But, the excitable peevishness that kindles at trifles, that darkens the daily life of a million of families; that scatters its little stings at the table and the hearthstone, what is this but an *unmixed and unmitigated harm*? What ingredient does it furnish but of gall? Its fine wounding opens at last a deeper gash than the saber. It brings a sharper pang than the adder's tooth; a heavier pressure than when the

Almighty "hath touched you." Save, then, I beseech you, this broad deduction from your comfort, and immense addition to your suffering, by heeding the wise man's injunction: "Fret not thyself." Thus you will make yourself welcome to every circle, and every domestic scene you enter. Your family and your friends will bless your face for its helpful benediction. Your coming in at the door shall be a balm, and your words everywhere as "water-pools" in the "valley of Baca." How many a troubled spirit has been soothed; how many a despairing soul saved by this music struck from the living lyre of a heart ever aglow with a Christly kindness!

Cultivate, then, day by day the Christlike spirit. Murmur not, but rejoice in hope. Trials you shall have, for Moses and Aaron and Joshua had them. But keep your eye toward the Jordan crossing where every burden shall be laid by. Have you burdens day by day? Does some burden of spirit weigh upon you *this* hour? Jesus will make it light. Does some wave of *trouble* rise and roll across your soul to-night? Call at once upon Jesus. He waits to speak the storm-controlling word.

"Oh, what peace we often forfeit;
Oh, what *needless* pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."

GOD'S LAW OF EXAMPLE

TEXT.—"Be thou an example to them that believe."

—1 Tim. 4: 12.

The great law of example should be clearly recognized by the individual who would do his full duty to God and man. Paul says: "Be thou an example to them that believe."

In seeking to emphasize this exhortation of the apostle, what I have to say will cluster about this proposition: An *individual* has no right to pursue a course of action which, if *universally* followed, would be disastrous. Take some illustrations:

1. A Christian says that he will have nothing to do with *politics*. Politics have become so corrupt, money and the saloon so control them, that he will not vote at any election. He will keep away from the polls entirely. Now comes in the great law of example. Every Christian in the United States has the same *excuse* that you have for not voting. Every Christian in the United States has as good a *right* as you have for not voting. But suppose every Christian in the United States followed your example and refrained from voting. Corrupt as politics are now, would they not be a thousand-fold worse? Now comes our proposition: An *individual* has no right to pursue a course of action which, if *universally* followed, would be disastrous.

2. A business man, a church member, says: "I believe in temperance, even in total abstinence, but I will have nothing to do with any form of the temperance work. I will have nothing to do with Mr. Murphy's conservative, kindly course, and much less with a movement toward any new and independent party. In short, I shall stand aloof from every sort of movement or measure that looks

toward the *restraint* or extermination of this great enemy to the safety, sobriety, and good order of society." This same man says that he is pleased to hear of the progress the cause of temperance is making, but for various reasons he declines to take any part in the work. Now comes in the great law of example. Every man in the United States has the same right, my brother, that you yourself have to withhold your influence from every form of temperance work, be it ever so cautious, wise and conservative. But suppose every man in the United States, and every man in the church, and in the best outside circles of moral society, followed your example, and no opposition was made to the progress and the ravages of intemperance by anybody. Suppose that no one should do any more than you are doing to stay the onward march of this alcoholic iniquity, would not the condition of Franklin and of this whole country be most deplorable? Now, brother, did you ever seriously think whether, if all other persons pursued your course on this question, the sale of intoxicating liquors, of soul and body-destroying beverages, would not be as respectable as the grocery or dry-goods trade?—as the legal or medical profession, as mechanical or agricultural pursuits?

Grinnell, Iowa, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, never had a saloon, and for twenty-five years it has sent no one to the penitentiary, the jail, or the poor-house. But had every citizen been as indifferent to the temperance interests of the people as yourself, would Grinnell, the seat of colleges, high-schools, and prosperous churches of Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Christians, be without a saloon, as it now is, and as it has ever been? No; there would be, probably, fifty saloons in that beautiful city, and the now happy town would give evidence of its crime, its sorrow, its poverty,

its ruined homes, by large representation in the prisons, the poor-house, the inebriate and insane asylums.

Now, my brother, every one has just as good right as you to withhold your influence from the temperance work which is warning our youth against the grave and the hell of the drunkard, and also rescuing hundreds of husbands, fathers and sons from the sorrows of confirmed drunkenness, and the hopelessness of an inebriate's death. Again comes in the proposition of this sermon: An individual has no right to pursue a course which, if *universally* followed, would be—*disastrous*.

3. A professed Christian says that he will *contribute no money* to the support of the church.

He is worried, perhaps, by a debt on his property, or by some other obligation to a creditor. He may say that some one else is better able to give. At all events, he has some excuse for not giving. Now comes in the great law of example. Suppose that all should follow your example! Can you not see that all the church, and all its outside friends, should they set about it, could find some excuse for not contributing? The devil hides these excuses in convenient places all about the house. He drops one in every one of your pockets. In this way your foot is against it or your hand upon it before you are aware of it. It's a bad "find." Don't bring it into the church. Don't exhibit and comment upon it to your friends. The very sight and sound of these imaginary obstacles and fabricated excuses are demoralizing to yourself and to your friends. With them Satan would trip you in your path, or turn you from the course of duty. Thwart his purpose, and give your penny, as did the poor widow, or your larger contribution, if God has given you larger ability.

The rich and the poor in the church of Christ must cultivate benevolence.

A returned missionary from China says that the heathen never go to their temple without carrying an offering of some kind. They feel that they must give something, though it be ever so little. On this point we perhaps need conversion, or *reconversion*, more than the heathen do. A boy in a Council Bluffs Sunday-school was asked the difference between the Presbyterian and the Methodist denominations. He replied that the only difference he could see was that the *Presbyterians* took up a collection at the *morning* service *only*, while the *Methodists* pass the hat *all the time*."

That is right, in case there is any financial necessity for the frequency of such contributions. *All* have as much right as *one* to refuse to give in proportion to his means. For all to refuse would wreck the church. Here, again, applies the proposition: An *individual* has no right to pursue a course of action, which, if *universally* followed, would be disastrous.

4. A church-member says he proposes to indulge freely in some *amusements* to which the *majority* of the church are opposed. He will play cards. He will attend balls. He will go to the theater regardless of the character of the play. Now comes in the law of example. Every one of us has the same right to do these things as you have. Suppose that every member of any one church here in Franklin were to follow your example. Suppose all the members of that one church attend dancing parties, its pastor acting as floor-manager, and the elders and deacons leading the sets. It becomes known to this community that *that* is a church all of whose members participate in dances. When a stranger in town inquires about this church, he is told: "Oh, yes, that is a peculiar sort of church; don't know just how you would like it, or whether you would wish to join it or not,—all the members are ex-

quisite dancers. That, stranger, is what the people here in Franklin call the dancing church.” The stranger is further informed that all the members of this church have no scruples about playing cards. “The pastor, deacons and leading members have become experts in shuffling and cutting the deck and in making the deal, and I warn you against offering to play with them unless you are pious, and an expert in the tricks of the game.”

After a church should have such a name as this in the community, what influence for good could it command? With how much of revival power could it join in a meeting this winter: How many of the poor sinners that sicken and die in the community would seek the prayers of its pastor or deacons before passing into the presence of the great God?

“Oh,” you say, “of course it would not do for *all* the church to engage in those things, to be that sort of people; that, we all know, would kill the church.” Yes, my brother, my sister, but *all* the church has just as much right to engage in those things as *you* have. What you seem to propose is, for the majority of the church to behave themselves real nicely, keep up its reputation for piety, reflect its moral light, while you have liberties contrary to your covenant vows, detrimental to your happiness, hindering to your higher influence, destructive to your usefulness, and disqualifying you to meet death as a dear man or woman, or young man or maiden that loved Jesus and walked with Him down to the brink and the crossing of the narrow river. Oh, for the sake of your own soul, for the sake of the influence of the church of Christ; for the sake of children *living*, or watching for you from the higher windows; for the sake of a mother living, or who speaks to you from sealed lips beneath a green mound on yonder hill, live for Christ, deny yourself for Christ,

work for Christ, suffer for Christ, that you may at last and forever reign with Him.

5. Consider how this principle applies to the Sunday-school and the prayer-meeting.

You do not attend prayer-meeting. Still, you would not like to have it said that your church has no prayer-meeting! That would sound bad. But all members of the church have just as good a right as you to refrain from attending prayer-meeting.

You do not attend Sunday-school. You would not like, however, for your church to have no Sunday-school. That would look bad, and *be* bad. But if all followed your example there would be no Sunday-school, and all have the same right that you have not to attend Sunday-school. Now take a more sweeping glance at the inevitable consequence of the universality of your example. In other words, should everybody do as you do. *there would not be a prayer-meeting or a Sunday-school in all the world!* And yet everybody has the same right that you have not to attend Sunday-school or prayer-meeting. Here, again, applies the proposition: An *individual* has no right to pursue a course of action which, if *universally* followed, would be disastrous.

6. See with what force this principle applies to the *moralist!* He lives a strictly moral life; everybody likes him, but he does not deem it essential to be a church-member. Father Taylor, of Boston, speaking of one of these men, was asked if he was a Christian. Father Taylor replied: "No, he is not a Christian, but he is one of the sweetest sinners you ever saw."

Every community has some of this peculiar class of citizens—often regular church-goers—attentive, intelligent, appreciative hearers. They are in many ways good people, but they cannot be persuaded to join the church.

Let us apply now the great law of example. If *you* can discharge *your* whole duty without connecting yourself with the church, everybody in this world can discharge his whole duty without connecting himself with the church.

But, if all mankind followed your example, there would not be a church-member nor a church of Christ on the globe! Never would baptism be administered, nor the Lord's Supper celebrated. This would be the result if *all* were to follow your example. It would blot the church from the face of the earth! Here, too, comes in the proposition: An *individual* has no right to pursue a course which, if *universally* followed, would be disastrous.

7. To death-bed repentance this principle applies with great force.

An individual says that when he comes to *die*, it will be time enough to think about religion. He will thus have all there is both of this world and of the next. He will enjoy all the sinful pleasures of this life until death beckons to him, and then he will repent and secure all the enjoyments of the world to come. This is the plan of thousands who do not so declare themselves, and who will not admit that they even purpose or hope to do so. Let us here, and lastly, apply the great law of example. If *you* can *surely* get to heaven by a death-bed repentance, and in ignoring Christian living, *all* can get to heaven by a death-bed repentance and in ignoring Christian living. If you can take that course when Christ has required of you your childhood, your youth, your ripest strength, your fullest powers, *all* can go to heaven in the very same way. All have just as good a right as you to take that course. But, if all followed your example, there would to-day be no one on this globe living a Christian life! All that would remain of religion would be a few pious expressions

when people came to die! Now comes in the proposition of my appeal to your sense of danger and of duty to-night: "An *individual* has no right to pursue a course of action which, if *universally* followed, would be disastrous.



THE PASTOR AND THE EVANGELIST IN REVIVAL WORK

Barnes says that it cannot be proved that the word *evangelist* had the same meaning (and was so applied), in the days of the apostle, as to-day. See Barnes on Ephesians 4: 11, p. 89.

All themes that bear upon revival work in winter have a growing importance. Never before have revival meetings had so prominent a place in the founding of new churches and the strengthening of already existing organizations. The mass of the people are intensely engaged in secular pursuits, during the summer. The winter brings their period of spare time. It is their opportunity to attend services for more specific and effective gospel teaching. We can no more have a revival all the year than we can have an all-the-year tasseling of corn, or singing of birds. There is in nature and grace a growing period and a ripening period—the bursting forth of a new life, followed by its stage of unfolding and maturing.

In the founding and growth of churches the gospel recognizes two especially effective agencies—the pastor and the evangelist. The evangelist was *once* a more needful instrument in church founding and growth than he is to-day. Formerly, churches were few, the population sparse, isolated, most of the people poor, and most of them non-professors. In such a condition, pastoral work was impracticable, and pastoral support impossible.

Then the evangelist must preach, teach, exhort, receive into church, and baptize. At that time he must combine in his one character many qualifications, and perform divers duties.

Since apostolic times and pioneer days, the social and moral condition of society has greatly changed. But New Testament evangelism is flexible, adaptative, and suits itself to all times and all the evolution of society.

No changes, however, are likely to supersede the necessity of either pastor or evangelist. Changes may modify, and have modified, the work of each. The progress of Christianity and the higher plane of society have given new mutual relations to these two servants of the church. For each a higher standard of qualification has been set up. This is so because in everything God is marching on, and not to keep *step* with him is to fail as *workers together* with him.

Of the two, the times have made the pastoral functions the more effective in genuine and lasting evangelization. Well studied, intelligent preaching has more to do than formerly with home life, student life, thoughtful life, intelligent, progressive life. Standards of conversion, of public profession, of Christian living are higher, and more intelligently spiritual. Intellectual culture and refinements, more than formerly, are associated *with*, and counted a more essential *part of* one's religion. Emotion, assertion, vociferation in the pulpit will not satisfy these truer standards and this higher intelligence. Nor will they incite to action moral faculties that are infinitely above the low plane of the physical and sensuous. Such facts, and such manifest conditions as these, call for the well-qualified, settled pastor and teacher—a man of God, whom the church puts in touch with the home life, and the personal life of his parish, and of all the people. His

light among them is thus a constant shining. It is not an evangelistic meteor, whose brilliancy blinds the people to all the fixed and steady-shining orbs of heaven. Under the pastor the church enjoys perpetual instruction, increasing inspiration, organized and every-day activities, the forces of a day-by-day evangelism, that ripens the wholesome, substantial fruit of all-round conversion and of continuous rather than spasmodic and periodic gatherings.

One may ask: Can the professional evangelist help the pastor? Reply may be made that the most successful present-day pastor combines with his other qualifications, all the essential elements of the evangelistic talent. What he may lack in exhortation, he may supply through other forms of appeal. He may wield the advantage of personal acquaintance, well proved friendship, plain and affectionate gospel preaching. Experience proves that, as a rule, a better and more substantial class of converts are thus won for Christ and the church. *Evangelist* converts are too often made under emotion. Too often have they been moved by revivalistic machinery more than by Scripture, argument, conviction, and the presence of the Holy Spirit. There is a class of hearers that swarm around a newly-arrived evangelist as swallows fly home to their nightly roost. Dazed by his newness and novelty, such persons are quickly trapped into an astonishingly long list of new converts. It is much to be *regretted*, too, that a professed evangelist should ever use his calling as a jugglery to get unstable souls of *other* churches into his *own*, and to get expression from his audience that commits them to the church in ways they did not comprehend, and did not intend. True, there are many noble, manly, Christlike evangelists in that soul-winning work,

but it is a calling attended with peculiar snares, and among them are these:

1. An extreme and unscrupulous zeal for a show of numbers leading to mystic methods, and to bold and well-hidden devices for proselyting. To these ends shrewd and well-disguised plans are devised. The people are asked to rise, hold up hands, a part of them kneel and a part remain seated; a part of them sing while on their knees, and a part sit, or stand, or sign a card, or do some other bidding in assent to *some* not very specific proposition. Then their names are sent to the press or handed to the reporter, as so many new converts. Really all this is but so much more wind for the evangelist's kite of egotism and fictitious reputation. In such ways as these, his services are a series of catch-processes, traps and strategic plans, to decoy men into church as birds are taken by a fowler. Protracted meetings so conducted, are little above the level of "the spider and the fly" tragedy. Such processes look too much like using the gospel as a hoodwink instead of lifting it up as a light. It looks as if the evangelist, instead of working openly among the people as did the Master, is a deceiver, walking in masquerade.

2. The evangelist's temptation to attribute large gatherings to his own preaching, and his own connection with the meeting, may make him reluctant to recognize any conversion as the result of pastoral and lay work faithfully done by others before his coming. He may not think of the possibility, that if he had remained at home, and pastor and people had worked earnestly together, the ingathering may have been as large or larger without him than with him. Such may have been possible, for it is the experience of many churches that meetings held by

the pastor and themselves have in every way been most free and full of good.

3. The temptation to misconstrue and over-estimate those flatteries, and sometimes foolish attentions, which a thoughtless element in a church are likely to lavish upon the stranger. If the evangelist is the center of such attentions, in a little time he may feel that *he* is a more suitable man than the pastor, and that he ought to listen to suggestions to a "call," or make suggestions to supplant. These fake evangelists have unsettled many a church, but have never brought good to a single one of them.

The above-named are but a few of the temptations through which so-called evangelists have brought reproach upon the calling, and made their presence in the parish a baneful, dividing, unsettling influence—a hindrance instead of a help to the pastor.

This paper would be far from saying that more than a small minority of evangelists have wilfully and wickedly abused their vocation—have played the part of self-seekers and deceivers. Nevertheless, men who are much of the time away from home, who look to hand-money and passing baskets for their pay, who are often insincerely flattered and sumptuously fed, should be well armored against the weaknesses that date back to that apple in Eden.

Brethren, may it not, after all, be said that it is the experience of most of ministers, that protracted meetings are usually most successful under the co-operative effort of pastor and church? Many pastors have so declared. As to the correctness of their declaration, my own experience testifies affirmatively that serial meetings without an evangelist have manifest advantages in their favor. It cultivates in the *pastor* the evangelistic element. It im-

parts to his preaching more of the needed unction. It gives to his discourses more of a spiritual and persuasive fervor. It brings him into more of a heart-to-heart nearness to his people. He thus becomes stronger with them for their good, and the flock more quickly know and answer to the voice of their shepherd. After meetings thus held the pastor has increased power with his people. His hold upon the new members is stronger, more fatherly, more effective, than if they had united with the church under the preaching of a stranger.

For the church also it is better, as a rule, that protracted meetings be held by the joint labors of the pastor and the laity. The churches need more training in personal and specific work for souls. In its effort to help others it does the best and most helpful thing to revive, strengthen, and perpetuate and bring genuine prosperity to itself.

When a church has sent for a professional evangelist, the membership incline to rely too largely upon *him*. They may expect success from his reputation, his peculiarity of preaching, his personal magnetism, his manner of conducting services, his novel methods of drawing an audience. Often this feeling of ease, this restful, prayerless dependence upon a revivalist, defeats his own earnest and well-meant efforts. And when success does follow, the church is too liable to conclude that the evangelist did the work, and that next winter, and in all future winters, nothing good can be accomplished without the same or some other evangelist. This is proof that persons may be mistakenly converted more to men, to methods, to newness, to novelty, and even to crankism, than to Christ.

Many good and prosperous churches seem to have outlived and outgrown the *necessity* of an evangelist.

Having called such help several winters in succession, they noticed that a revival never fully began, or at least never developed, till the evangelist went home. That, perhaps, was not because the *pastor's* preaching was abler than the *evangelist's*, but because the pastor was nearer to the people, and had the benefit of their personal acquaintance and Christian confidence.

If the trend of this paper seems to leave the evangelist no mission and no field, be it said that no statement herein is intended to assert that position. The world is yet the field, as in the day of the great commission. The revivalist's work yet has worth equal to that of souls unsaved, and is far-reaching as the blight of sin. Evangelistic talent is as divinely given, and may be as effectively used to-day, as in the times of John the Baptist, Philip, Peter, Barnabas, and Paul; Whitfield, the White Pilgrim, Walter or Worley; Earl, Harrison, Moody, Mills, C. J. Jones, or C. L. Jackson.

The evangelist and the pastor who are up-to-date in fitness to meet the demands made upon their work, may be mutually helpful. In many cases neither can have the fullest possible success without the other. Confessedly, however, the functions of each have been greatly modified by the changed social and intellectual condition of the times. Hence the standard of their qualification has been both broadened and heightened. The conditions of their success are multiplied, and are more complex. The largest intellectuality, the highest morality, the deepest spirituality are more than ever before needed and more in demand. Only the strong, pure, pious, spiritual, refined, all-round man is fitted to come into our churches and into our homes and families as a professional evangelist. The church gate and the home gate should alike be closed to the pretender—the irresponsible, self-styled, roaming re-

vivalist; against the loaf and fish lover; against the voluptuary and the libertine; against the sensationalist and emotionalist; and against all classes of itinerant, migratory, spiritual quacks.

When, however, the church and the general interests of the parish and the people appear to require it, the pastor may do well to secure the help of a competent and reputable evangelist. Under his help a revival will not become artificially sensational and emotional. It will not be followed, as is frequently the case, with such reaction as weakens and unsettles when the result should have been increased strength and stability.

Such an evangelist will help the pastor to bring his church into a higher condition of spirituality, a better state of organization, a stronger feeling of unity, a more ardent love for all religious labor.

This one suggestion now in conclusion: That the pastor will do well to cultivate in *himself* more largely the evangelistic talent, and that he may become more able to meet all the spiritual wants of his people; that he may the more certainly secure their co-operation with himself in revival services; that he may thus assure to his people a more steady, wholesome, spiritual growth, and thus put at their own command all the essential human helps in serial meetings, in spiritual enlargement, in church usefulness, and in the salvation of souls.



THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION IN RELIGIOUS TEACHING

In all ages illustration has been a conspicuous element in instruction. The human mind is so constituted that it learns most readily by illustration. This fact

seems largely based upon the law of resemblance. Things that we do *not* know are like those which we *do* know. It seems easy to learn something that is like unto, or suggested by, that which we already know. The hearer may sleep under abstract reasoning, but when the speaker is heard to say: "Now this is like unto," etc., instantly all eyes are open, and all ears are eager to hear. The greatest of teachers was often heard say: "It is like unto," etc. Of Him it is said: "Without a parable spake He not unto them."

In teaching the International Sunday-school lessons, as in all other teaching, illustration helps to command attention, to hold attention, to convey information.

The illustrative method of teaching has many things in its favor. It is within the reach of all; it simplifies the truth; it renders it more attractive; it impresses it more deeply. In thus teaching, a wide field of resources is open to the instructor: as anecdote, proverb, parable, allegory, apologue, literature, biography, art, science—the broad field of human life. Moreover, this method of teaching *appeals* to all classes, and *reaches* all classes. Object lessons, whether presented to the eye or the imagination, interest adults as well as children. The older members of the Sabbath-school have as great a partiality for illustrated papers as have the little children. Such papers are among the first to attract attention and to be read when taken home. With both old and young a figure, a picture, anything visible to the eye or vivid in the imagination, is more easily retained in memory than abstract truth. Most minds cannot readily grasp the truth to be taught until it is presented in concrete form.

Enumerating the different methods of illustrative teaching, we may speak, first, of

OBJECT TEACHING

—teaching by tangible, visible things—things in hand, on the table, on the wall—emblems, symbols. These appeal to the eye—call the eye to our aid. The eye is one of the chief avenues to the mind. Good and evil come to the mind, the heart, the life, through the eye. Bunyan made no mistake in that quaint remark: “We must reach the mind and soul through the Eye-gate as well as through the Ear-gate.” It is part of a child’s and of a man’s moral training to attain the habit of close and accurate observation. This habit—this ability—is considered essential in various branches of secular study. Hence such training in the kindergarten, in primary mathematics, in the school of surveying, in the careful study of color, form, size in railway signals, in nautical and military life. In all this we have an impressive lesson on the importance of the spiritual training of the child in the matter of right seeing—correct seeing—the power of moral, harmless, *helpful* observation. The eye *needs* this religious object training. The eye, like the heart, needs to be trained and kept with all diligence.

The use of objects in teaching has the sanction of the highest and of very ancient authority. David, under the inspiration of God, said that the wicked should be driven away like chaff. When God drives the chaff before the gale, He reminds the sinner of his predicted fate. Through a most impressive *object lesson* the Almighty gives timely warning to the wicked. To impress a Sunday-school with this threatening of the Lord against the wicked, the teacher may hold a small quantity of chaff in the open palm, and suddenly blow it away with a breath. Be assured that what David said about the wicked will not be forgotten.

The pages of the Jewish scriptures are thickly strewn

with instances of object-teaching,—with types taken from both the natural and the artificial kingdoms of the world. These represent and *impress* the most important truth. They reveal the divine thought, and set great truths before the mind in forms of beauty—in features that charm and win the heart.

The Psalms abound in instances of object teaching. The whole of the types and ceremonies of the Old Testament—the law of Moses—the Levitical ritual,—was but an imposing and impressive series of this mode of object teaching. It was adapted to a condition of mind peculiar to man's moral childhood. God took the spiritual measure of these children, so little in their religious stature, and fitted the garment of religious instruction to them. But there are modifications of the same methods of teaching which neither the mental nor the religious man can ever outgrow.

Our Savior Himself practiced this mode of teaching, and it told with irresistible effect. Take this example: The crafty scribes and Pharisees tried to entangle Him in His talk. Hence they asked Him the question: "Master, is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not?" He wanted to answer them in the most impressive way—through both the *eye* and the *ear*. He said: "Show me the tribute money." And they brought Him a penny. Directing their eye to the coin, He asked: "Whose is this *image*, and superscription?" Looking at the piece of money, they were obliged to say, "Cæsar's". Then came the skillful and impressive application: "Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's".

On another occasion Christ impressed His disciples with a lesson they had not yet learned. He took a little child. He set it conspicuously in their presence. He

then made them feel, as they had never before felt, their personal lack of humility—of unselfishness.

The people once thought it was a great thing to be a king, and to sit enthroned in gorgeous robes. With eyes uplifted to earthly thrones, they had overlooked the regal vestments of the field. Christ showed them the lily, as they had never seen that flower before. From that day to this, the spiritually-trained eye and mind see in the lily a glory transcending that of Solomon.

Men were wont to be anxious about their food, their raiment, and full granaries. Jesus told them that the ravens sow not, neither reap nor gather into barns. God feeds them, and men are better than the fowls. The disciples understood, left all, followed, trusted.

There are numerous other instances in which Christ used the objects around Him in illustration of spiritual truth. Your familiarity with these renders special mention of them unnecessary.

By the use of a suitable object, oftentimes the teacher may explain and impress a Bible allusion.

For example, you are speaking to children concerning the manna that fell in the wilderness. You might toss up some small bits of white paper, and as they fall, ask the children what it reminds them of? "Of the falling snow," will probably be their answer. You now have their attention, and you have put them into a good condition of mind in which to teach them about the falling of the manna, its whiteness—like that of snow; how the children of Israel were fed on it, etc.

Your lesson is on the birth and infancy of Christ,—how He was wrapped in swaddling clothes. You could illustrate, (as I remember that Mrs. Crafts did, in the International Sunday-school Convention in Chicago,) by holding up a roll of cloth some six inches wide, and about

five feet long, when unrolled. But it is yet in the roll. The children see it. They wonder what it is, and what is to be done with it. They have read that the infant Christ was wrapped in swaddling bands, and laid in a manger. You unroll the cloth, and say: There is a swaddling band. It was in just such bands as this that the infant Christ, according to the customs of that day, was wrapped. The children have at once learned something they can never forget. Many grown persons have also learned something they never knew before.

In talking to the children about letting their light shine, and in illustrating what Christ says about lights hidden under a bushel, you will help the memory, and deepen the impression, by having at hand an old-time candle and candle-stick, or better still, a primitive lamp in which a rag wick and lard, or oil, were used. Also, a lighthouse, with rocks and sandbars, might be drawn on the blackboard. With the children's eyes now interested, and their minds excited, you are prepared to talk about the rocks that are in our way—the rock of a hasty temper, the rock of profanity, the rock of Sabbath-breaking, the rock of falsehood, the rock of stealing, the rock of drunkenness, and so on. We may teach how, as lights, we are to prevent people from sailing or stumbling against these rocks, and being wrecked and ruined forever.

In teaching the children how the gospel has spread from small beginnings—from only twelve apostles,—you might hold in your hand twelve grains of corn. You may ask: "Do not these seem very little to plant the whole world with? Yet that is what Jesus did. He chose twelve men, most of them poor and uneducated. But they came and learned of Christ. He made them wise and strong for their work. Now they were able to go out into the world and spread the good news."

Some object for a lesson is always near at hand. On our way to the Sunday-school, in every lane, by every way-side, in every wood and field, there is within our reach some simple thing which we may take with us,—which, with a little thought and skill, may be made the basis of a useful talk to children—to all the school. But further to illustrate:

In teaching children about the wise men, who were led by a star, a large star may be drawn on the blackboard, with the name *Jesus* in its center. You may then ask the children—before proceeding to the explanation—where they have seen a star. “In the sky,” of course. What are some of the names of the stars? They repeat several names. You now have them in a good state of mind in which to tell them that you are going to teach them something about a *new* star,—a *star* that God had promised 1,500 years before it appeared. And so you can go on to tell all the story about the guiding star,—how Jesus is the bright and morning star,—a beacon star,—a guiding star, etc.

In teaching children concerning the place—the stable—where Christ was born, a bit of hay, not larger round than your finger, might be held up. Where is this from? Where is it usually kept—in what building? Yes. Well, who was born in a stable? The hay, and the ready associations, have suggested—and impressed—the proper answers. You may now talk in your own way about this interesting story. With a skill and a pleasant expression, tempered with reverence, you might,—holding the hay in your hand—recite Luther’s Christmas poem, written for his own children, and beginning:—

“Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head.

The stars in the sky look down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay."

A temperance lesson may be taught by drawing on the board a number of glasses, as if set by so many different plates on the table. But one of the glasses is inverted. "Now, children," you say, "you can never be a drunkard so long as you keep your glass upside down. Children, when the beer, or wine, or whiskey is passed, you must never turn the goblet the other way." This object lesson will make a more lasting impression—will be worth more to the child—than a dozen labored and profound talks on the dangers of intemperance.

I briefly call your attention to another kind of object teaching. We will term it Word Picturing, or Word Painting.

This is but another form of object teaching. The object is described by suitable *words*. Not only must the *eye* of a child be trained, and held, but the *ear* as well. This *can* be done, and *ought* to be done. It is a valuable schooling, a helpful exercise, for both teacher and pupil. The *mind* has *its* eye, as well as the *body*. The children must be trained in their mental vision, their imagination, their inward perception of truth. One of the strongest faculties of the child is the faculty of imagination. If preserved from perversion, if properly trained, it becomes a source of happiness and a power for usefulness.

Originally, words were but pictures, and he who can still turn his words into explanations, and pictures, and visions of truth, commands an enviable power over the childhood and adult mind. In order to effective word-painting, the teacher must obtain a thorough understanding of the truth to be taught—of the person, place, or thing to be described. All must be *vivid* and *real* before

the teacher's mind. He must be able to talk of Gennesaret, or Jerusalem, or Jordan, as if he stood at the very lakeside, in the streets of the city, or on the banks of the sacred stream. While talking, he must actually *feel* as if he were standing there. This method of teaching inspires one to the fullest possible acquaintance with his theme.

Another essential element in word-painting is to be truthful—truthful to what the child has seen, has read of, may reasonably have imagined, or may have power to comprehend;—truthful to manners and customs to which you allude, or to which you call the child's special attention. Be thus *truthful*, and you will *teach TRUTH*, *impress* it, and arouse the child's moral nature to higher and diviner understanding. Take a single illustration of the efficacy and impressiveness of word-painting:

"Standing on the top of Cheviot Hills, a father brought before the child this picture, by which he measured, if we may so speak, the measureless love of God; he said, pointing to the north, over Scotland, and then south over England, and then east over the German Ocean, and then sweeping over the circle of the horizon to the limitless extent of hill and dale, he said, "Johnny, my dear, as big as all *that* is the love of God." And the child looked up and the child looked around, and the child looked across the ocean and across hill, and with flushed cheeks, and with sparkling eyes, he said, "Oh, papa, then we are right in the midst of it." That is what you want to do; you want to bring the picture and the scenes all around the child, until the child feels as if he had been taken up, as if he had been dropped *into* those scenes, that happened centuries and centuries ago, and that he is right in the midst of it, and that it is all right around him.

I have said that in word-painting you must be true

to the child's knowledge, true to its observations, true to usages in its own city, or section of country,—true even to its articles of daily diet. Otherwise, you may make a very false impression; or, a very inappropriate answer may be given to a question which you thought would in itself suggest the right reply. For example, a western Sunday-school worker, addressing a school in Boston, asked the children: "How many of you had breakfast this morning?" Up went many little hands. The second question was: "And what did you have for breakfast?" In Chicago, where the speaker lived, the answer would have been, "Bread and butter", as the speaker intended. But from that Boston audience the shout went up, as if the children had been drilled in concert: "Baked beans!" And so the object lesson came very near being a failure.

Word-painting may be not only in prose, but also in verse. The more vividly and indelibly to impress upon the childhood mind the apostolic number, and names, they may be thus thrown into measure and rhyme:

"Peter and Andrew, James and John,
Fishermen of Capernaum;
St. Thomas and St. Matthew, too,
Phillip and Bartholomew;
James, the just, and Jude, the brave,
Simon, the zealous, and Judas, we have."

Object teaching may also be done through

PHYSICAL ACTION, OR MOTION

In this way also we may often teach the lesson, and *impress* it, especially upon the little ones. For example, you might say: "Children, hold up your hands this way (illustrating); shake your hands; look at your hands a moment; now tell me whose are the first pair of hands you ever heard about." Perhaps most of them will an-

swer, "Adam's". You say: "There was a pair of hands back of *that*!" They see the point, and at once answer, "God's hands!" Now tell me, children, something that God's hands made. This calls out their memory, their thought, and they go on to tell about the world, man, woman, and so on. You can lead the child's thought still farther along, touching the more visible and striking objects of the divine workmanship.

Using the hands for further instruction, you may say: "Children, reach your hands up as high as you can; every one; every hand up. Did you ever hear, children, of anybody that reached her hands up and took some fruit that she was forbidden to touch? Yes. Who was it? Eve. Did anybody else take that fruit in his hands? Yes. Who? Adam. Because they disobeyed God what did they have to do all the rest of their life? They had to work." We may also teach the children how the act of Adam and Eve was sin; how sin came into the world; how sin curses and ruins men.

Pursuing the same lesson, we may say: "Children, I want you all to raise your hands (illustrating) just as if you had a club, and were going to strike somebody." "Whose hands were raised, and struck a brother with a club?" Their own motion has suggested the answer. They answer: "Cain". "What happened to the brother?" "He was killed." "What name would you give to that sin?" "Murder." "Which of the Ten Commandments forbids murder?" and so on.

You want to test, or to refresh, the children's knowledge concerning Noah and the ark. You can say: "Children, I want you to use your hands (illustrating) as if you had a hammer in your right hand, and were striking a nail held by the left hand." "Children, somebody drove some nails, and made a big boat,—who was it?" "Noah,"

"Who told him to make a boat?" "The Lord." "What did he make a boat for?" "What was done with the boat when it was made?" "What happened to the people that did not get into the boat?" "Why were they drowned?" and so on.

Suppose the lesson to be on prayer. "Children, please clasp your hands thus—(illustrating). Whose hands were clasped in prayer six times, asking God to have mercy? "Who lived in that city that Abraham loved?" (Answer). Did God hear "Abraham's prayer?" "How did He answer it?" "Does He hear and answer our prayers?" and so on.

Then, passing to the destruction of Sodom, you may ask the children to take hold of hands—join hands with each other. They all clasp each other's hands. "Who was it that went down to a city because the people didn't hurry fast enough, and had to take hold of their hands and hurry them?" "When you are in any bad place—anywhere you ought not to be—should you hurry away?" "Does not the Lord tell you to come away from every bad place and from every bad practice?" "You say, 'Yes'; now will you all do it?"

There are many passages of Scripture; many incidents of the Bible, many things in the International Sunday-school lessons, which suggest all these varieties of helpful object-teaching, and others that I have not time to mention, as by

Ornamented Texts and Cards,
Maps and Charts,
Pictures, Drawings, etc.

But, in some way make the truth plain, make it to be seen. Then it will be felt—then it will be remembered—will become the inspiration, the joy, the glory of the life.

PERSONAL PREPARATION IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

There is danger that while the *lesson* is well prepared, the *teacher* may not be. The prominence which is given to aids of every sort may divert attention from the Word and its spiritual import. In the presence of so much material the moral preparation of the teacher may be overshadowed. He may neglect to assimilate the lesson and make its truths a part of his own personality. He will thus fail effectively to apprehend them, grasp them, and apply them.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon personal preparation. We may have everything else in our schools, but lacking this subtle personal quality our teaching will lack power and impressiveness. The end to be accomplished in teaching is to influence the lives of our scholars by bringing the Word of God to bear upon their hearts. In securing that result, the teacher is the mediator. He stands midway between the Word and the class. If he is personally prepared he will be a good conductor; he will draw down to their souls the saving power of truth. A teacher who is not in personal touch with God carries to his class no heart-molding and life-fashioning efficiency.

Let no one suppose that efficient teaching requires no effort. Any one who so thinks does not know what teaching is. To prepare a lesson with even intellectual thoroughness is a great task. Take a single verse of the lesson—its story, its history, geography, chronology, context, sidelights from Scripture and nature, doctrinal and practical lessons. To have these in hand one needs to be at once a scholar, historian, exegete, theologian, and philosopher. But had one *all* this *literary* preparation, his qualification to *teach* is only begun. He has before him a class all different from each other in thought, feel-

ing, character and circumstance. To that class he is not ready to go until he has mastered the lesson for each one of them individually. Here come in genius, wisdom, insight, skill, personal piety and sanctified tact. Especially do we now see the need of heart preparation. Without this the teacher will not discern the varied truths of God's word, and be able to suit them tenderly and patiently to all that variety of condition, capacity and need which he finds represented in his class. We suggest a few helps in personal preparation:

1. Keep close to the text. A lesson for the hour is put into our hands. That lesson is from God's word. Let us honor it by using it. The foundation of our best preparation to teach is to be the careful, prayerful, prolonged contemplation of the very words of the lesson. Then use whatever helps are available—the more the better, but subordinate them to the text. Make wide excursions into history, geography and illustration, but return to the text with all the explanatory and practically helpful information. As bees fly wide and visit many flowers, but always bring the honey to the one hive, so we must bring back to the text all that we elsewhere acquire to enrich the lesson which the Master has called us to teach.

Come before your class with the Bible *only* in hand. Let nothing appear between you and it. Let the class bring the Bible and nothing but the Bible. Most of classes and teachers use no Bible during the lesson. They read the lesson from the leaf, comment on it, ask and answer questions only from the leaf. In a double sense too many Sunday-schools have in them "nothing but leaves!"

I said, first, Keep close to the Bible. I suggest—second, Keep close to your class. Each member of it is mentally different from the other. The greatest educators have attributed their success to recognizing the

individual in teaching. In conveying moral instruction this principle becomes doubly important. Every one of a Sunday-school class may be different from every other in parentage, temperament, disposition, home-training, feeling, thought, etc. More than that, they may be themselves constantly changing—by change of surroundings, or by the law of evil or good unfoldings. Now, if it is our purpose to touch, and guide and save them, we must know just where they are now, what they are thinking, feeling, experiencing without and within. Just as a general advancing into a hostile country needs to know “the lay of the land,” so needs the teacher to know, intellectually and by tenderest moral sensibilities, all these things about his pupils. As with the general with his army, if we know our pupils’ lives, and hearts, and feelings, to what advantage we can work; what advances, retreats, raids, flank movements of every sort we may make. The skeptical question asked by one, we can pass by. Another pupil makes the same inquiry, and we meet it squarely. This truth, in this lesson, put in this way, is for that scholar; put it in another way it will reach a second. Another truth is just what a third needs. But how are we to know all this, and how can we be personally prepared to meet our classes unless we know them, keep close to them, follow them up, and experience a soul-longing for success in helping, making of them true men and women—saving them?

It is a mistake to suppose that moral crises come only infrequently in the lives of young people. It is not so. Great crises may come infrequently, but all time in a young life is critical time. Against a young life Satan is always plotting; for it, the Spirit always pleads. Whether on any day a soul be saved or lost, drawn nearer to or drawn farther from the kingdom, will depend on

how wisely and skilfully we can touch that soul with the saving truth which God puts into our hand. And we shall be prepared personally for this work only as with well-digested lessons we keep spiritually close to our class.

3. Keep close to God. If we be not in sympathy with God, if His Spirit be not in us, how can we match the spiritual truth of the lesson to the spiritual nature of the pupil? We shall not see what is in the lesson—in what God says—unless we dwell with God. The word of God is deep. We draw according to the length of our line. As one who speaks by long-distance telephone, if we live in touch with Jesus, our souls shall hear from far things sweet and deep which others cannot hear—which *we* shall not hear unless we live near the divine heart.

And it is just as true in the matter of making the application. It is the loving spirit which dwells in Christ that discerns the thoughts and intents of the pupil's heart, sees its depths, intricacies and obscurities, but through all a shining way, in which with certainty the Spirit may tread.

Here, also, is the deep, untiring, Christ-like impulse which marks the best teachers, by which they cling to their scholars, bear them in their hearts, and will not let them go. The passion for souls is kindled by our own communion and joy.

Hence, also, is that serene confidence, that joyous faith which nothing can daunt. *That* is the spirit in which men lead men. But that spirit we shall not find, save as in loving faith we wait upon the Lord. This is the very essence and power of personal preparation, that we keep close to God. It carries with it, sooner or later, everything else.

Finally, there is a preparation of which we do not often think. This preparation may prove to be more

important than all the rest. It is the constant, unconscious preparation of daily conduct.

We may come to our class fresh from the Word and the closet; we may speak forcibly, earnestly, lovingly, and yet may fail. What kind of a life have we been living? What is our daily conduct? What do the children see of us on the street, in our homes, in the daily affairs of life, in all our personal habits? What do they hear of us in our daily conversation—in the purity, dignity, consistency of our speech; or in our frivolity and the foul stories we tell? In short, what is our *character*? Back of us when we go to our pupils is what we have been. For good or bad our works follow us when we attempt to teach. They speak louder than our words. They mock us in the face of our class, or enforce the lessons we teach. Nothing can teach like example. Only as we live in daily life before our pupils, kindly, honestly, nobly, can we touch and shape their lives.



POPULAR ERRORS OF SPEECH

Institute Paper

Writing and speaking is a large part of the work of every minister of the gospel. A preacher should therefore aspire to the mastery of good English. One may, however, be accurate in sentence-making but lack in the graces of diction. The flexibility of our language is unequaled, and its excellences are many-sided. In these there is scope for every variety of literary and oratorical merit. However, in the phraseology of our tongue and the style of written or oral deliverance, there is one weakness that is never tolerated. That weakness is faulty

English. Though no man may become perfect in his style of composition, or eminent in oratory, his *grammar* may rise above criticism.

And yet the force and effect of language do not lie in its embellishments nor in the graces of delivery. A style may be awkward and rugged while it conforms to every rule of grammatical correctness. Sincerity and enthusiasm may in considerable measure compensate for the absence of oratorical excellence. The rules of correct writing and speaking may be so formally and rigidly applied that the most *accurate* utterance commands no hearing. Here, as in the moral realm, the letter may kill and the spirit only have the power of life. Hearers are rarely offended at the mere absence of *flowers* in the minister's linguistic field. It is *bad* English, and fruitless, forceless phrases that tire an audience and become intolerable to their intelligence.

Many otherwise good sermons are marred by awkward and inaccurate language. A fairly good facility in the use of English should be acquired by every aspirant to the pulpit. On this point examining boards of conferences should be courteously but firmly exacting.

It is surprising that so much grammatical superficiality goes out from our high schools and colleges. This is largely due to indifferent *pupils*, incompetent *teachers*, and defective *methods*. Rules and definitions are memorized merely for the recitation hour. They are not mastered; they are not engrafted upon the pupil's every-day habits of speech. They should have become so proficient in analysis and parsing that by eye and ear they could at once detect all palpable errors in composition and in every-day conversation. Such thoroughness of instruction is a most wholesome part of a pupil's education. It disciplines the mind and facilitates the most correct and

effective expression of thought. Especially should it be the ambition of every preacher of the gospel to make himself an example and a help to the children and youth of his parish in the correct use of their own tongue. To this end the preacher should acquire a ready ability to write and speak, if not with elegance, at any rate with a due regard to grammatical accuracy.

Holding this opinion, I have accepted the subject assigned to me on this morning's program. In my preparation I have collected numerous examples of faulty diction. These are mainly from observation. Some of them are from authors upon this and kindred subjects. Most of these gathered examples are localisms, provincialisms, Americanisms, etc., to coin a new word, pulpitisms. Fellow-ministers have therefore contributed to the catalogue. But as I am to call attention to mistakes, and not to those who made them, I shall indulge in no personalities. But should any brother discover that *he* has lent to the illustrations of this paper, I trust that he will be glad that his mistakes can be put to a *good use*. Nor would I spare, or have *you* spare, my own blunders while availing myself of those of others. I ask to be criticised as well as to be permitted to help others to accuracies that may add to the greater usefulness of us all.

I will number the strictures here given, so that you may easily make a note of anything herein to which you would subsequently call attention. By simply noting the number you can call up the criticism afterwards.

1. In commencing a sermon, vary your language in citing the book, chapter and verse of your text. Do not wear threadbare the expression, "Brethren, you will find my text," etc. Study variety, propriety, appropriateness and impressiveness of introduction.

2. Avoid all mannerism; all stiffness, unnaturalness,

immodesty of posture. Let your gestures be few, and they appropriate, graceful, easy. Do not supply your pauses, or follow mental hesitations with "—eh," "—ah," "—and ah." Do not introduce a sentence, proposition, or new division with: "And now;" "And now then;" "Now, then, brethren." These expletives and superfluities betray ill-preparation, illiteracy, lack of refinement. An attempt to follow these desultory, ill-prepared sermons is but a trip through the woods—an aimless ramble amid briars and underbrush.

3. Do not clip your words. The ellipsis of one or more necessary words of a sentence is a frequent fault; as, "—— pray thee, Lord, come and bless us to-night;" "Hope you —— all try to be here to-morrow;" "Brethren, improve every day and hour." Say, "every day and every hour."

4. In pulpit style, and other serious prose, aphaeresis is not ordinarily allowed. This is cutting off a letter or a syllable from the beginning of a word; as, "bove" for "above;" "'gainst," for "against;" "'tis." for "*it is*." Emerson, to be sure, said 'Tis, in very colloquial moments. In explanation he said that the masters of English were trying to drop the expression, 'tis, but that it still had for him a sort of archaic charm.

5. Avoid *obsolete* forms of words; as, I have now '*proven*' my first proposition." Say, "I have now proved," etc, not "proven." "*Proven*" is an old Scottish form of the imperfect tense of the verb *prove*. Webster and Worcester do not justify its use. The Standard gives it as a *second* form of the past tense. Lawyers, clergymen and editors are not reliable, as a rule, in the matter of pure diction.

6. Do not use "*Has came*" for "*Has come*;" as, "Brethren, our brother *has came* to help us in this meet-

ing." Whenever the verb came is preceded by an auxiliary, its form necessarily changes to *come*; as, "I came to church; I *have come* to church." The tense forms would be: "He comes, he came, he has come."

7. Do not say, "Elder Jones has went to conference. Say, "Has gone to conference."

8. Do not say, "The Lord has greatly blest you and I." How can the Lord bless I? Say, "—— has blest you and me." Always distinguish between a pronoun in the nominative case and one in the objective.

8. Do not fall into the common error of using *as* instead of the conjunction *that*. For example, "I do not know *as* I can help you in your meeting." Say, "I do not know *that* I can help you," etc.

9. Do not violate a rule in all grammars, which teaches us that the verb to be and its inflections may have the same case after them as before them. Therefore do not say: "It was *him* that spoke so eloquently at our conference." Say, "It was *he*," etc. Do not say, "I took that preacher to be *he* that I saw at the convention." Say, "I took that preacher to be *him*," etc. The noun preacher being in the objective case before the verb *to be*, the pronoun following that verb must also be in the objective.

10. There is a pulpit localism in a certain conference that leads several of its preachers to say, for example: "On the account of diphtheria there will be no service here next Sunday." Say, "On account of," etc.

11. Never pronounce a word of one syllable as if it had two syllables; as, "He sat under the *el-um* tree," instead of the *elm* tree; "I heard the Rev. *Jo-ens*," instead of "—— the Rev. *Jones*;" "I have *know-n* that brother five years," instead of, "I have *known* that brother," etc. Avoid this careless, serious error. Don't say, "He done it" for "He did it." Don't pronounce *creek* "crick."

12. Do not drop the final consonant sounds of a word; as, *Chris'* for *Christ*. "This is righ' in the sight of God," instead of, "This is *right*," etc.

13. Do not drop vowel sounds. There is scarcely anything which more distinguishes a person of poor education from a person of a good one, than the pronunciation of the commonly unaccented vowels. In philology, so small a matter as knocking an eye out of a word, is *murder* of the English language. When a vowel requires to be accented, give it a distinct, open, specific sound; as for Lat'n say Latin; for sat'n say satin; for Sat'n say Satan; for curt'n say curtain; for cert'n say certain; for mod'l say model; for ment'l say mental; for fat'l say fatal; for grav'l say gravel; for trav'l say travel; for sudd'n say sudden; for infid'l say infidel; for scroop-lous say scrup-u-lous.

14. Avoid also the opposite error of *sounding* a vowel where it should be silent; as, instead of heaven, say heav'n; for gar-den, say gard'n; for e-vil, say ev'l; for dev-il, say dev'l. There are numerous instances in both vowel and consonant sounds, in which many public speakers betray carelessness—literary slovenliness.

15. Do not form the habit of giving, indiscriminately, a sliding or falling inflection to the final word or syllable of a sentence; as, "His foundation is in the holy mountains." "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Where an emphatic word falls near the close of a sentence the final accent is of course modified; as in Acts 25: 14, 15.

16. Do not say, "I will try *and* preach to-night." You might *try* and yet not preach. But the expression, "Try and preach," declares that you will both *try and* preach. Say, "I will try to preach." Never say, "I

will try and do it;" "I will try and go;" "I will try and be there."

17. Avoid errors in the tense of your verbs; as, "He begun his sermon at eleven o'clock." Say, "He began," etc. Say not "He *done* well," for "He did well." A prominent attorney in this county always says: "He has did it," "You have did it," "I seen him do it," etc. Do not say, "I intended to have preached last night." Say, "I intended to preach."

18. Do not wrongly use *though* for *if*; as, "It seems as though he has neglected his studies." Say, "It seems as if," etc. *Though* and *if* in all such instances have very different etymological meanings.

19. Do not say: "I was so wearied that I couldn't hardly preach." Instead of the double negative, say, "I could hardly preach;" i. e., "I could preach, but *hardly*—with great effort. Double negatives neutralize each other, and are equivalent to saying nothing; that is, they are equivalent to an affirmative when a negative is meant.

20. Be careful to distinguish between *farther* and *further*, words used interchangeably and indiscriminately by many speakers. Apply *farther*, from the verb *far*, to *distance*; as it is farther to Springfield than to Troy. *Further* is used in the sense of something to come; as, "In the *further* elucidation of this Scripture, I will say," etc.

21. Do not say, "Have you tasted of the sweets of Christian experience." Say, "Have you tasted the sweets," etc. Eat and taste are in John sixth, and most other places, translated with reference to the correct usage and relations of the two words.

22. Do not say, "I love all my *brothers* in the ministry." Say, "All my brethren," etc. *Brothers* is used for

male children of the same parents; *brethren* is now used only for members of a religious or charitable body.

23. Do not say, "It is supposed that Jesus was related to James and John." Say, "—— was a *relative* of, or *akin* to," etc. The word *relative* is much better than *relation* to express kinship. *Kin* and *kindred* are old English words that deserve to be more in fashion than they are.

24. Do not use *less* for *fewer*; as, "There were not less than fifty clergymen at the conference." Say, "—— not *fewer*," etc. *Less* applies to quantity; *fewer* to number.

25. Avoid pet words and phrases, whether they are individual, provincial, or national in their character.

(a) Avoid stereotyped beginnings and endings of prayers and of social meeting talks.

(b) Do not often use trite expressions, and words worn out by frequent repetition; as, "the staff of life," "gave up the ship," "bold as a lion," "lords of creation," "the rose upon her cheek," "threw cold water upon," "the weaker sex," "in the arms of Morpheus," "shuffle off this mortal coil," "fell like a wet blanket," etc.

(c) Shun antiquated words; as, peradventure, perchance, anon, behest, quoth, erewhile. Occasionally, however, these may be used with good taste.

(d) Indulge in no slang. Command a vocabulary so full and rich as to be equal to all occasions, and to every variety and subject and thought.

26. Avoid such frequently-heard provincialisms as, "I *expect* he will *come*." Say, "I *suspect*," etc., or, "I *suppose* he will come.

27. Do not say, "I *calculate* to preach to-morrow." Better say, "I *intend*," or, "I *purpose*," etc.

28. For "I *reckon* I shall fail;" "I *guess* that Bro.

Smith will succeed," say, "*I suspect, or think I shall fail,*" or that Smith will succeed.

29. Usage does not fully determine what expression to use when one is addressed and fails to understand just what is said. In such cases you hear the rejoinders, "What?" "What say?" "How?" "Which?" "Hey?" "Sir," "Madam," "Ma'am," once common, are largely out of taste and good usage, and are not heard in the most refined society in many cities and in many parts of the country. The English expression, "Beg pardon," has found favor, but is not wholly accepted. "Excuse me," is suggested, and is frequently used. We seem at the present to be compelled to take choice between the expressions, "Beg pardon," and "Excuse me."

30. Never weaken a sentence by a redundancy of words or by a series of synonyms; as, "We have assembled and come together to-night to worship thee." Avoid the tautology of saying, "We have *assembled*, and *come* together." Another brother prays: "Come thou and *aid* and *assist* us to wait upon thee." *Help* and *assist* having precisely the same meaning, the wording of the prayer is weakened by the use of both terms.

31. Do not use *love* for *like*; as, "I *love* cherries; "I *love* apple pie." It is well to love your wife, and to love the Lord, but you do not mean to express an equal affection for a dish of fruit or a piece of pie. Say you *like* cherries, you *like* pie, but that you *love* wife, mother, the Lord, etc.

32. Never say, "Brethren, *raise* your children to be Christians," but say, "*rear*, or *bring up* your children," etc. We raise cattle, horses, and swine, but we *rear* children, or *bring up* children.

33. Do not use *partially* for partly; as, "His quotations of Scripture were *partially* correct. *Partially*

means one-sided, with bias. *Partly* means not wholly, in part only. In some cases these two words are used interchangeably.

34. Say not, "That preacher is well posted in sacred history." Say, "Well informed," etc.

35. The definite article *the*, or, as I would prefer to term it, the definitive adjective *the*, should be used before titular adjectives, as *Reverend*, *Honorable*. Say, "*The* Rev. Dr. Craig, the Honorable Justice Harlain, and not Rev. Dr. Craig, Hon. Justice Harlain. A few authorities justify the latter form of title on the ground of extensive usage.

36. I have already said that the neuter verb has the same case after it as before it. It must be remembered, too, that the imperative mood requires the objective case after it. Our Bible translators have often overlooked this invariable law of good English, as in Psalm 98:7: "Let the sea roar, and the fulness; the world, and they (them) that dwell therein." It should read: "Let them." You cannot let *they*.

37. Never say, "*Was* you at the meeting?" Say, "*Were* you?" Always associate a plural verb with the pronoun *you*.

38. Never pronounce or-deal or-de-al. No lexicographer so pronounces it.

39. You have frequent occasion as a clergyman to speak of different fevers. Never say *ty-phoid* fever; but always *ty-phoid*, with accent on first syllable; and for *laryn-ge-tus* say *laryn-gi-tis*. For *bron-che-tus* say *bronchi-tis*. For *ho-me-o-pathy* say *home-o-pathy*. For *alo-pathy* say *a-lop-o-thy*.

40. Do not say, "He preaches *some* better now than at the time he was ordained." Here you use the *adjective* *some* in an adverbial sense. Therefore say, *somewhat*

better and not *some* better. *Somewhat* is an adverb and qualifies the *adjective* better. Avoid the frequent mistake of qualifying an *adjective* with an adjective.

41. When the objective case is separated by a clause from the governing word, the nominative case is liable to be used for the objective case; as, "*He* that is suspicious of others we are apt to suspect." *He* should be *him* because it is the object of the verb *suspect*. You cannot say, "Suspect *he*." See Metcalf, page 252. Rule 19, page 173.

42. *What* is sometimes improperly substituted for the conjunction *that*; as, "I do not know but what it will rain before night." Burns' large gram., page 173.

These precautions to pure English might be continued indefinitely. In conclusion, every young minister of to-day should be able to speak and write clear English sentences. Every written sentence should be correct in structure, concise in meaning, and faultless in spelling and punctuation.

Young men preparing for the ministry, and those taking conference courses of reading, should receive careful instruction in branches that will be of most practical and frequent use in the minister's calling. They should therefore be carefully taught and drilled in orthography and pronunciation, punctuation, sentence making, and in enlargement of their vocabulary; also in writing business letters and polite notes; in parliamentary usage and in the keeping of business minutes; in making notes of sermons and addresses; in the avoidance of slang and in complete freedom from commonplace and incorrect forms of speech.

To-day, as never before, the people have an enlightened appreciation of pure, pointed, racy, musical English; and never before has it been so important that the preacher have an intelligent and practical mastery of his mother

tongue. I would have every Christian conference in Ohio hang over its pulpit, in imagination at least, "Pure English used here,"—pure English by pure-minded, pure-hearted, pure-lived ministers.

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GEMS FROM MINES OF TRUTH

Extracts from Sermons by Rev. H. Y. Rush

Sin is a mire that will entrap and draw down the strongest feet.

* * * * *

Sinner in the mire of evil habit, stretch out your hand to the Merciful Deliverer. He will bring you up out of the horrible pit of despair, place your feet upon the Rock and give you a place in the great choir of the redeemed.

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Lazarus' return to life teaches the *heavenliness of human loves*. He came back to love his sisters, his friends, all social and festive life.

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The fact that God has founded a church on earth teaches us that He wants His people in it.

The church is the spiritual home of God's people.

* * * * *

As we make the journey of life there moves that invisible pen which records our deeds, our words, our thoughts. At the close of life's journey that record will

be shown us, for the books shall be opened, and the mind shall be quickened into wondrous power of recollection.

* * * * *

True manhood is shown, not in never making a mistake, but in rising above it after it is made.

Do not let the blunders of the past crush you; rectify them as best you can and go forward.

Forget the wrongs you have received in the past. If some one has injured you by word or deed, make an effort to forget it. It will make you unhappy and prevent you in all spiritual growth to brood over such injuries.

Press onward more vigorously than ever. Reach forth for the "prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

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The heart of *man* beats in the story of the Prodigal Son, but the heart of *God* pulsates in the parable of the Lost Sheep, for He seeks until He finds it.

* * * * *

Paul didn't expect to be a Christian without having something to do. His earnest inquiry was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

* * * * *

When Blonden walked the tight rope across Niagara Falls, he placed on the opposite side of the river a bright star which might be seen from the other shore. During the entire walk Blonden kept his eyes fixed on that star.

No one can walk straight or safely without some object or point before him as a guide.

The sailor understands this, and by the North Star he directs his course,

Suppose many time pieces in your town are wrong.
You say yours is right, others set by it. If yours is wrong
you set the whole town wrong.

* * * * *

Through the gateway of history we often come into
fields of richest information and most needful moral
teaching.

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If you ever yield to Satan a foot of the Lord's ground
he'll take the whole field.

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Salvation may come through faith, through a look,
through a touch, through a word. It must come through
Christ. Salvation does not come through any particular
church or creed.

* * * * *

The Christian blacksmith has a holy calling. The
ring of his hammer is as musical to God as an angel's
harp, and his smoky shanty may be a vestibule of heaven.

So every Christian man's business may be made a
voice proclaiming the law of his Maker.

* * * * *

God may be seen in the leaf, in grass, in field, in the
glory of the sun, and in the starry grandeur of night.

* * * * *

The sorrowful remembrance of the dead has its use-
ful ends. The dews of sad though sweet remembrance
keep the heart soft and tender.

* * * * *

It is a warm heart rather than a great head that does
society most good.

Some form of man's departure from this earth seems as *natural* as the falling of a leaf when touched by the autumn frost. "We all do fade as a leaf."

The falling of the leaf is necessary to its existence in a changed and higher form of life.

The leaf on the tree has become all it can in the autumn, it falls, it decays, it sinks out of sight, it becomes a part of the soil, but it may come forth again in the form of a rare plant, a fragrant flower, or some kind of luscious fruit.

* * * * *

Every act a man does becomes a tendency behind him to bear him forward as by a resistless surge.

Every habit of his life strengthens the chain that binds him to sin.

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We should be thankful that our Pilgrim Fathers were men of piety. Before leaving the north of England, and the coast of Holland they knelt in prayer. On setting foot upon Plymouth Rock they knelt in prayer and thanksgiving.

* * * * *

Soldiers in the late war took their hardships and inconveniences cheerfully. When asked, "What are you eating those green persimmons for?" the reply was, "To pucker my mouth to the size of my rations."

In writing a letter to the girl he left behind him, a soldier boy wrote, "No steel pen in camp, write this with a goose quill, which is all that is left of the goose."

* * * * *

Any man can walk into a library, but what he finds there will depend upon his own mental development.

Any man can walk into an art gallery where hang

many fine paintings and rare specimens of art, but what he will see there will depend upon his artistic taste and ability to appreciate works of art.

* * * * *

Religion is elevating and cheering only when we see God in His true character, *i. e.*, as a Father and a Friend.

* * * * *

The Israelites were turned back. A new generation was needed. God could not make those adults over morally. He had to begin with childhood.

* * * * *

Godliness induces tranquility of mind and soul, casts out fear, jealousies and anger, which consumes vitality. It gives love for all, peace with man and God, which promotes health and long life.

* * * * *

When a little girl was asked one night, why she worked so rapidly, she replied, "Oh, because my candle is burning out so fast." So life is fleeting rapidly away.

* * * * *

One born of the Spirit has spiritual tastes, lives in a spiritual atmosphere, and feeds on spiritual food.

KEIFER LEADS THE VAN

Regimental Song, 110 O. V. I.

Tune—UNCLE SAM

Come, Buckeye boys, and let us sing; for now we've shouldered
arms,
We've left our wives and sweethearts home, with all their love and
charms.
The hills and dales, the old homestead, the lovely scenes of
youth,—
We've bid a sad farewell to all, to battle for the truth.

CHORUS

Then march along, march along, for Keifer leads the van,
And Foster he will stick to us as long as there's a man;
Then march along, march along, for Binkley's with us too;
And he will never square the books till Davis gets his due.

The traitors first shot down our flag, that o'er proud Sumter stood,
And reared their filthy rebel rag, all stained with Union blood.
But Yankee boys can rear again, that Banner of the Free,
Whose folds shall all be kissed again, with Zephyrs from the sea.

CHORUS—Then march along, &c.

The rebels they would fain tear down this temple of the Free,
And build instead their cushion'd homes of aristocracy
But from this temple not a stone shall ever be removed;
For in her halls is justice found, as foreign lands have proved.

CHORUS—Then march along, &c.

Our country is the best on earth, and bears the fairest name;
And she can boast of giving birth to men of deathless fame;

There's Washington whose dauntless deeds still keep his mem'ry
green,
And Jackson, too, who whipped John Bull so nice at New Orleans.

CHORUS—Then march along, &c.

Poor Jeff he thinks he's very sharp, and Yancey boasts of wit :
But we can whet our tools, my boys, for Yankees have the GRIT.
They call us stupid "mud-sills," boys, and other curious names,
But we have logic in our guns, and more within our brains.

CHORUS—Then march along, &c.

Ne'er let your hands grow weary, boys, while in this noble cause,
Till every rebel grounds his arms, submitting to our laws ;—
Till on a strong palmetto limb, a curious fruit you see—
Jeff Davis to a strong hemp rope "a-dancing jubilee."

CHORUS—Then march along, &c.

We now are in that "Dixie land" of which we often sing ;
And now the music of that song. shall from the musket ring.
We come with love within our hearts, but lead within our guns,
With sharp and tickling bayonets, to make the rebels run.

CHORUS—Then march along, &c.

Come, let us press with vigor on, and crush rebellion down,
Then union, peace, and plenty all, shall through the land abound.
Then wives and children left behind, and sweethearts brave and
true
Will welcome back the Buckeye boys that put the rebels through.

CHORUS—Then march along, &c.

Lieut. H. Y. RUSH.

STORIES OF THE WAR

A Series of Papers Written for and Published in the Franklin Ohio "Chronicle"—Incidents and Reminiscences—Deeds of Daring Even to Certain Death—How Milroy Cut Through the Rebel Lines.

First Paper

Most of the month of June, 1863, was employed by Lee in a strategic transfer of his great army into Pennsylvania. This, of course, must be done by different lines of march. In this way he hoped to move his full force across the Potomac before the Federals could satisfactorily determine his intentions. In execution of his plans it became necessary to clear and to keep open for his going and return that historic battle-ground and rich foraging field of the war, the Shenandoah Valley. Winchester, twenty miles up that valley from Martinsburg and twenty-eight miles from Harper's Ferry, was held at the time by Gen. Milroy. Under him were some 7,000 troops, strongly entrenched, and manning for an emergency two apparently impregnable forts. Lee must push Milroy out of his pathway in order to an unhindered march of other Confederate troops moving northward by the same route. Nor was it less important, as the sequel proved, that he have no serious hindrance to either an exultant return or a humiliating retreat.

Milroy had had hints that Lee was planning some movement that was bold, mysterious and immense. Our scouting and reconnoitering parties were day and night in their saddles, pushing out upon all roads and all untraveled ways by which surprise or resistless peril might fall upon our isolated army. At last hurrying hoofs arouse

the quiet of Headquarters, and the word from mounted couriers is, "They come, they come!" Our "boys" were ready for them—were anxious for fight—almost impatient for campaigns to be pushed to successful issue and the war thus ended. Nor did they have long to wait for their part in the series of great battles that followed Winchester, and Gettysburg, and brought to freedom's banner brilliant and abiding victory.

Saturday morning of June 15th, 1863, was unusually hot, and all nature seemed reposing in an ominous hush. Everything alive and off duty in camp had sought the shade of shanty or tent till the stillness was portentous and painful. I can never forget the feeling that something terrible was being foreshadowed. Vivid yet in memory is my remark to Captain Moor, that what has been called "sniffing the battle from afar" was not wholly a fancy, but an inexplicable fact. At the time the writer of this sketch lay prone in the company officers' tent, continuing the study of a favorite chapter in the New Testament. Suddenly the "long roll" sounded. Rightly named signal, for in that rapid, rattling, continuous drum-beat there seemed the hurrying of footman and horse, the rattle of light arms, and the mandatory meaning of war. Though frequently heard before, it had never sounded just as it did that day—so real, so significant, so ominous. In a few minutes our regiment—the 110th O. V. I.—was in line, earnest, buoyant, and in best of spirit for duty or danger. A march from camp into Winchester, and a mile south along the Kearnstown pike—Gen. Keifer and Col. Binkley in the lead—the regiment was halted and commanded to "load." To the writer no enemy was yet in sight. But a quarter of a mile farther forward use was found for those freshly loaded and sure-triggered guns. A force of rebels had secreted themselves amid some locust

growths, near to and parallel with the valley pike. The thoughtless fellows failed to salute our coming with blank cartridges. Their sudden volley emptied several saddles and took some fatal and disabling effect among the infantry. A slight pause, as if just a little surprised at rebel impudence, and we pushed forward. A few hundred yards farther on it became obvious that we had come squarely against business—that a huge contract was upon our hands. Rebels to the right of us, rebels to the left of us, rebels to the front of us, and rebels behind and far beyond all these, rebels.

Soon all Milroy's forces were engaged at some point or other of the general field, but I speak in these articles only of the part taken by my own company and regiment. As a rule, little more than this can any soldier or line officer see of an engagement involving a large number of troops and extending over a wide field of varying surface.

The order was, "Forward," nor did we heed it to meet any hidden foe. Long lines of grey were drawn out but a short distance before us, and rebels seemed to swarm on every swell of field and sweep of valley. No woods, no rifle-pits, no artificial defenses stood between foe and foe or life and life. In the very face of the near enemy we were ordered forward, forward, firing, firing, loading and firing as we moved. Passing constantly from right to left, to close the ranks broken here and there by missiles of death, and speaking now and then an encouraging word, the pressed and battle-wearied men were kept in line. Seeing that the enemy stood doggedly and endured our fire, I wondered, when the white of their eyes was almost visible, who was to give back, we or they! A look up and down our entire lines discovered daring in every step, in every steady aim and forward-bending form. Nearer and nearer we approached the foe; pouring in volley after vol-

ley, while the big guns on a low hill behind us hurled grape and canister over our heads into the defiant lines which we determined either to destroy or drive from before us. See! They waver, they sway backward; they suddenly turn about; they break ranks and run! They halt at a safer distance in our front; they face about, and are promptly strengthened by reinforcements. More and harder work yet awaits us.

Second Paper

My last paper left us driving the enemy from their stubbornly contested position. Halting at a safer distance they re-form and are re-inforced. The spirit of our boys is dauntless. Loading and firing they again press on toward the lines of grey. Again the enemy gives way, and again their flight is in haste and confusion. A few hundred yards to our front they again re-form. Fresh troops that seemed to rise like locusts from the ground, lengthened and deepened their long, strong lines of battle. Though some distance in advance of our general line we assail our superior numbers again. They press to meet us with a fury and a superior force not this time to be withstood. That was impossible. Their bee-swarms of bullets and vigorously worked batteries could in thirty minutes have blotted out our regiment. Retreat was ordered, and it had to be quick and swift to escape capture. A little tardiness and the long lines would have swung around us their flanks and driven us to the Dixie prisons. From the danger our daring could not avert our feet delivered us. We "fell back," not in a panic but with a judicious speed. For half a mile we sought safety with a Dexter-like dexterity. At that distance we made another stand—

more in line with troops and defenses beyond which—probably for some special purpose—we had been impetuously pushed. Milroy's measure of success in these three days' battles—as it proved to be—must be by bold, daring, dogged, defiant conduct before the enemy's vastly superior numbers. His instructions from Washington were to hold Lee in check till the last possible moment. This must be done, so that the bulk of the Potomac army may be passed into Pennsylvania in time to meet the converging hosts of the Confederacy, defeat them, save Washington—save the country. Had Milroy failed for three days successfully to fight and hold in check Lee's 30,000 men with his 8,000, it is believed that Gettysburg would have been a Confederate victory. Not one day sooner could that battle have been opened with safety to the Federal side. Counting Providence out and speaking humanly, it was Milroy's holding Longstreet, Rhodes and Hill and other Rebel corps three days in check at Winchester, that delayed Lee's intended attack and gave Meade time to gather and group his forces for this pivotal conflict of the four years' war.

With this explanatory digression we return to our story. After this orderly retreat to more advantageous ground, our lines were re-formed. A few somewhat effective volleys were here exchanged at Longstreet. The high treble of our musketry was soon answered by the deep bass of Rebel batteries that had pushed into position on our left. Looking in that direction to the high swell of ground they occupied, long lines of grey were an evidence that the Confederates were aiming ultimately to throw around Milroy the cordon of their whole army. Here was a large force of Lee's gathering legions not before brought into action. Their artillery opened vigorously upon us and gave us a raking, enfilading fire. Threatened from the front we could not change our flank to escape this danger

from the left. Milroy had seen the situation and speedily planted some batteries to our right on high ground just across the valley pike. Thunder now answered to thunder and shot to shot. By and by Milroy discovered a large force of the enemy passing from behind a distant hill, crossing the pike a mile to the south and making for a heavy woods directly to the front of our right flank. Others of our batteries gave these fresh forces attention, dropping shell after shell squarely into their dense columns, at every explosion I could see men lifted literally into the air. The hurry of the rebels to get out of the range of these guns was proof of their terrible execution. The woods were reached and seemed alive with the new and fresh force in whose front our regiment soon afterward stood. It is now in the afternoon, no dinner and continuous work since morning. As we passed into this position the movement was made under a shower of rebel shells bursting over and among us. Some of my company were wounded by fragments of bombs that had burst quite a distance over our heads. Our new position was in a narrow valley bordering a wide brook. My own company was here thrown forward in skirmish line and its right platoon had the protection of a low stone fence, the left platoon cleared the wall and stood in open exposure to the woods full of rebels, some three hundred yards beyond the brook. The right platoon lay down and fired over the wall. The left, which I was then commanding, kept up a continuous fire with nothing to shield them from answering volleys. Some apple trees among which we stood rained twigs and stems upon us, and the grass about our feet fell in long, narrow lines as the rebel bullets cut quickly through it. The scene and experience were too interesting and singular soon to be forgotten. The woods were literally alive with Confederates, and

sharpshooters were behind numerous scattering trees in the open pasture grounds to their point.

One of these saucy marksmen had ventured annoyingly near us. Watching for the next appearance of his projecting hat brim, my trusty revolver barked the tree by his face. He instantly vacated his position and started rearward as if upon a race for life. It seems fair to give his feet a chance to save him for "fight another day." His place at the tree, however, was repossessed by a comrade who hastily tiptoed from a more distant tree. I called to George Search, a brave private whose shots were usually as sure as his own name might indicate. He stepped to a favorable position, and drew a bead at the spot where the keen eye of this other rebel was evidently aiming at some mounted officer in our rear. The instant Search fired he himself dropped his gun, bent forward, and exclaimed, "Lieutenant, I'm shot!" "Where?" "In the breast or bowels." Instantly he turned pale, and trembled as if to fall. I hurriedly opened his vest, drew up his garment, and there fell out of his clothing a flattened minnie ball. It had struck him in the pit of the stomach, broken only the skin, and left a blue surrounding as large as one's hand. Though ordered to the rear, within an hour Search was again in the ranks. Time proved his wound to be more painful and serious than anticipated. But for the rest of the afternoon he was a more fortunate target—an afternoon of shifting positions, firm stands, attacks and counter attacks, of bravery and bloodshed, of willing life-offerings for freedom and our country's flag. While mention is here made of but the experience of and the part taken by a single company or regiment, the reader will bear in mind that Milroy's entire force of infantry, cavalry and artillery were doing their part at the most strategic points of the extensive

field. Through all this day, not yet closed, with but few reverses they held their positions against such odds as only by the most stubborn mood of war could check the foe or hold outnumbering forces at bay.

Night now draws on, but fighting continues with alternating calm and shower of shell and musket shot. But an hour till darkness, and what those sixty minutes may have in store, the waning afternoon will soon reveal.

Third Paper

My second paper left us in skirmish line along a brook, facing sharpshooters and a superior force of rebels sheltered by woods. With but slight variations these positions were held respectively till dark. Charges were made and repulsed at different points of the general line, but without any visible advantage to either side. With night came clouds of inky darkness, thunder more deafening than all the artillery of the bloody day. Amid the darkness, at about nine o'clock, our weary, hungry regiment was relieved, marched a few hundred yards to the left and rear, faced toward the Confederates, and halted. While standing in this indescribable darkness, the clouds lifted all their floodgates. Continuous were the torrents, and the roar was unbroken and sublime. Hungry, drenched, weary,—blind even to the armed soldier at one's side, and deaf to all sounds save echoing thunder and emptying clouds, we stood in ignorance of where and how we might pass the night. Just at this moment we witnessed a scene of beauty, sublimity, and of grim meaning for the morrow. Beginning at the right of the rebel lines, on our left, a rocket ascended high into the dark heavens. Rocket after rocket followed at short intervals, until the

brilliant signals had described a circle of some four miles diameter, of which Winchester and Milroy's army were the fated center. This ominous handwriting of encircling rockets was easily read against the contrasting background of universal darkness. Nor did it need any Daniel to interpret it,—nor did we intend that portended defeat should carry with it into history the least shadow of the night on whose overarching blackness those rockets flashed the forecast of the conflict.

We still stand silent in the darkness and the down-pouring rain, and under the zigzag paths of fire that flash athwart the blackness above. Distance and direction seem wholly undefined, and one may not know whether the groan off yonder in the darkness is from one who wishes he might die under the soothing hand of wife or mother in the north, or breathe out his spirit within the circle of loved ones in the south. Though yet in ranks, in water and mud, more gnawed by hunger than annoyed by the elements, no murmur is heard. And yet we begin to wonder whether,—but listen! A command comes down the lines. Attention; shoulder, arms; right, face; forward, by the right flank, march!"

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed some one in the darkness at my side, "that means camp, tents, hot coffee and a few hours' rest." And so it proved. He was correct—he was a good prophet, though not devout nor specially inspired.

Did our hearts sink within us during those long and uncertain hours of darkness and drenching rain? No. Providentially there is always among masses of men some wit or wag who is the sure medicine for misery and a panacea for despair. We had that man. His humor was spontaneous, irrepressible, contagious. It held melancholy at bay, and with hound of hilarity chased the "blue

devils" back to their abode of blackness. In the old days of slavery I have seen hundreds of black men and women on their march to market and the auction, but laughter rang out where whips cracked and manacles clanked. Mirth is a good angel of mercy, and walks with us on the way of life till met by comforters more suited to the journey's close.

Well, there was with us that night our yet living regiment clown—the man whose jokes were electric, and took instantaneous and irresistible effect. They instantly broadened the longest, saddest, sourest face; they expanded the poorest and most pinchy sides, and would have exploded a Puritan's mirth in the very middle of meeting. So soon as he expressed his drollery it sent down the marching line a ringing laugh that lifted home-sickness and put spring into the lagging step. His name was Ben Fry. His home is in Darke County. "Ben" was a rough ashler, but his immense bulk was mainly Parian marble. "Ben" was patriotic, and has given post bellum proof of his zeal to perpetuate the Union which he helped preserve. Thirteen boys, born since the war, give animation and interest to the paternal domicile, and it will be a cold day for Chili when she shakes her fist in the face of Ben's still multiplying brigade.

The stormy night is past. A weary battle-depleted regiment has been refreshed with sleep. Cloudless, bright, excessively hot, comes on the morning. Breakfast over, the drum-beat brought every company again into line. But fatalities of the preceding day had told sadly upon our ranks. The roll was called, but silence was the solemn answer to many a name. The regiment was formed to march over hill, ravine and narrow valley to a long, strong line of previously constructed earthworks a mile to the west of our camp. These works had been built in an-

ticipation of just such an exigency as was now upon us. This was a singular Sunday. Its ritual was the rites of war and its ceremonial was of clashing arms. Its double choir-gallery was a vast circle of inner and outer hills, these crowned with our own cannon, and those with answering artillery of the enemy. We were literally besieged, surrounded, shut in—the door bolted. It was but a question of a few hours when all must be prisoners, or when by dint of daring a remnant of the living may cut through a six-fold force and escape. All through the long, hot Sunday our troops were engaged at some point or all points around our rim-shaped line of battle. The artillery of the main and central forts, near our camp, and pieces pushed out nearer the enemy, did effective service. Their shells disabled batteries and scattered to their death attendant gunners. Off yonder in the city suburbs, and in costly mansions beyond, would drop exploding bombs and drive out rebels like rats from burning barns. Here and there went up smoke and flame that told how relentless was war when mansions of luxury, adornments of art, or even human life, defied its imperious tread. Even the cemetery, with its gleam of marble and glory of evergreen, was possessed by the enemy, and its monuments to the dead made defenses of the living. But merciless shells mocked at their misuse, and struck with shattering force these slabs and shafts. Over and within this city of the dead bursting bombs blended into a peal to be transcended only by the archangel's trumps. Gilmore's Centennial anvil-chorus bore sorry comparison to this anthem of duelling artillery. About noon of that day, and during a lull at our part of line, I returned hurriedly to our camp to secure some medicine for a sick member of my company. I found that the rebels were shelling our hospital, as well as our works to its front and rear. Several balls had

already penetrated the hospital roof. No regard was paid to the high-floating yellow flag, by which they knew they were violating the usages of war and endangering our sick and wounded. These were then, therefore, removed to the cellar. To enter the dispensary for medicine seemed as dangerous as to climb a bastion or poke one's head into a port-hole. But there stood the faithful hospital steward, ready to dispense the quinine and the anæsthetic. Passing through the camp, on return, a shell had fallen upon the well-tramped ground. Still rolling, it attracted the attention of a favorite and playful dog of our camp. He ran after the missile, clasped it with his jaws and was instantly blown to pieces by its explosion. Passing on, my coarse lay near an open shed, supported by four corner posts. Under it sat Mrs. Cotterell, the wife of my company wagon-master. She had arrived on a visit to her husband a few days before. She sat under this open shed with her babe in her arms. As it stood directly in front of our main fort, rebel shells were bursting over and about it. To the question, "Are you not afraid to remain here?" came the answer, "I find no other shade, and I s'pose I'm as safe here as anywhere." Just then the babe turned its face to her and smiled, as if in approval of the mother's opinion. The mother endured her captivity but the infant was buried at Richmond.

Resuming my way, after a few steps I instinctively drew back, so near and so numerous were the exploding shells. Stepping alternately to the right and to the left, as hiss and whiz and bluish-white lines located the paths of the on-coming missiles, it was soon apparent that dodging was as dangerous as standing still. So halting for a time and lifting my field-glass, I counted, on one hill-top, thirty-two pieces of artillery—to say nothing of differently located single and double batteries, all playing upon

this one fort and the earthworks to which I was returning. Continuing my way, several squads of rebel prisoners were passed. Each company was feebly guarded, for we had no unnecessary forces to care for men who evidently would soon be caring for themselves. They returned my soldier's salute; some company officer adding: "Hit'll be you'uns turn to be taken next. We'uns'll soon have you 'uns, without you 'uns is purty peert gittin' out o' this." I quote their own localisms and grammar, which I thought almost as killing as their grape-shot, but which were quite in keeping with their culture and their cause.

Reaching my regiment, no essential changes had taken place except that two of the guns at our extreme left had been dismounted and the horses killed. This massing of rebel artillery in our front was only to cover some secret movement of infantry. There were other indications of this fact—signs of a gathering storm whose fury we are soon to face.

Fourth Paper

We had not to wait long to see and to feel the oncoming of vastly superior numbers. Under the cover of a continuous artillery fire, and by the aid of intervening undulations of surface, the enemy had massed a large force of infantry on the farther side of a wood to the front of our regiment. They began to move up slowly, step by step, over and through the fallen timber—a labyrinth of trunks and interlocked limbs. Our fire into them was fast, furious, and well-aimed. Every volley mowed many in those lines of gray. But for the scores or hundreds killed or disabled at the front, there seemed to be thousands pressing forward from the rear. On and on they

come, loading and firing, climbing and clambering forward through that tumble of timber as if it were sweet to die for Jefferson Davis. Down, too, went those daring ones as fast as our lines could load and fire. Our sharpshooters posted at most effective points, emptied saddle after saddle, and laid low many an officer on foot. And yet they come, nearer, nearer, and receive into their faces the flash and fire of our guns. Reaching the deep outer ditch excavated in throwing up this strong line of earthworks, they leap down into it, many of them not to rise again. The dead pile up till the living stand on them and fire into us over the crest of our own works. They even grasp our gun-barrels and struggle to wrench them from our hands. Some are shot down with their grip upon our muskets. Others are bayoneted, or beaten down with the butts of our guns, and fall back upon their own dead and dying. Outnumbering us perhaps five to one, they soon begin to leap over our defenses. Deeper than ever now becomes the hand-to-hand conflict. It is a tangle and confusion of friend and foe. Just now—and with enough already on hand—a new danger is discovered. Over the crest of the near hill upon our right, column after column of Confederates are coming at a double quick. Glancing in that direction a few moments, I vividly remember that nearly as quickly as one can count three, that many times their advance colors went down. As bearer after bearer fell, another would spring to his place, lift up and start forward with the fallen flag. Our officers, Gen. Keifer, of Springfield, Lt. Col. Foster, of Piqua, and Major Binkley, of Troy, bore themselves with unsurpassed self-possession and gallantry. Seeing at last that longer resistance was annihilation or capture, order was given to retreat. Some did not obey. Some were now deaf to all human commands, others wounded, and some

held in the strong grip of the foe. Allow me here to relate but one or two of numerous and vividly-remembered incidents. Serg't. McAnally, whom I had enlisted near Troy, a good musician, and for many years my choir leader, was wounded, and then struck down under a rebel musket. I fully believed him to have been killed. At the first opportunity I wrote to his wife the circumstance of his wounding and supposed death. I extolled his virtues as a man, a soldier, and officer, and one fearless in the very face of death. As it happened, the sergeant had been wounded only. He was captured, exchanged at Richmond, reached home, and had the pleasure of reading that justly complimentary obituary letter. But poor McAnally never recovered. He was ordered to a General Hospital at Louisville, and there died.

One more instance of daring at the same time and place, Corporal John R. Rhoades, of Fletcher, Miami Co., Ohio, of my Company, was rushed upon by a rebel Major, who, with uplifted sword commanded him to surrender. Corporal Rhoades and the Major were of different mind in this matter. Corporal R. was a good Methodist class-leader, and had defied too many of the devil's darts to cower now under this Confederate blade. So, quickly drawing back his gun, he thrust his bayonet through the officer's body, burying its points in his spine. Unable to withdraw it, he let go the gun, at the same moment throwing up his hands to parry a vengeful blow from a clubbed musket. Success was but partial, for the musket stock, lock downward, descended upon his head, cutting through the scalp, dazing him and falling him to the ground. Not till then did he announce surrender. He rises again, but the life of such a Yankee must be ended, and quickly another rebel thrust the muzzle of his gun against Rhoades' head, and was about pressing the trigger. Instantly a

rebel Lieutenant struck the gun downward, and reprimanded the private for such an indignity to a surrendered and helpless prisoner. Rhoades, with others of our prisoners, was taken behind the earthworks above described, and placed under strong guard for the night. He slept near the dead rebel Major, whose life was the penalty of supposing that our brave, pious, patriotic, six-foot Corporal Rhoades could be scared into surrender. The corporal is yet living and serving the Lord in his old home town above named.

I pass numerous other equally thrilling incidents, and go back to the order for our retreat. We flee down a long slope to be terribly peppered as we ascend the hill beyond. There was no other practicable outlet, though the direction brought us in full view of the rebel horde, and within easy range of their light arms. How so many of us ever reached and passed the summit of that hill, so as then to file left and reach the earthworks at and near our camp, is one of the mysteries of battle. But not all were so fortunate. Wild as was the rebel aim, some were wounded and easily made prisoners. Once over the hill, we dared to slacken our retreat, but did not pause to inspect the quality of the soil or pick up geological specimens.

We plodded on to camp and took up our position behind a line of earthwork at its rear. Here we were inevitably exposed to a heavy and constant fire from numerous rebel batteries on the high grounds west of us, southwest, south, and southeast. The sun was now within an hour of its setting. The Confederates were on every hand contracting their lines to crowd us to a crisis. Looking down from our high ground toward the city, and over the level fields to the north, I could see our forces that had fought valiantly at different points during the day, falling back and ascending the long hillslope to the strong outworks

that had been constructed for the anticipated exigency now upon us. All Milroy's force was now gathered or was concentrating for its final stand within or behind its only remaining defenses. As the sun was near its setting there was a lull in both our own and the enemy's artillery. Just then the gorgeous western sky would have shamed the rich coloring of the old Venetian schools, and put to blush the more modern and masterly imitations of sunset glory. The stillness was as tranquil and undisturbed as if this had been the prelude of millennial peace. Standing by the side of Gen. Keifer, I called his attention to the glory of this evening sky. Before any reply was possible, all the vast semi-circle of rebel batteries burst into sublime and deafening chorus. Had the Lord dimmed the keen sight of the gunners? Josephus says he did when the Romans shot flame at the temple dome upon the points of their arrows. Strange as it may seem, with few exceptions, shot and shell either fell short or passed over us, and over our strongest and largest fort just to our right, now full of infantry. All the rebel guns were now being vigorously worked. Why did not our own batteries reply? About dark their silence broke. The sight was grand, and the sounds thrilling and singularly impressive. The duel was incessant till an hour after dark, when a new danger developed. The force that drove us from our earthworks in the late afternoon, had mustered for a simultaneous assault at night. Our regiment stood in line with the long, western front of the main fort. Before this front the attacking forces first appeared. All along its length within, and between the intervals of the great guns, our infantry was crowded to resist the anticipated assault. Muskets lay thick upon the parapet's crest, pointed to the assailants, and ready to flash death into their face. The moment came, and the assaulting force

furiously struck this full-length front of our strongest defense. In line with it, upon the left, I could look along its entire length, I see the stream of fire that flashed defiance to what seemed a frenzied purpose to reach and scale our ramparts,—a scene too fearfully grand ever to be forgotten. But soon our part of the work was at hand. The right of the rebel lines opened a furious fire upon us in the darkness. Streams of fire lighted up the gloom and made conspicuous targets of friend and foe. Persistent as was the assault, the blue lines had too much at stake to be forced back. Thousands of muskets made that answer from every embrasure, cannons roared the same reply. For an hour this daring night attack was continued, all our forces engaged, all our infantry and artillery resisting its persistency and defying its success. At last no enemy answered, and no sight or sound revealed their whereabouts in the darkness. It was afterwards learned that they fell back with purpose of renewing the assault in the early morning, and that their loss in dead and wounded had been singularly severe. No more firing, all was now silent,—no, not silent, for the saddest of sounds came out of the darkness. Calls from our wounded could be heard from the ground over which but a few hours before we had made our retreat. The various names of officers or comrades could be heard in plaintive appeals from the wounded for help from us who could neither answer nor give aid. The wounded and dying of neither side could be cheered by any merciful attentions before morning. But saddest of all were the groans heard through all the long, sleepless, terrible night-hours from our own hospital. They were mingled with the grating sound of surgeons' saws,—in many cases cries extorted by the hurried amputations which impending events made painfully necessary. Beneath bloody tables lay hands

and feet and arms and limbs, transcending all treasures of gold,—glad but gory offerings upon our country's altar. Pensions, large or small, can never compensate such anguish, such loss, such maiming, such disfigurement, such unreassured and immeasurable disadvantage through remaining life. With no pleasure do I advert to these bloody scenes. They are painful recollections in a history in which they essentially but unhappily figure.

In my next I shall speak of Milroy's retreat, his interception by the enemy, and his battle-hewn pathway to safe lodgment beyond their lines.

Fifth Paper

My fourth paper carried us beyond those stubbornly made but successfully resisted night assaults. It closed with quite an inadequate account of such hospital sounds and scenes as are incident to surgical attentions to the wounded. Not all the injured were treated that night of suffering and of painful uncertainty as to what calamity might come with the morning. Of those wounded on the late afternoon retreat several were heard moaning and calling beyond the advanced and now near-by rebel lines. After the repulse of the night attack the position of our regiment was slightly changed. We were then ordered to rest at will, but on arms and in line of battle. It is now late in the night. From sounds without the near-by fort; from rapidly repeated strokes; from noise of carefully moving hoof and wheel: from all the quiet and mysterious movements barely audible about the camp and over the whole area of ground on which Milroy's force had rallied about night-fall for its final stand,—from all this it was evident that something of moment might soon occur. As

afterwards developed, a council of war had decided upon evacuation. Hence cannons were spiked, ordnance and commissary stores cast into deep wells, and all abandoned property made as useless to the Confederacy as haste and quietness would allow. We could also hear the low rumble of wheels and quiet tread of troops, the meaning of which the darkness and the absence of audible command left us only to surmise. And one's conjecture must be mainly with himself, for all communication must be in whisper or carefully suppressed tone. How strange this environment of doubt—how singular the experience! To stand in a mystery, to dwell in a conundrum, to know not which cardinal point faces you toward death nor which toward life, is a compound consciousness that defies metaphysical analysis. But this is the way of war—this is the agnosticism of all military maneuvering. But in due time a period is put to our uncertainty. Some one passes along the line and speaks the word "Attention," in a low voice. His directions are: "Immediately in line, without knapsacks or blankets—nothing but arm and ammunition." The order is to march. My watch indicates the hour of two o'clock in the morning. Haziness makes dim the starlight and difficult the task of marching in line. Commands are given and repeated in a low voice, and audible conversation is forbidden. Every footfall breaks the stillness and seems rudely loud where silence may be life. That we are surrounded is certain; that a six-fold outnumbering force awaits not far off to dispute our only avenue of escape, is unquestioned. Silently as possible our regiment—the 110th O. V., Gen. Keifer and Major Binkley in command—in lead of the entire retreating force, march down the long hill, and strike the valley pike, half a mile east of Winchester. Filing left we continue on that highway. After proceeding a few hundred

yards our long wagon train, captured, robbed, disabled and abandoned by the enemy compelled us to march along the sides of the road. At a distance of about four miles up this pike I noticed flashes of light in a large wood some three hundred yards in our advance. The distance away and the tread of feet deafened us to the echo of any report. But the situation was readily discovered by our scouts and by officers in front. The crisis had come? Our regiment was halted for a moment, then filed to the left about 200 yards into field, and right again into parallel direction with the pike. A few minutes' march and we were halted, faced to the right, squarely in front of the wood occupied by the enemy. As afterwards learned, they had thrown forward to this point a force of some thirty thousand to cut off our retreat and assure our capture. It was yet dark, so that neither side could know precisely the force or position of the other. In such a case fearlessness, dash and defiance, under competent generalship, count everything.

All our force has been drawn up in front of this wood. I omitted to state that the rebel lines thrown across the pike fell back upon their main body when our column struck them so quietly and unexpectedly in the dark, some two hundred yards beyond the pike instead of upon it. This mystified them as to our movement and numbers. With a few shots they recoiled and quickly doubled back across and beyond the pike out of our way. Our striking them at that distance from the road proved to be a precious little strategic victory for us. It sprung the gate ajar. Up to this time our fire had been held for what our officers knew would be a heavier demand. As I was saying, all our forces were now drawn up paralleled with the pike, and in front of the wood. The word, "Forward," all along the line. Forward, steadily forward, we

moved. Whatever is in front of us in those open but deep-shaded woods, we shall soon see—and feel! Not many steps, and suddenly leaden messengers from ten thousand muskets spoke all mystery into grim materiality. Our answer was instant, and steadily we pushed forward, repeating the reply—loading, firing, pressing nearer and nearer, and then with a leap forward and a defiant shout we charged their line and sent them flying farther down into the wood. We followed up, still pressing them back, and pouring into them volley after volley. Then came a short pause for breath and for better alignment in the brush and the darkness. Meanwhile there came a rebel recoil, with such fury and seeming re-enforcement that we in turn gave back hurriedly for perhaps a hundred yards. Here we halt, face about, await their coming, meet them with vigorous, rapid, well-aimed volleys, withstand their assault, made more terrible by their thundering batteries, whose shots dash into our faces earth and bark and stinging splinters, and whose flash and roar down in the dark wood seemed as if pandemonium had come up from the pit in mad alliance with rebellion. We faced it all, withstood it all, and again advanced to drive back the foe with a charge and cheer more terrible to them than was ever the “rebel yell” to us. Again they fled, and again we followed, this time deeper into the wood, and much nearer their batteries than before,—so near that, as it was afterwards learned, some of their pieces were temporarily abandoned. But not long were we to hold its ground, for against us were hurled fresh and yet stronger columns. In good order the ground was yielded, and in good alignment we fell back and faced again to the foe.

That the meaning and merit of the next stroke of our regiment may be properly understood and placed, a word

of explanation is here needed. Our regiment marched out of Winchester in the front, and upon its fate in this fight will probably pivot the issue of this bold stroke for escape. If the advance regiment fail to breach this living wall, those bravely co-operating along all the hard-pressed line must share defeat and face alike the horrors of Confederate prison-walls. Well, in those two charges already described, our whole force, numbering, after the two previous days' fight, perhaps five thousand, were engaged. The length and unavoidable irregularity of lines, as well as the darkness, prevented any one's seeing much of what any other company of his own regiment were doing, and wholly what success or failure was attending other regiments of his brigade.

We are now in line for the third and last charge,—and here occurred an incident I have never publicly related, and the officer in whose favor it speaks I am confident has never given it publicity. Perhaps he has never since thought of it, for numberless instances of bravery, skill, forecast and self-forgetfulness never were and never can be verbally related or placed upon printed record. The circumstance is this: We were standing in line, as stated, and ready for what proved to be, for this occasion, our last, most successful, and most fortunate charge. It happened that Gen. Milroy had reined his horse close to the writer, and just in the rear of his company. Gen. Keifer here rode up to Milroy and made this request—his words not interrupted by the ball that cut through his clothing at the ankle while he spoke: "General, shall I oblique my regiment to the left and charge those fellows yonder in the woods?" "Yes, if you think you can, do it." Gen. Keifer moved his regiment into oblique line a few hundred feet to the left, and then commanded, "Forward." We soon struck the strong rebel line, but we pressed upon

them with such spirit and such fast-repeated volleys that their imagination may have magnified one regiment into a brigade. Backward and backward we crowded them with all possible rapidity and persistency of forcing. Pressing them to a distant point in the wood, it was known that this successful charge had practically exhausted our ammunition, and that it could not be replenished. Keifer's purpose in this bold move, in this very crisis of the conflict, was at the moment unknown to subordinate officers. It was conceived at the moment, and for the emergency, by the intently military mind of this able officer. He proposed that our dash at the rebels obliquely upon their right should give them the impression that we were receiving re-enforcements from Harper's Ferry. They so took it, and concluded that it was better to yield the ground for a little while than boldly to countercharge and run the risk of a trap. So, out of ammunition, and a door of escape now strategically opened, the command was given to retreat—to retreat at will, I think was the command. At any rate, under the circumstances we willed to retreat. We must do quickly what is now to be done, for very soon the rebels will miss us from their front, discover our retreat, and make a fresh grab for what two hours before they thought to be bagged game. And miss us they soon did. When we cleared the wood and reached the pike, they were not far behind, vigorously firing as they came. One hundred yards beyond the pike a wide, deep brook might delay us or lead to many captures. But we watched for sure footing for the kangaroo leap, and amidst a storm of lead we touched the other bank. Not willing to risk any reputation I may have for veracity, I venture no statement as to the width of that creek! On the retreat out of the wood we passed the prostrate and helpless wounded. These were upturned faces whose pleading,

pitiful, despairing expression is in memory and heart to-day. One took terrible chances, and consented to awful experiences, when he went out to battle for his country.

It was Keifer's strategy that saved Milroy's army—that hewed the gap and swung the gate of its escape. Milroy was a brave, daring, dashing General, but he had not the coolness and instant calculation for a critical and unforeseen situation.

The circumstances and experiences of our retreat to Harper's Ferry are of interest, but my papers have already multiplied beyond anticipated number and length. We were stationed two weeks on Maryland heights opposite Harper's Ferry watching the movements of Lee as he was gradually crossing his great army at Williamsport and Falling Waters, on his way to Gettysburg. At last we were ordered to re-enforce Meade. We moved at once to Washington, and thence to Frederick City. We soon met the retreating army of Lee, and then commenced that series of marches and conflicts that carried our regiment on and on with the great Potomac army, across the Rapidan, through the wilderness, to Petersburg, to Richmond, to Appomattox, and to the peace that spread joy over the land, that returned the living to their homes, but left the dead of battle and of prison pens to repose beneath the vigil of the never-sleeping God till the trumpet sound and they rise in resurrection glory in the last day.

H. Y. RUSH.

A VISIT TO CAMP PIATT

*(For the Springfield Republic)**Ed. Republic:—*

Having recently returned from a short visit to Western Virginia, perhaps a brief narration of our trip might be of interest to some of your readers. To those who have sons or friends in the regiment of the Kanawha, this sketch will doubtless be of more or less interest.

The number of my acquaintances in the 44th regiment, together with the contradictory reports concerning our troops in Western Virginia, had long since given me a desire to see and know certain things for myself. Accordingly, in company with S. W. Sterrett, Esq., I left Springfield on the 16th ult., *en route* for "Secessiondom,"—nor should I forget to mention that the pleasantness of our trip from Cincinnati was much enhanced by the company of Mr. James Craig, of Springfield.

I need say but little touching the geography of the country lying on either side of the Ohio river, between Cincinnati and Point Pleasant, Virginia. High bluffs rise on both sides, but on the Kentucky side they are more precipitous, and approach more nearly the water's edge. The bottom ground on neither hand is very wide, except at a few localities. It is very perceptible, however, that the Ohio river is the dividing line between two highly antagonistic institutions. So much is this the case as to keep the observing traveler standing much of the time at the bow of the boat, thereby relieving the monotony of the gentlemen's (?) cabin, besides giving a man fresh blasts from the direction of Pittsburg, instead of the nauseous fumes of "Havannah sixes." Nothing of special interest occurred between Cincinnati and Point Pleasant,

except that we slowly but gradually moved "*forward*," a very uncommon thing since our military backsliding at Bull Run.

The most interesting part of our trip, in point of scenery and associations, lay between Point Pleasant and Camp Piatt. As we were traveling by steamboat we could not realize that we were now treading on "sacred soil;" but our recollections of Romanism were sufficiently vivid to make us feel that we were sailing on "Holy Water." We saw along the river, several marks of the rebel Wise, whose only wisdom seemed to be in timely and rapid retreats. Sunken flat-boats, the wreck of a burnt steamer, fortifications deserted without defense, are among the marks of that cowardly rebel, whose most appropriate neck-tie would be a halter.

Soon after we began to steam up the Kanawha, we observed some interesting peculiarities in the physical aspect of the country. From the point of its confluence with the Ohio, a very broken country marks the course of the Kanawha. This is all the more true as you approach the junction of Gauley and New rivers. The farther you ascend, the more lofty, precipitous, and rocky are the hills on either side. In many instances they approach so near the river as to leave no space for roads between. Wherever there was bottom land, it seemed to be of the best quality. The timber embraces a great variety, but the pine is most numerous on the summits. I was surprised to see almost every species of timber flourishing on those rocky hill-sides. How richly they might contribute to botanic science, I had not the opportunity of observing. Some excellent farm-houses are to be seen on the left bank of the river; but the buildings usually represent poverty and poor living.

Camp Piatt is pleasantly located on the right bank of

the Kanawha river, about seventy-five miles from its mouth. The tents are pitched on the sloping foot of a very tall, steep hill, or small mountain. This is perhaps a favorable location on account of the rains running off more rapidly, and permitting the ground soon to dry, and become solid. A good spring on the mountain-side, is accessible from the camp. The river water itself is not surpassed for beverage and culinary purposes. Being in the camp as many days and nights as Jonah was in the whale's belly, and eating and sleeping with the soldiers, I think I am prepared to say something about their board and bedding.—I am happy, for my own sake, and that of many anxious parents, to report most favorably indeed. The soldiers' rations were all in quantity and quality that any but an epicure could desire. Beefsteak, pork, crackers, coffee, tea, sugar, were part of their usual meals. Their food was much better than many an honest man enjoys at home.

As to bedding, I heard no complaint, and I had no occasion to make any myself. I believe every soldier may sleep with comfort, and dream of his sweetheart, if he thinks enough of her. The cleanliness of the soldiers and of the camp is remarkable. No mother, or sister, or lover would meet offense in this respect. In some cases the skin is necessarily tinged somewhat with coal soot, but not enough to make one suspicious of amalgamation.

The morality of the camp is good, I heard but little profane language while there—less during three days than I heard in one hour from an unfledged, water-brained Lieutenant of a certain Kentucky Regiment. There are many active, praying Christians in the Regiment, whose influence is good over their fellow-soldiers. Among these persevering witnesses of Christ, are the deserving names of Mr. Alex. McConkey and "mess." There are many

others whose names are doubtless written in Heaven. In a word, I consider the tendencies of the Regiment strongly moral, a circumstance attributable in no small degree to excellent officers. It is due to those for whose satisfaction I write, to say that the great majority of officers in the 44th Regiment are the best of men, giving all needful attention to the soldiers, and extending all courtesy to visitors.

There are some circumstances in the camp that remind one much of home. The singing heard day and night in the tents awakens a fond recollection of the pews, galleries, and firesides left behind. We were especially entertained the evening before our departure, in the tent of Capt. Cummings. The music of that evening Orpheus himself would not have blushed to own. The kindness shown us by both privates and officers made our visit truly pleasant, and it was with reluctance that we parted from friends so kind. But for our presence they have our prayers and best wishes; and should they fall in battle or camp, their names shall ever be revered for steadfast devotion to their Country.

The soldiers seem to be very social and kind towards each other. I noticed that in some instances a portion of the luxuries sent from home was distributed among the tents of sick soldiers. Such things as these did not look as if camp-life is so detrimental to morals as some suppose.

What I have written relates chiefly to the 44th Regiment. From personal observation I can say but little of the other Regiments in Western Virginia, I am credibly informed, however, that their wants are in no way neglected.

On our return I left Mr. S. W. Sterrett at Point Pleasant. From thence he intended to go to Kentucky on

business relating to the interests of certain soldiers and their families. He has returned home, and brings good news of the health and comfort of our boys in Kentucky.

To conclude my letter, I am convinced that camp-life is not so detrimental to health and morals as is generally supposed. In fact, I believe the regimen, or diet, of the soldiers, is an effectual remedy for most cases of dyspepsia, liver complaint, and many kindred ills that originate from high living and irregularity of habit. The healthful influence over the mind I also observed in several instances—instances in which a buoyant and cheerful spirit had taken the place of a morose and desponding mood. Many who join the army with a listless and giddy mind, soon become manly and solid in their demeanor. That there are isolated cases of an opposite character, I do not deny; and that there are many hardships in active military duty, I know to be true; but the cause for which we suffer is worthy of all we can give of peace, comfort, or life for its maintenance.

H. Y. RUSH.

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AMONG THE MORMONS

(*Sun* of July 21, '98)

BRO. EDITOR:—Your editorial, "The Mormons Again", prompts me to pen this article. I am pleased with your forcible exposure of this monster iniquity. All that you say is true, as every traveler in Utah and student of Mormonism will testify. That any professed Christian should harbor, or in any way favor Mormon missionaries, is a thing inconsistent and unaccountable. Christ tells us that we should command Satan to get behind us and not harbor him in our houses nor help to spread his delusions

among the people. If any of our people in the South should board or harbor a Mormon missionary, they would thereby strike a blow at the family relation, the home, the sheet-anchor of civilization. To do that is to defy God and become a friend of Satan.

Several years ago I went to Utah to study the institution of Mormonism. I was kindly received; stopped at a Mormon hotel, visited Mormon families, went with Mormon excursions, witnessed their dancing, games and feasting on their fine Salt Lake vessels, conversed with their leaders and laity privately, attended their Sunday-schools, their preaching services and musical concerts; visited Brigham Young in his office, his home, and his cottage-harem. All this was summed up in the conclusion that their whole system is of Satan, their leaders lechers, their followers dupes, their practices licentious, and their religion not one whit short of a legalized system of prostitution, social indecency, and damnable licentiousness. I heard Orson Pratt, their greatest preacher and expositor, deliver a sermon smutted with allusions that no decent man would allow at his fireside. I do not dare to quote more of his statements than one. All else played as promises and "elysian" possibilities around that one thought. Said he: "No person can go to heaven who has not been the parent of children in this world, and joy there will be measured by this parental duty here. When I reach heaven—if I have complied on earth with this Bible condition of entrance—I expect to become the father of millions and millions of children." That sermon was preached to a mixed tabernacle audience of four thousand people. It had already been announced that the "apostle" Pratt would that day preach a sermon in proof of Mormonism as doctrine of the Old and New Testaments, corroborated by the yet later revelation of God to the "Latter Day

Saints". Repellant as were many things in that sermon, no one could know the spirit and genius of Mormonism without hearing it—without studying the speaker, and the facial and visual approval of the Mormon portion of that vast assembly.

I talked with many Mormons privately. From one only did I receive what seemed a frank admission of what ten thousand others knew to be the misery of their domestic life. He and I were riding alone in his carriage. After a long discussion upon the doctrines and practices of their church, in which he was as obstinate as fluent, I said: "You say you had a good wife and a happy family near Cleveland, Ohio. Now let me frankly ask you whether you were not happier then with your one wife, trying with her to train that one set of children for life and for usefulness, than you now are with your three wives and twenty-three children, with less opportunity to be with them in their homes, to be with your children at their firesides, to look personally and carefully after their education—in other words, my friend, don't you think that in view of all these advantages of having but one wife, one home, and looking personally after the interests of one and only one set of children, a man is happier than with three wives, three houses for them, and three sets of children?"

Turning to me, and looking me squarely in the face, he answered: "Now, friend, I'm going to be honest with you, and I'll just tell you what's so. I've tried married life both ways, and if a man wants to be contented, prosperous, and happy, and don't want all the hair pulled out of his head, he had better never have but one wife!"

Brother Editor, I could fill a page of *The Sun* with my observations among the Mormons; but it is not a profitable theme further to pursue. Mormonism is a religion

of social, domestic, and political rottenness. That it should be tolerated in our republic, be a factor in national politics, and a power in the halls of our American Congress, is a menace and a calamity. That any church member should harbor Mormon missionaries seems incredible. Should any one read this article who has been guilty of such inconsistency, let him repent and sin no more.



THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION

(*Franklin Cronicle* of October 13, '98)

A few words from one fresh from this Fair may interest the *Chronicle* readers. It surpassed all my anticipations. It is a colossal success—a triumph of enterprise in spite of business depression and the Spanish war. More than two million visitors agree in such a verdict. That it is the conception and creation mainly of the trans-Mississippi states makes it all the more a surprise. These were a wilderness three hundred years under Spanish possession. But for the brain and the brawn of Americanism they would have remained a meadow for the buffalo and a hunting ground for the Indian. This Fair is the creation of a much smaller territory than that of whole realms represented in the Columbian Exposition. In that the world poured its wealth of tongues and people, country and continent, genius and glory into a spacious park at Chicago. And yet in some respects the Omaha Exposition surpasses that of the great Fair of '93. The classic beauty of the buildings, the artistic order of the elegant structures, the chaste design of the Arch of States and the Administration Arch, the beauty of the lagoon under electric brilliancy at night, vie with the veritable triumphs at Chi-

cago. The lagoon—half a mile in length—is more ornate in its floral beauty, its grace of banks and gorgeous bordering, than that of the World's Fair. This little inland sea is utilized for purposes of pleasure and instruction. On its deep waters are given exhibitions of United States naval drill and of the Government Life Saving Service. A vessel sinks; a line is shot from shore across the projecting mast; life-boats row through breakers to the rescue; drowned sailors are brought to the beach, scientifically resuscitated, etc. All this is strikingly realistic. It thrills and instructs the multitude more than drama or tragedy of the stage.

Those interested in art and science may also give wide scope to observation and study. Along this line are numerous appropriate and up-to-date displays. In some exhibits the unique and anomalous are mingled with the normal and well known. In the Indian encampment the Government has made a singular and instructive ethnologic exhibit. Such a number of Indians—nearly a thousand men, women and children—were never before gotten together to display so much that is peculiar to their personal and tribal life—wigwams, annual hunts, trailing a foe, bow-dance, horn-dance, war-dance, war-path, surprise, attack and fierce battle. But civilization is rapidly relegating these savage practices; hence so literal an exhibit of aboriginal life may not find record again in any chapter of our annals. The fact that 76 per cent. of the Indians who have been educated are doing fairly well, is evidence of their ultimate absorption into our American civilization. Even these Indians linger thoughtfully before objects of modern art and stand in wonder amid these assembled triumphs of science. The trend of his culture is toward domesticity and admiration of beauty and art. His education year by year becomes a more potent factor

in the final civilization of his race. A century more will absorb him into the social cosmogony of Americanism, and the racial line will linger only in an attenuated trace of copper.

Space allows but a limited description of the Southern Negro Village, a feature of the fair not given at Chicago. Here is an assembly of imported Southern plantation cabins and families—one cabin from the plantation of Robert Tombs. Here Southern negro life is seen in all its singularity of ante-bellum days—the venerable “uncle” and “auntie,” and the younger parents with their numerous progeny of piccaninnies. You may converse with them, enter their humble cabins, hear the hum of their spinning-wheels, scan their rude cooking utensils, see the baking of hoe-cake and corn pone, provoke their mirth and count the ivory teeth set in a face of ebony. Passing to the farther end of the village you reach a much larger cabin where for a dime you witness a negro camp-meeting. It is no exaggeration. It is the perfection of the serio-comic, and you should stay out if you have any scruples ‘gainst smilin’ in meetin’. Some of their hymns are singularly plaintive and are the very soul of pathos and melody. The preaching and the responses may not improve your piety, but they will dissipate the “blues.” Soon the scene changes. A transition occurs that is easy in all religion that is so emotional and chameleon like. A dance is proposed. Consternation soon changes to consent, and then follow the banjo, the plantation dance, the shuffle, the hoe-down, the guffaw, glee and joy of cabin and plantation life. This negro village is one of the few meritorious exhibits of the Midway. The attractions of that street are mainly a mixture of the amusing—a jumble of such novelties as cater to the morbid and curious. There some things of the ’93 Plaisance are seen again. There the patient camels

crouch for their burdens, and lazy donkeys bear their loads of rural riders.

Hardly have I yet touched the more valuable features of this Omaha Fair. Interesting beyond description is the United States exhibit. This with unprecedented completeness represents the Departments of Agriculture, Treasury, Navy, the Life Saving Service, etc. Every warship of our recent conflict is there in costly and perfect model. In a word, in this one building the visitor gets a better conception of the growth and greatness of this Government than book could impart in a lifetime.

In extent, variety and completeness of the Agricultural exhibits the Exposition triumphs. In this nothing at Chicago excelled what is seen at Omaha. Here one sees how the West is the Egypt of America—how the whole world might be fed with the ripened cereals of Illinois, Iowa, and states beyond the "Father of Waters." In the presence of such displays one exclaims, "How wondrous this Empire of the West!" Looking at it in the light of these trans-Mississippi facts and figures, its extent, development and triumphs fall but little short of the marvelous. Population has flowed through it and over it not so much by single waves as by tidal inundations from the populous East and the peoples of other nations. This Fair is a bureau of information, and since its opening Nebraska and every Western state have risen far higher in the opinions of eastern investors and prospective settlers. How fruitful the year! Granaries all the way from Illinois to western Nebraska bulge with breadstuff for the hunger of humanity. If the saying is true that the commercial primacy of the world belongs to the country that produces, as America now does, the cheapest pig iron, what shall be said of this great empire of the West which is a Goshen in abundant grain and an Ophir in

gold! The Omaha display of minerals proves that the mountains of the west are adequate to all the needed white or yellow coinage of the country. In all resources of wealth, in the rapid march of history-making events, this exposition presents a picture that almost mystifies the visitor from abroad.

Omaha is a wonderful city—an infant Chicago where buffalo grazed at the close of the civil war. It is the metropolis of Nebraska. It has somewhat fewer than 150,000 inhabitants, over 50 public and private parks, 110 churches, the finest hospitals, court-house, post-office, and other public buildings in the west. Going on to Lincoln, Creta, Harvard, Hastings, Kearney, and other places, I noted the immense crops of the state, the growth of towns and cities, the brighter hopes of the people, and the evidently wonderful future of the ever-progressive commonwealth of Nebraska. So it is with Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, and other agricultural and mineral states of the west. Do you ask by what railroad one may most speedily and pleasantly reach these cities and sections of the inviting West? From Chicago I have traveled all lines. Oftenest, because preferable to all others for speed, for free reclining chairs, for best service on sleeping and dining cars, I have patronized the Burlington, Quincy and Missouri River Railway. This is no paid-for compliment but an item of advice to others who pay their fare and get a service that is worth the money.

H. Y. RUSH.

PENCILINGS FROM WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

(Chronicle of August 21, 1884.)

A DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

The average watering-place brings together characters of every cast and contrariety. It is amusing to stand at the springs or sit amid the rustic seats and study face, form, fashion, and subjects of conversation. We hear everything discussed here but religion and politics. Cleveland, Blaine and Butler are all given the go-by, while sect and theology seem not to be mooted. Nevertheless, moral subjects and mutual spiritual interests are often topics of conversation, for spirit blends with spirit here as elsewhere. Nevertheless, not many religious, not many pious gather at these places. In fact, the other classes usually so preponderate, at both inland and seaside resorts, that these become traps to virtue and open ways to ruin. No man, not even for millions, should ever suffer his daughter to attend a health or summer resort, unless accompanied by father or mother. If she is obedient, and has respect for her own character and the happiness of her parents, she is then safe. I do not believe that there is a single one of the best and most curative of these places but what is annually visited by men and women whose motives are ebullitions of perdition, and whose means of ruin are fair speech, faultless dress, full purse, beauty, brocade, broadcloth and senseless glitter. Young men and older men who are schooled in captivity, and whose "pieces of silver" are equal to all prices, frequent nearly all these places. At all of them there is this open hole to hell, and down through it drops the son of his mother's pride, and into this sulphur-fumed opening plunges the daughter worth more to father than all

worlds. Moral health is worth so much more than physical, and the virtue and happiness of homes so transcendently above a summer of dissipation that we no more need a Saratoga than we do a saloon, nor a Long Branch than a city brothel. Providence has opened to us so many avenues of pleasure that one need not seek it in ways strewn with dead men's bones, and with the wrecks of virtue and of homes. But the heading of this article promises a description of

SOME CHARACTERS

at these springs, a place perhaps as free from vice and dangers noted as any in the nation. As already hinted, at these places gather all varieties of character, the solemn and the humorous, the eccentric and symmetrical, the cynic and the whimsical, the learned and the illiterate, the straight and broad-minded, and the mind twisted and pinched. Here, for example, is a tall, erect, and symmetrically-built gentleman of sixty. He is a retired hydropathic doctor and phrenological lecturer. He is wealthy, affable, genial, but has a passion still for his old professions. Not a few get from him a shower of gratuitous hygienic advice, and several heads have come under those long dextrous fingers that detect all the lesser and larger "bumps," and make a man think himself more capable of the Presidency than Arthur, or of being a merchant-prince than Stewart or Shillitto.

That large, raw-boned, burly, bloated man, moving along yonder with careless, swinging gate, is the black sheep of a splendid flock. Whiskey and—— have ruined him, and he is here to get out of this sulphur water what it can't give him—what only the fountain opened in the house of David can do for him.

That tall, slim, blonde-haired, young man, with

"burnsides" and well-burnt cigar; with hat on his side head and cane swung aimlessly about, is a young Philadelphia lawyer, a "masher" of the silly fair ones, and yet with a smile and a courtesy for the uncomeliest old mountain-homed grandmother, or the old sire that ventures down here from his daubed cabin on the hill-side. His head is small, his forehead high, smooth and receding, but into that summit point of his anatomy is packed away a contradiction and a mystery to philosophy—two things occupying and filling the same space at the same time, and continuously! Sure as you live, that little head is full of silliness, and packed also with solid sense. He repeats history, he renders Shakespeare from memory, he quotes Latin, recites the Greek, keeps posted in politics, and is well read in the varying phrases of the old and new theologies. I heard an able plea from him last summer in a mock-trial, and am to enjoy a display of his legal learning and his elegant language this p. m.

I see yonder a knee-pantalooned young Adonis. He walks about here in a suit not well decided as between the dress of a base-ballist and the uniform of a fresh cadet. He is low in stature, tersely built, joints closely set, muscles firmly knit, and laid along the bones like elastic tongs. He seems hardly to touch the ground in his suppleness at lawn tennis, especially if he imagines, as he invariably does, that all the fair eyes are upon him. He, too, has been much among books. That he is enriched by little of their love is perhaps owing to his native vanity and his overmastering infatuation with the fair sex. No young man or young lady ever becomes great under the perpetual craze for the company of the other sex.

Those two ladies chatting beneath yonder spreading spruce tree, are maiden ladies, they are from Q. They say they are but twenty-six years of age. But there are

date marks about the forehead, and eyes, and cheeks that sit like interrogation points upon the statement. But as one is a radical Baptist, the other a devoted Episcopalian, and both well and efficient high-school teachers, we are constrained to accept their statement and attribute these chronologic lines to hard work and to probable disappointments at sometime under the age of thirty—no, twenty! They are intelligent, and have afforded us no little good by their inclination to sensible and soul-exalting conversation.

By the way this, like nearly all other health, rest, and pleasure retreats, seems a favorite resort for that much-abused class of ladies to which the two above-named belong. Many of these ladies are among the most useful class in society. Besides, it is better to live a single life all one's days, than marry a man who tarries at the wine, and robs his family to gratify his passion for billiards, dice, and cards. It is not wealth that assures happiness to the home, but that love of husband and wife that bound Eponina, of Roman history to her husband in prison, and led her to request Cæsar that she might die with her husband, saying: "Cæsar, do me this grace, for I have lived more happily with Civilis my husband in our prison-dungeon, and in the darkness, than thou in the splendor of thy palace." Home training and our schools ought to make Eponinas in noble womanhood of every young lady in our delightful Franklin.

You see yonder a small, well-dressed man, even faultlessly neat and trim in apparel, with costly chain and seal; with the sprinkled gray of sixty summers, whose mouth is Celtic and whose brogue is from Cork. By his side is a tall, stoutly built lady, his wife, the rustle of whose fabrics speak of their great cost. Every day presents her in a different dress, one seeming to vie with the

other in elaboration and value, till the Sunday toilet eclipses the competitors of the week and presents a new wonder for Sheba's queen. They are of Irish parentage, immensely wealthy, never keeping house, but all the time boarding, and spending their summers at the different watering-places of the country. They are from a great New England city, and are members of one of the leading denominations of that historic corporation.

The two accomplished ladies I barely overheard commenting upon my discourse last Sunday are from Bavaria. They are residing in Baltimore, are finely educated and have just enough of the German accent to impart a singular and beautiful euphony to their conversation. I find them well informed in the history and the current news of the Old World, and hardly the less conversant with our own history and times.

The tall, stately lady, with step firm and elastic, now walking yonder alone, is from another of our large cities. She is a widow of sixty, has seen the diversities of fortune and of life in their many phases. She lives sumptuously on a not easily-exhausted income, and spends her summers just as taste or inclination may determine. A young lady coming from her room approached us the other day with the exclamation, "eighty-eight!" "Eighty-eight what?" I inquired. "Why, eighty-eight diamonds—I counted eighty-eight!" These are as large diamonds as I have ever seen worn, and may be safely estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars.

Yonder sits a farmer from Kansas. He is a modest, kind-spoken, courteous, exemplary man, esteemed by all that are here. He is a man of piety, a lover of God, and has a large fund of information. By his example, by his modest manner, by his kindly-spoken words, and good advice to old and young, when proper to give it, he makes

himself a blessing to the place. He is also something of a poet, and I close these pencilings with but two of his stanzas, from a lengthier manuscript:

“From the hum of the city,
From the dust of the street,
From the office and shop,
What a blessed retreat.

“’Mongst the pine-clad hills
Where the sweet bird sings,
Where the water bursts forth
From the White Sulphur Springs.”

H. Y. RUSH.

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AMIDST THE MOUNTAINS

(*Chronicle* of July 31, 1884.)

DEAR EDITOR:—On the eve of going away I promised you a word while gone. How far away one may be whirled in a few hours,—from valley to mountain, from midland to sea, from heat and dust to highlands and healthful waters! Modern means of locomotion does well-nigh away with distance, and when we shall have passed over and received our pinions, then even heaven and earth will lie side by side.

How of late years the people flee from heat, and home, and business, and care! There comes a voice out of the rush of passing trains, saying, “Lo, *here* is rest, lo, *there* is health.” It’s largely a hygienic heresy, and custom and circumstance are its preachers. If people would plant fruit and shade—would picnic in the near ravines, and rest along their own rivers, they might thus bring near all

the benefits they seek from afar. Moreover, much that people seek from without, God intended them to obtain from within. Of course the soul is a wonderful absorbent, and singularly sensitive to surroundings. Nevertheless, the chief issues of satisfaction are from within, and much of the hunt for some happier lot is but an unconscious effort to get away from one's self. And yet there is now and then some good in so wide a world that requires a pilgrimage, and some needed help that justifies an expenditure. Who begrudges the cost of the brain-help one gets at Chautauqua; the tonic of the salt serf at Sea View; the health drank at Saratoga, or breathed in the aroma that floats down from the pines of the Alleghanies or hemlocks of the Catskills?

Taking the Baltimore and Ohio Road at Cincinnati, we passed on our way, the famous health and pleasure resorts at Oakland, Mountain Lake Park, Deer Park, etc. All these places have greatly improved since last summer. They are beautiful beyond description, popular beyond most of such places, and expensive beyond any desirable experience. They are all grand places for Parisian fashion, pearls, clusters, solitaires, rattans, snobs, cards, ten-pins, and hops—*health* (!).

We pass on.

Reaching Cumberland we (didn't) take breakfast at that grand and spacious Railroad House. We did *take* it there last summer, but how to *keep* it soon became the graver question. There is something about the flavor and odor of a great hotel kitchen that acts as a lever under the average human stomach. Could even that "great fish" have gotten one scent from some of the ill-kept kitchens, Jonah would have come to land. Brother Coleman's boarders have assured me that his house is a happy exception, and the smiling faces and plump forms I see be-

hind the counters and in other places of industry, assure me that Bro. C.'s dishes are palatable and plentiful.

So we lunched from the basket amply filled at Franklin. We then proceeded by rail to White Sulphur Springs, Bedford County, Pa., whence these pencilings for the *Chronicle*. This place is more as nature made it than any other health resort within my knowledge. The larger and the smaller trees still shade the ground and spread out into groves of cooling shade and romantic rambles. Art has made no other changes than to construct the five roads that radiate hence, and the paths that lead along ravines and wind about the hilly wilds. Many of the city ladies that gather here have a real or assumed horror of serpents. Soon after the arrival of such sensitive ones, they are informed of the names of certain of these roads and paths. For example: "This, madam, is Snake Avenue; there is Copperhead Ravine; that is Rattlesnake Street; over there is Blacksnake Way, and just yonder is Viper Walk. Bear Hollow and Panther Hill also have delightful rambles, madam!"

The guests that gather here are from various states, cities and sections. They are individuals and families, parents and children, professional men and men of manual industries, rich men and men of limited means, old men and young men, grave men and gay men, men who have come hither every season for thirty years and those here for the first time. But all easily become acquainted, and strong friendships are readily and frequently formed. A few snobs and fops find their way here, and it is quite noticeable that birds of this feather—if fledged at all—flock together.

Nearly all denominations are also represented. Among our most intimate friends is a devout Jewish family from Cumberland. Mrs. R. and myself have found in

them an exalted, pure, and companionable spirit. They profoundly respect all Christian people, and cherish a large reverence for the fact and forms of the Christian faith. I happen, as yet, to be the only clergyman upon the grounds, and have consented to preach for the assembled guest of the hotels next Sunday. The state of my own health requires all possible rest, and I must not respond to too many entreaties. Said a guest yesterday, from Kansas, "Preach anyhow; is not the commission, 'Go ye into all the world?' " I reminded him that the first commission forbade both the entering of Samaria and any preaching to the gentiles,—that it was solely to the lost sheep of the house of Israel,—that if I met with any such of the flock they would certainly be looked after.

Wishing well for the interests of the *Chronicle*, and forgetting none of my dear friends in Franklin and vicinity, I pause hoping for time to take the pen again hereafter.

H. Y. RUSH.

AUTUMN

(*Herald and Banner*, November, A. D. 1861)

Past are the summer's sunny days,
And garner'd all their golden grain.
Hushed are the spring bird's matin lays,
And fainter grow their Autumn strains.

Faded, the flowers that bloomed in May,
And bent before the maiden's tread;
Fallen, a thousand florets gay—
Their graves, their once nice border'd bed.

The leaves that crowned the oak and formed
A gallery for feathered choirs,
Have drooped, with rustling, stilly sound,
Pensive as sorrow's whispered prayers.

How changed! The earth so gay, and clad
In verdant garb with flowers inwove—
In mourning now—a seared robe,
Instead the green of bower and grove.

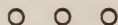
The winds that fanned the face of toil,
And wafted fragrance from the plain,
Now come again with moan and wail,
To usher in stern winter's reign.

But winter's robes of ice shall melt;
For summer's sun shall shine again,
And new-born beauty clothe the earth,
And other garnerers swell with grain.

So from the earth our lifeless forms,
Long mouldered back to native dust,
Shall rise arrayed in heavenly charms—
Shall rise to shine among the just.

Oh, joy! that e'en beneath my feet,
And o'er the wide-spread floral plain—
Where'er a flow'ret opes, I meet
A pledge that we shall live again.

Then mother dry thy streaming tears,
And still thy sobs and heaving sighs;
The infant bud that drooped so soon,
Shall bloom more beauteous in the skies.



CHRISTIANITY'S KEYSTONE

(*Herald* of March 27, 1902.)

In a significant sense Christ's resurrection is the keystone of Christianity. Could this be wrested from the arch, the entire edifice would fall into ruin. All the claims of Christianity would be refuted as a baseless falsehood. Our religion is built upon the person of Jesus Christ, who was declared to be the Son of God, with power by the resurrection of the dead. That resurrection demonstrates his divinity and guarantees all his children a life immortal. More than this, the Bible as a book of revelation stands or falls upon the fact of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection. You break the strongest link in Paul's logic if you can set aside his words, "How that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, was buried, and rose again the third day, according to the

Scriptures." This pivotal fact in history and in the Christian system he confirms by judicial proofs that would be unimpeachable in any civil court. By the legal requirements in such evidence, the witnesses were credible. The stupendous event fell within the reach of their senses, while in intelligence, memory, discernment, freedom from bias and without hope of gain, they were characters of unquestioned integrity.

Paul, with his liberal learning and his legal lore, cites some all-sufficient proofs that Christ had come forth from the tomb. He had been seen by more than five hundred brethren, some of whom had fallen asleep. He had appeared to Cephas and James, and to Paul himself, as one of the least of the apostles. To this wise apostle it did not appear how these witnesses could be accounted for or disposed of, if Jesus Christ had not risen from the dead. Some unbelievers assume to lay stress upon the story of the frightened, fleeing, falsifying guards—their story of the stolen body. Well, if they accept the Gospel narrative at all, let us ask what they think of another part of the record. What said the angel about his rising—about the living not being found among the dead? We will set that angel's testimony over against all the fabrications of bribed soldiers, perjurers and murderers. The veracity of unholy men is always in the market, and self-interest will always determine their statements. In the devil's delusions, pride and pedantry also play their part. That the Sadducees denied the resurrection was a doctrinal necessity—a cruel sectarian consistency. So also when the Athenian Greeks mocked at St. Paul. The overwise students of Platonism said that the resurrection denied nature, and a few prigs of the present-day pulpit affect to prune Christianity of its miracles. But the learned Paul saw in Jesus the glorious fulfilment of the words:

"I will destroy this temple and in three days rear it again." Having seen, touched and handled the Lord before His ascension; assured now that He lived again; having received His commission and the promise of His presence till the end, the apostles accepted Him as their Messiah. Henceforth for Him they faced all dangers, feared not the gleaming axe, braved blazing fagots and the fierce beasts of the arena. Ascended to His Father, He spake again to His people through His servant John, assuring them: "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore." "Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth." Oh, glorious truth! oh, blessed Easter memorial! Brethren, neglect not the paschal supper, which commemorates both Calvary and Olivet—atoning death, triumphant life, the gathering home.

This bread and cup "do show the Lord's death till he come." Celebrate this death, for the life that followed is the fortress-fact, the Gibraltar of our faith. Never can it be successfully assailed. Above this bulwark waves our Easter day flag in triumph over atheism, over death, over doubt and despair.



LIFE FROM DEATH

(*The Christian Messenger*, March 28, 1902.)

No Christian anniversary is more fruitful of religious lessons than Easter day. It leads us to canvass anew the great questions of death and life. Out of this contemplation come deeper and diviner revelations. Just here we are impressed with how little Jesus said of death and how

much He spake and taught of life. Notably, He seems to drop death out of both figure and phraseology. He speaks of Lazarus and of Jairus' daughter as "sleeping." He alludes to His own death as a "going away." But in every parable, in every sermon, in every casual speech, He says something about life. In every way He presses home upon us the unutterable significance of life. Wherefore His frequency of mention and emphasis by notable acts? Because it is life and not death that shapes character and determines destiny.

Each day's living leaves its changeless touch upon our lives, making us worse or better, more or less like Christ. But mere dying has no moral quality. It is not our act, but an appointment to all. It is not of volition, but of passivity, and has no more of virtue or fault than there is in being born. The Scriptures speaking, our own experience testifying, our observation of men corroborating, living is everything. Put what stress you may upon the dying words of friends, their living testimony only is essential. Perhaps some think too much of death and too little of glorifying Christ in their daily life. Our dying, our ceasing to breathe, will have nothing to do in fixing destiny. That you and I are fixing every day, and death can do no more than stamp upon it an eternal seal.

These Easter days may we more and more turn our attention to the life that now is—a life that will go on forever under the resurrection pledge of immortality, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

West Milton, Ohio.

THE WORTH OF WINTER

(*Christian Sun* of January 11, 1905)

The holiday season has come and gone. There now stretch before use well-nigh a dozen winter weeks. Let not these many leisure days and long evenings be idly spent. Let them hold for each one of us the joy and blessing of solid work. So valuable is time that every day and every hour we may sift some of its golden sands into our lives. Warm fires and long winter evenings are providential opportunities for all mental and moral improvement. In this way the winter may become a little kindergarten, a little school, a little college, a little sanctuary in the home—a vestibule to many better things. Let family life, social life, intellectual and spiritual life receive renewal and enlargement these long winter nights. Refresh mind and soul in the Word of God. Let dictionary, encyclopedia and atlas come back for a time into our studious reviews. No sensible view of life allows its opportunities to be lost. No man, woman or youth that has caught a true vision of life's mission will allow the gathering of any rust or dust upon his or her faculties. Nor will such a one number among the books for winter-night reading any volume of mere trash, nonsense or sensation. A mind that feeds itself upon such froth becomes unfit for any noble or needful service in life. When such light souls are weighed in the balances, or more charitably tested, they are found wanting—perhaps worthless. Young people of the large *Christian Sun* family, waste none of your winter days or nights reading volumes of no moral, literary or intellectual worth. Their reading will corrupt the mind, rob it of high ambition, and lower its standards of true excellence. An overmastering passion for novel reading, theater attendance, and games, of either

skill or chance, doom one to mental indifference, moral stupor, and worthlessness to the world. Whatever life becomes harmful in its example and hurtful in its influence, is worse than worthless. It has become an enemy to man, a danger to society, a pitfall, a destroyer of good—a moral murderer. Remember that God never forgets, nor shall we forget. God will judge us, and ruined souls may rise up to condemn us. It is wise, it is good, it is blessed, it is all joy, to live this short life for the endless life which is but a step beyond. Reader, be this thy prayerful resolve.

West Milton, Ohio.



DENOMINATION AND NAME

(Herald of April 15, 1897.)

For significance, teaching, distinction, names are a necessity. But neither nature nor art has imparted any virtue or charm to a mere word. Nor in Scripture is quality conferred through a name. Absalom means "father of peace," but he embittered his own father's life with war. Jerusalem means "place of peace," but was for over two thousand years a theater of strife. Cain means "artificer," but this first murder seemed not inclined to mechanics. Huldah means "mole" or "weazel," but that prophetess of God rose above the bad import of her name. Sinai is forever a sacred name, though the word means "dedicated to the god of Sin." Sunday comes with resurrection sanctity into the church's calendar, though the word has a heathen origin. God has blest men, and cities, and days, and denominations under strange, curious, and contradictory names. The Lord is

not man that he should look only upon labels. He is not a sorcerer to make a fetich of a noun, to put a spell into pronunciation, or fellowship into a shibboleth. He looks deeper than surfaces and titles. He counts not against men and churches their venial mistakes—mistakes, perhaps, only in the eyes of men—mistakes more imaginary than mortal. Providence seems not to have conditioned denomination growth upon a title. What are the facts—what the voice of the last century's evangelism? One church works well-nigh a century, and under the name "Christian" gathers a hundred and fifty thousand followers into its fold. Within the same time a sister denomination enlists five hundred thousand under another Biblical name, "Disciple." In a little longer time the Methodist Episcopal Church grows to little less than three million communicants, and now dedicates two new churches every day in the year. All these peoples are "on the Lord's side," but on whose side is the Lord? On the side of weakness and strength, small things and great—of all things that promote righteousness and do not discourage, that build Christward and do not destroy.

In philology that is the best language which is most elastic in its application and rich in its range of synonyms. In theology those truths are most precious to which we can give flexible, simple, satisfying expression. Hence Christ is not inclosed in some iron-like, unvarying mono-word, to be pierced only by Greek scholarship and appreciated only by classic and cultured mind. He comes to us in the beautiful terms of the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin, the Anglo-Saxon, and is to us a Messiah, a Savior, a Teacher, and Friend, a Physician, a Healer. To his follower and to his church he gives endearing names, and speaks in many-sided expressions: Christian, disciple, friend, son, servant, children, brethren, saints,

congregation, church of God, etc. What range and richness of title; what terms to express our common spiritual parentage, our divine kinship and brotherhood in Christ! Some have counted in the Bible three hundred and sixty-seven titles of Christ. Every such name is a window that helps us to see the Savior within. The church which holds the Christ within to be superior to any one of or all these word-windows, has spiritual power. Such a church will save souls under any title of its Head, Christ, or of the body, the "ecclesia"—the congregation—the church. Christ means anointed. One bearing the name "Christian" may be anointed or may not. One bearing the name "Disciple" or "Congregationalist" may be anointed or may not. The anointing without the name is better than the name without the anointing.

It is creeds that keep the churches of Christ apart. A creed may be a word, an article, thirty-nine articles, or a little volume. Put your ear to the shortest of such creeds, and out of that little shell—"hard" as any other "shell"—is murmured: "*Come to us—when you believe with us!*" All these distinctions of exclusion impose an inexorable condition. It may be a form of speech, a style of dress, a cut of hair, a hat, a cap, single or trine immersion, thirty-nine articles of faith, four articles, one article, or one word—"Christian." Blessed, comprehensive, generic name. If we speak of Christ's church on earth as a whole, we may say, "The Christian Church." If we speak of a single sect or division of that entire body, it is a misnomer to say, "*The Christian Church.*"

I shall stand to the end upon the platform of our fathers as to Christian character being the only test of fellowship and of denominational co-operation. I could find in no other pale a nobler brotherhood or more helpful fellowship. The trend of our fairly and ably edited pa-

per and of its correspondence is all in the line of less tenacity for what Gallio termed "words and names," and for what Paul preached and died—the union of Jew and Gentile into one faith and one fellowship—and this in a Person and not in a title—in charity, in love, and not in form and show that are as tinkling cymbals.

West Milton, Ohio.



RELIGION AND LONG LIFE

(Chronicle, December 29, 1904.)

Practical religion is a friend of longevity in a fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. You all know many good old men and but very few bad old men. Why? Bad men seldom live to get old. Lord Byron died at Missolongh at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar Allen Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens. "Only this and nothing more." Napoleon Bonapart lived only just beyond mid-life, and died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. You have known many people who have not lived out half their days on account of their dissipations and indulgences. Now practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind. But you say professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropri-

ated trust funds, professors or religion have absconded. This is all true but they threw away their religion before they did their morality and before they did these evil acts. If a man on a White Star Line steamer bound for Liverpool in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star Line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.



ALWAYS WITH US

(October 23, 1884.)

My pastoral work has recently brought me into contact with much sickness. One aged sister I received into church and baptized on the Sabbath. The Sabbath following she went home to Jesus. She said to me a few hours before her departure, "I am satisfied; I am happy, for Jesus is always with me." How precious her testimony! Yes, Jesus is always with us. When the cup of sorrow is brimful, and earthly helps have wholly failed, to the heart comes this comfort: "I will not forsake thee." When worldly friendships fly away as thistledown when struck with a rod, Jesus is still the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. When the death-shadow creeps over the face of our dearest earthly friend, Jesus is still the ever-living Helper. When Satan would insidiously lure us back to the world, there comes to us the help of

these words: "I have prayed for thee," "lo, I am with thee." Awful may be the storm that breaks upon us, but above its roar there falls upon the soul that ripple of melody: "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee." I think it was Rutherford that said, "Faint not, for the miles to heaven are few and short."

Brother, sister, faint not. There are many heads lying on Jesus' bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest.

H. Y. R.



A PLEASURABLE PRIDE

(*Herald* of September 30, 1897.)

In a certain county of Ohio there is a city seat of justice, and several other large and prosperous towns. In each of these there are several churches besides that of our people. In the Monday morning ministerial meetings of these towns, our pastors give proof of equal education, culture, and sermonizing ability with those of the other churches. May not one have a pleasurable pride in ministerial brethren of such professional ambition and ability? And why their capacity to cope in all theological and literary discussions with others—to measure homiletic strength with the strongest? It is all the outgrowth of an intelligent and holy love for one's calling. It is a reward of study and of industriously acquired information.

Who could be blamed for blushing, if our pastors in those towns were compelled to take a back seat in assemblies of the cultured, and to keep closed lips for fear of infracting the rules of good English, and of betraying stupidity, when power might have been their possession?

No one has any proper denominational pride who can keep back the blush at any wilful outlandishness in his preacher. You want your family horse, cat, and dog to appear as well as those of your neighbor over the way. Ought not brethren to have even more pride in the man whom they have often to introduce with the statement: "This is our pastor?"

Happily, we now have academies, colleges, and theological institutes, where pious, ambitious, and worthy young men can secure the Scriptural and reasonable educational helps in the highest of all human callings. Churches should make no terms with preachers who are too indolent to study, and too eager for unmerited promotion. Eaglets that have waited for their wings, do not ask for other help to rise. To be borne wingless above, is to fall fatally back to earth. The "*Excelsior*" motto of a true young minister has in it the elements of every-day and ever-enduring growth.

West Milton, Ohio.



AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH

(*Sun*, March 5, '02)

The Christians South walk under a clearer sky to-day than ever before. In aspiration and enterprise they are abreast with the times. To such a condition their origin and early days were favorable. Happily, from the times of O'Kelly they have stood firm for the Word of God. At the same time they have invoked the mighty and providential helps of schooling and culture. Seen in their own Southland, or met with in the North, they impress us with

their courtesy, culture and Christian consecration. All their delegates sent to conventions in the North are remembered and esteemed for the qualities I have catalogued. There is a scriptural sense in which it is important that any people be evangelical. No prosperity or spiritual power is possible to a sect that lifts not up Christ and the Holy Scriptures. From the days of O'Kelly the Christians South have recognized the primal importance of being born again. They have put stress upon a spiritual, prayerful life and a family altar. What was spiritually good in Wesley they brought along; what was sect-like in his system they left behind. Their sermons at Northern conferences have been rich, strong, and instructive in gospel truth—free from pulpit pedantry, displays of spread-eagle oratory, and explosions of philosophy falsely so called. There is almost mountain weight in Rev. Alva M. Kerr's late statement in *The Sun*, quoted from the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*: "In all the conferences I attended not one word was spoken to raise a doubt or to detract from the divinity of Christ and the church." Bro. Kerr, as I think, saw our people in the South in the right light. Had the whole Christian movement, East, and West, sprung from O'Kelly, it would have been more positive and less negative, more evangelistic and less controversial. Oftentimes we might have been driving Satan's forces before us instead of lying in trenches or mounting guns against those who should have been fellow-soldiers under the same Captain. Fortunately, the Southern church has never been a field of debate, but a broad land of brotherly co-operation. Our pulpit there is strong, and our laity are awake to work and sacrifice. All the elements of culture and consecration are crystallizing into unity and gathering for a harmonious move for larger usefulness and greater victories for Christ.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

(*Herald of Gospel Liberty*, March 6, '02)

A few Sundays ago the Sunday-school lesson was on Christ's feeding the five thousand. This brief exposition begun then was delayed by illness till to-day. You will remember that beautiful golden text, "*I am the bread of life.*" Every day the body hungers for bread, and thrice a day we are gladdened at the sight of it as we gather at the board. At every meal we are thus reminded of Him who fed the hungry thousands, and who supplies manna to starving souls. Precious symbol of the soul's life and strength! Every loaf, cut and crumb of bread preaches Christ. The plate itself mutely proclaims Him who is the soul's daily and never-dying life. On the oval rim of our family bread-plate the potter has molded in raised letters the Master's words: "Give us this day our daily bread." Think of so many preachers in one cottage home—our every-day dining-room preachers: plate, loaf, slice, and tiniest crumb!—all mute reminders of Christ, our Bread of life. Morning, noon and night we seem to hear them saying in holy concert: "I am the bread of life;" "Give us this day our daily bread;" "He that eateth of this bread shall live forever."

Bread is the life of the body, and all our physical vitality is but the diffused effect of our food. So is Christ the life of the soul, and all our spiritual energy is but the abounding of Christ in our higher being. To the soul Christ is more than medicine: he is food. Christ is more than curative: He is constructive. Christ's omnipotent "*Talitha cumi*" was followed by the command, "Give her to eat." Too many preachers arouse, but do not instruct; they stir emotion, but supply no meat. Jesus brings both healing and nutrition, pleasure and power. Joy comes

with His salvation, but the blessing abides in a daily up-building through bread—the Bread of life—“our daily bread.” Bread! Blessed type of the Manna that imparts immortality. Let us reverence it, and see in it as much as does the untutored Arab. It is said that if he finds “a bit of bread in the road, he will pick it up reverently, kiss it, touch it to his forehead, and placing it on a wall or in some convenient place for the birds to find, will say, ‘We must not tread under feet the gift of God.’” May we all treat this sacred symbol with equal reverence, hearing the words of Jesus as given in the sixth chapter of John, and answering, “Lord, evermore give us this bread.”

West Milton, Ohio.



A MESSENGER OF PEACE

(*The Christian Messenger* of May 17, '01)

A brother visiting my home a few days since found a late *Christian Messenger*, with other papers, on the table. Carefully reading it for a time, he looked up and said: “I like the *Messenger*; I find peace in all its pages.” This led me to think that it cannot be denied with truth, nor confessed without shame, that our cause has seriously suffered from doctrinal controversy. It was the policy of our fathers to unite the people of God and to secure that oneness of the church for which Jesus prayed. The early Christians declared that a church composed of hundreds of discordant sects must fall at last like a house divided against itself. It is not the business of the Christians to make over the creeds of Christendom, but to harmonize into one family the children of God under all creeds. If

instead of assuming to revise the world's creeds we had adhered to our beautiful mission of unity, we could have enjoyed from the first the same interdenominational affiliations that give us to-day so happy a fellowship and co-operation with the sister communions of Christendom. To open now a grave holding the two buried hatchets, Trinity and Anti-Trinity, is to invite an ill that a century might not cure. As musical to-day as when the refrain echoed from an angel throng, are the words, "Peace" and "Goodwill."

West Milton, Ohio.

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USEFULNESS IN AGE

(*Sun*, of August 20, '02)

The Christian life favors longevity and unimpaired mental activity. Intelligence and scripture teaching foster a scrupulous care for health. Persons constitutionally feeble attain to long life by a careful observance of physical law. Every virtue helps to build up a sturdy bodily vitality. We have among us quite a catalogue of aged ministers in excellent health of body and mind—fresh, too, in all the fine affections of the heart. Many of these are still the mental and spiritual benefactors of the reading and thoughtful multitudes. In the South are Wellons, and Holland and others; in the North are Coe, Weston, McWhinney, and others. Would that we had room for a longer list. Those mentioned, and others, have blessed us all through the pulpit and the press or by the stainless purity of their lives. Thousands have been enriched by the wisdom of their words and by the grace, purity and instructiveness of their writings. Down to these evenings

of their days they speak on, work on, write on, or teach on to win from the brotherhood fresh regard. For many sterling qualities I must reckon in their ranks venerable women like Dr. Long's mother in Alamance, and Mrs. Caroline Ellis, ex-assistant editor of the *Herald*, in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Blessed women of God, mothers in Israel!—we cannot associate with their venerable forms any infirmity of mind or failure of their beautiful affection. The divinity of the gospel, the wonder and greatness of grace divine, have unfailing proof in the long and good life of the venerable, and in the trustful, beautiful spirit in which they come down to the grave and step into the gate of glory.



THE NATURAL TWIST

(*The Messenger*, August 27, '02)

Some years ago an old farmer was expressing his opinion about preachers. He was noted for his common sense and his ready use of apt and homely illustrations. He said he had noticed that there are two kinds of preachers, one natural and the other artificial. He preferred the natural. He said they did not change with time, use, weather or situation. The natural preacher, he said, is like a scythe snath. Artificially bent, they often lost their necessary shape. But now and then he could find one in the woods that had just the right "twist." He would dress and polish it and attach it to the scythe, and it never lost its twist. The store snath was of higher polish, and prettier to look at than the natural, but as it was shaped by steam it lacked the durability of the natural twist.

By natural twist the farmer meant certain abilities

born with the preacher. Without these abilities all artificial discipline of thought, culture of voice and study of manner fail to make a preacher. Nature must have done much for the successful preacher. But nature must be remedied, and God's messenger must receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. Natural abilities are necessary, but they require the supplement of that which is to be superadded. To have been well born is seen to be a great advantage in the man who has been born again. Larger will be the share of acquired qualification in the preacher possessed of the right natural gifts. Limited and questionable is the success of the preacher who professes a call from the Lord, but who is all the time impressing us that he was born without "the natural twist." On such, money and many school years have often been disappointingly spent.



AN UNTOLD STORY

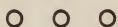
(*Sun*, August 27, '02)

It is generally known that P. T. Barnum, the great showman, was a strong temperance man and a conformer to the most rigid rules of morality. He and our lamented David Clark, of Hartford, Conn., were most intimate friends. Much of Mr. Barnum's large benevolence was at Brother Clark's suggestion. Barnum said, "I'll make the money but you must tell me where it can be given for the greatest good." But the story, as it was told to me by Brother Clark:

One day a well-dressed snob was speaking derisively of the Christian religion. Mr. Barnum's gentle reproof was insolently met with the question, "Are you a preacher?" "No," said the showman, "but I believe in morality,

and I believe in meeting-houses and in the gospel. Show me a place where are no meeting-houses and where preachers are never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats are stuffed into the windows, where the gates have no hinges, where the women are slipshod, and where maps of the devil's wild land are marked out on men's shirt bosoms with tobacco juice—that's what I'll show you. Let's consider what the preachers and what religion do for us, sir, before we abuse them."

Could any reply have met the case more in keeping with fact? Judged by its fruits the tree of the gospel truth stands grandly every test.



SECOND-WORK SANCTIFICATION

(*Christian Sun*, March 24, 1901)

Perfectionists have never yet agreed as to what is Scriptural sanctification—its conditions, steps, processes, experiences and fruits. Christ says, "Seek and ye shall find." That must apply to blessings recognizable when obtained. Should one seek some indescribable or variously described good, its identification would be impossible if found. God in His goodness has made unmistakable the criterion of having passed from death unto life.

This winter the writer heard a three-weeks' series of sermons by one who for twenty years has been a preacher and expounder of "sanctification." In some points he radically differed from others of his own doctrinal school. But, like most of his brethren, he had come to see teachings of "sanctification" in nearly everything between Genesis and Revelation. In all the Tabernacle and the Temple construction he saw them; in all their apartments,

appointments and priestly administrations he saw them. In all the books and chapters, and in nearly all the miracles and parables of the New Testament, he saw them. If he did not see them in the Morocco and the silken stitches of the binding, he at least imagined them in all that was written between the lids of that well-read volume.

With a preconceived theology one may find doctrinal supports in texts irrelevant to the subject. Such a reader, however honest and pious, will see the truth but in parts. These parts he will magnify beyond their normal proportions. In so doing the tendency is to bias and unbalance—to make so morbid the mental vision that a patch of truth expands into a plantation. Notice visitors at county fairs and in halls of art. A finisher of spokes sees more in a single wheel than in all else of the artistic chariot. A worker in pearl is more fascinated with that one ornament than with all the gorgeous entirety of the queen's robe. So with specialists in the support of a dogma. Hence Paul's charge to Timothy, admonishing him to observe the whole catalogue of inspired teaching, without preferring one before another. They who teach doctrines in segments may unintentionally distort the parts as adjusted by the Spirit in truth's perfect circle. God has made all saving and essential truth so simple, so attainable, so attractive that the tiniest fingers of faith can bend about them and bring them close to the pulsing heart. Doctrines that disturb and distract the pious and long-established believer with the groundless apprehension that he has traveled toward perdition while honestly thinking that he was nearing Paradise, have never come to any parish in these parts with messages of harmony and measures for enlarged spiritual power.

By the way, I note in the *Sun* of the 28th ultimo that

a beloved brother sees in the vine and the branches of John 15:2, the doctrine of "sanctification" "in full force." He sees therein "most positive evidence of the second work of grace in the individual believer." He makes it stronger still. He says: "It is as plain as your hand before you at midday?" Thus plain to whom? To him. All depends upon who looks, whose hand is held up, from what sun beams the light. To the Romanist the flesh of Christ is plain in the communion wafer; the blood plain in the wine; the true church's foundation plain in Peter. To over three hundred sects in America three hundred clashing creeds are each to somebody as plainly scriptural as your uplifted hand is plain at midday. Now, if either Christian unity or individual experience of conversion is to depend upon every man's seeing with this hand-plainness just as every other man sees, very far off must be the millennium of fellowship and of uniform feeling of "Christ in us the hope of glory." But to the parable and to our brother's argument. The vine is pruned (purged or cleansed), and that, he says, is "the second work of grace." Well, the vine was pruned every year during the long existence of a Palestine vineyard. And here, alas for the logic, is a second, third, and possibly a forty-third work of grace! All this parabolic care of the vine means simply more vine, more pruning, more fruitfulness, more and more sanctification, growth, blessedness, even unto the day of perfect bliss. If my beloved brother's argument proves anything it proves too much, and hence proves nothing.

Bible meanings bend not accommodately even to most honest differences of doctrine. Every verse of Scripture is a coin from the heavenly mint, pure, perfect, unchangeably superscribed. It is not as potter's clay, to be shaped to every man's liking, or to take the convenient

mold of multitudinous opinions. Nothing better, after all, than the old-time Christian notion that love is the fulfilling of the law, the evidence of having passed from death unto life, and of fitness for the fellowship of all the saints. I believe that my brother of that "midday" plainness abounds in and ably proclaims this wondrous love, and that to him, not less than any else, it is the bond of a blessed brotherhood. If any man's love bind him to Christ, bind him heart to heart to his brother, his "sanctification" sufficeth.



IS SANCTIFICATION A CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE?

(*Christian Sun* of December 20, 1900)

Every teaching, every truth of the Bible, is a Christian tenet. A perfect creed must include every scriptural principle and precept. Omitting the dot of an "i" may throw the whole body of the Bible doctrine out of balance. A perfect creed would therefore resolve itself back into the Bible. Hence the Christian claim that a full Bible is the only infallible guide. A perfect creed can be nothing less than a copy of the Scriptures—a perfect "Declaration of Principles," only their duplicate. All fads of faith only fractionize a truth. They mar its symmetry and incite men to schisms. They destroy the perfect poise of individual, mental and moral being. They divide the body of Christ. Controversy is engendered. With the same Bible in hand, "every one of you hath an interpretation." Creeds, systems, standards multiply. The accepted ones of Christ are sharply criticised or excommunicated. Babels of new beliefs spring up. They rise not to completion because of clashing and quick confusion among their own builders.

There are now many schools of sanctificationists. The one represented by their three weeks' meeting, now in progress at this place, is a modification of many others. The preacher is able; and excellent for all is much of his discourse. But pressing his faith into every "crack and cranny" of lesson and text, hinders and handicaps his work. In the firmament of scriptural truth God makes no one orb to eclipse all the rest of the heavens. He shuts not man in a universe of instruction with a window opening but in a single direction.

Multifarious are our mental conceptions, and varied are our emotions. Love, charity, changes not. It feeds upon all that is good, feels after all that is good, fellowships all that is good. It plunges into no excess. It is incomparable of conduct that is ludicrous, foolish, Pharisaic. It stops no man on the street and says: "Oh, brother, don't you want to feel as I feel; to live above every evil thought and every temptation, as I live? If you do, get sanctified; get the 'second' blessing!"

The Christians have no defined or dictated tenet touching a "second blessing"—the when, the where, the how of one's everyday brighter and higher experiences. We are all in the school of Christ, and the divine Teacher turns out variant but truest types of both clerical and lay life. Last machines shape all blocks of wood alike, and the foundry matrix gives the same mold to all metals. The developing potency of the Spirit is not thus mechanical. God makes over man and still maintains his individuality—preserves unity in diversity. But in the quality of love there is uniformity. To have that love is to have Christ; to have Christ is to have liberty—liberty that is heaven-given, heaven-like, tolerant, beautiful and brotherly. It never sets up standards of opinions and experiences for others. It demands not uni-

formity of experience, nor declares those without it to be still in darkness and under condemnation.

Our Declaration of Principles mentions but defines not "Sanctification." It makes the doctrine no test. By more than fifty years the Christians, South, antedate the Declaration—the Bible by eighteen hundred and fifty years. The Declaration was prepared by an uninspired committee of three. The Bible was written by sixty-six authors appointed and inspired of God. The Declaration is good—humanly correct. The Bible is better—divinely perfect.

Sanctification—consecration—complete and unchanging surrender to God—oh, its blessedness! To be fully consecrated, to be consciously accepted, to be blest a first, "second," third, a thousand times; to know the love of God for yourself; to be lifted above mere doctrinal terms and conflicting interpretations; to be bound by no other man's emotions or exegetical demands—to be so blest is bliss itself in foretaste—is liberty, joy and fellowship in the Holy Ghost. True sanctification has in it sweetness, light and love; has in it breadth and height; depth and width; capacity and possession. It is rich in all the wealth of charity and fellowship that unite the weak and the strong, the great and the small of Christ's family into one. So O'Kelly saw it, and based our spiritual oneness, not on Wesley's notion of "Perfect Love," but on Christ's higher standard of spiritual kinship and likeness to himself. Character wrought out, and not the full elaboration of the Spirit's methods, is all that our fathers demanded.

In the technical discussion of "Sanctification" scholarship has wrestled with Hebrew and Greek roots. Out of the contest have come interpretations as various and more numerous than the denominations. So here we are

—remanded back to the Bible, and reminded of John's touching injunction: "If God so loved us we ought also to love one another." Through one of His apostles Christ also so commands Obedient to His every word, every teaching and tenet of the Bible wheels into line and lifts to its high place that capstone and completeness in all Christian teaching—in all Christian virtues—"Love is the fulfilling of the law."



NOT TOO FAST

(*Sun*, June 27, 1901)

The traveler must not get before his guide nor he that is led before his leader. We live in an age of irreverence, of worldly wisdom, of big conceit. Unprecedented is all material progress. Never before such strides in manual arts. Steam and electricity have multiplied mechanical power. What is the bearing of these leaps and bounds upon religion?

The material and the moral are out of parallel. The former rightfully searches for nature's law; the latter would wrongfully supersede our divine revelation. To the contrary, the church should study Christ and His Word. In these there is all that is good, both new and old. Men's new things are God's old things. Man's most modern discoveries are of creations a million years old; are of laws ordained in the infinite past. We may get our printing presses, telephones, and electric cars through evolution, but we must get genuine doctrine and good religion through Revelation. The conceit of learned theologians and the wiseacres of skepticism are all a whole eternity behind God. They will never catch up

even with Moses, Elijah and John the Baptist. As to Christ, they are still behind Him clean out of sight. The most pious, the most truly learned, the most devout student of the New Testament will scarcely have mastered the alphabet of the "Book of books" when the world shall stand at last in its very zenith of its material and moral attainment. And yet even some preachers would have us believe that a progressive revelation is to carry us beyond the teachings of the holy Scriptures. Thanks be to God, this is a Book of infinite wisdom. Even in the centuries of a long future the creed and religion of the "coming man" will be that of Revelation and not of Evolution.



ADVERTISED REPUTATIONS

(*Herald* of September 5, 1901)

It is very proper that our papers speak of good men and their good works. Providence uses the press to acquaint us with the Christ-like characters of earlier and of later times. Their very lives are a lesson to us, and will be an inspiration to better life in later generations. Their worth to the world should be told everywhere, in type and by the living tongue. But the press should never be used to publish abroad fictitious abilities—talents beyond most charitable computations at home. Compliments of the papers should make no minister larger abroad than is justified by the measurement of his neighbors. If a brother himself is tempted to over-publish his work, or pour reputation from the fuller pitcher of his predecessor, let him listen to Paul: "Though I would desire to glory, I shall not be foolish;.....but I forbear, lest any man should think of me above that which he

seeth me to be, or heareth from me." 2 Cor. 12:6. Possibly Paul's "abundance of revelation" tempted him to "exaltation." Therefore that "thorn in the flesh." It was well, for copious inflow of mental and spiritual light may have pressed hard the apostle's humility. But this profusion of illumination comes not to self-seeking and stolid minds. Until supernal rays have pierced such opacity it will be spared the great apostle's plodding of the flesh. But, to sum all up in brevity, let no man's work, no man's ability be over-advertised. Where this is done, somebody is deceived, and somebody suffers. Becoming modesty and just measurement of one's self would raise no expectations impossible to meet.



PARAGRAPHIC

(*Sun*, August 27, 1902)

Revivals are apostolic and old-time. They are needed, too, in our new times. We should never outlive them, and we can never outgrow them. But they must be understood and must not be overdone. Too much must not be expected of the enthusiasm of crowds, the inspiration of eloquence, the rush and hurry of the multitude. Public prayers, often from doubtful brethren, are not spiritually and scripturally prevailing. To pray for one's self and to wrestle in the closet brings better results than are possible to mere public exhibitions of penitence and zeal.

The other day I heard the remark: "I always hate to have to write a letter!" But we must remember that there are different kinds of epistles. Of these Paul makes most important what he calls "living epistles."

Even a poor penman can become himself an epistle for Christ—an epistle “not written with ink but with the spirit of the living God.” To the poorest reader such epistles are legible, truthful, instructive, saving.

The power to proselyte requires no true religion. A big tent goes around over this country. It is pitched here and there to make proselytes and not converts. One reason some fads are bent on the business of proselyting, is they are not able to make converts. The proselyter is a sea-and-land compasser, making weak men and women many-fold more the children of delusion. They need no grace, no mind of the good Master to do this. One idea and a lot of impudence make their equipment complete. Sect building was always easy, because narrowness must rest on a single stone. It cannot compass the twelve tribes, the twelve apostles, and Christ for the chief corner. Such a combination of history, of truth, of providence, of tact and divine force, is too broad for a fancy, a fad, a mere feeling.



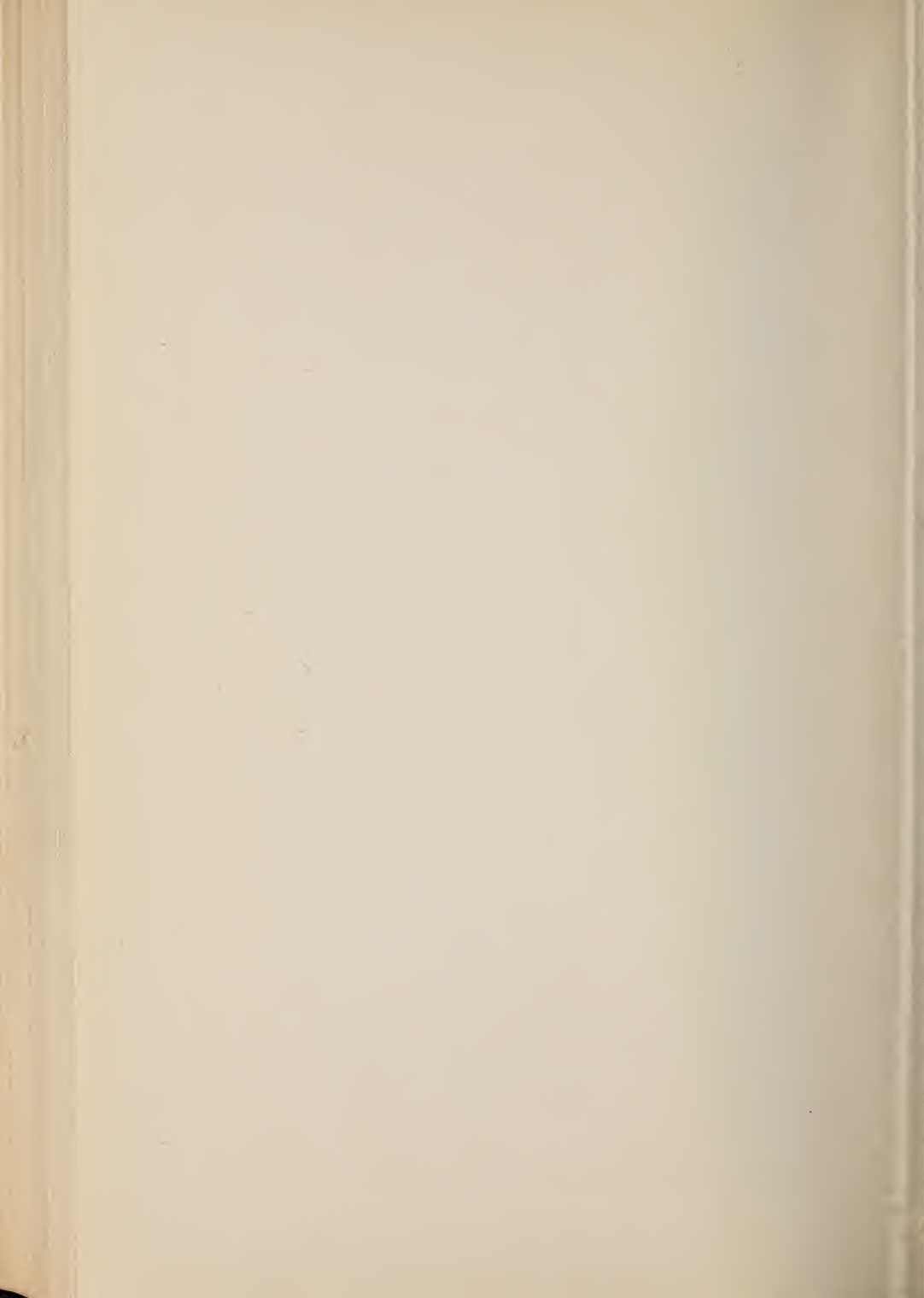
SCHOOL-OPENINGS—STUDY—TEACHING

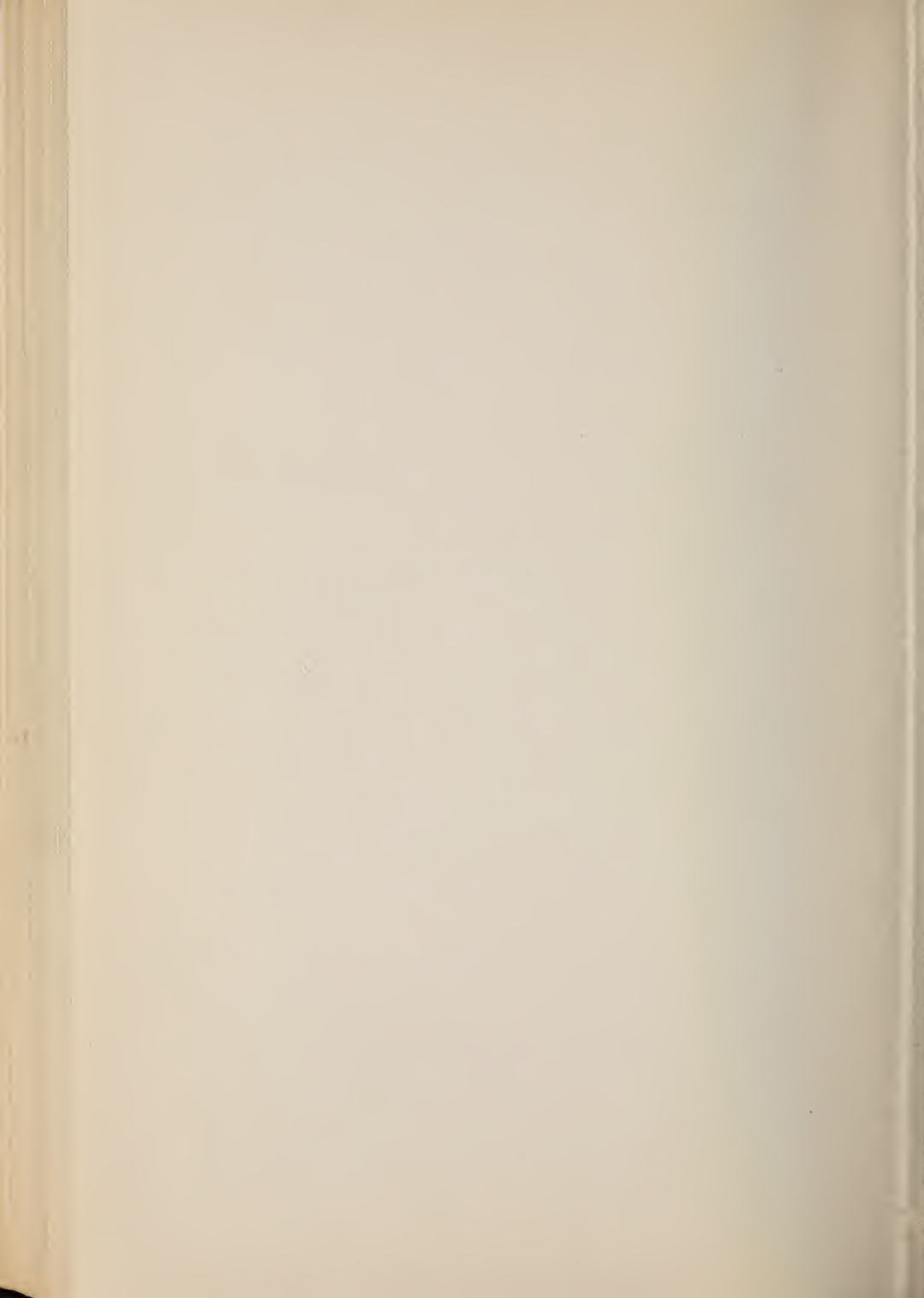
(*Sun*, September 12, 1901)

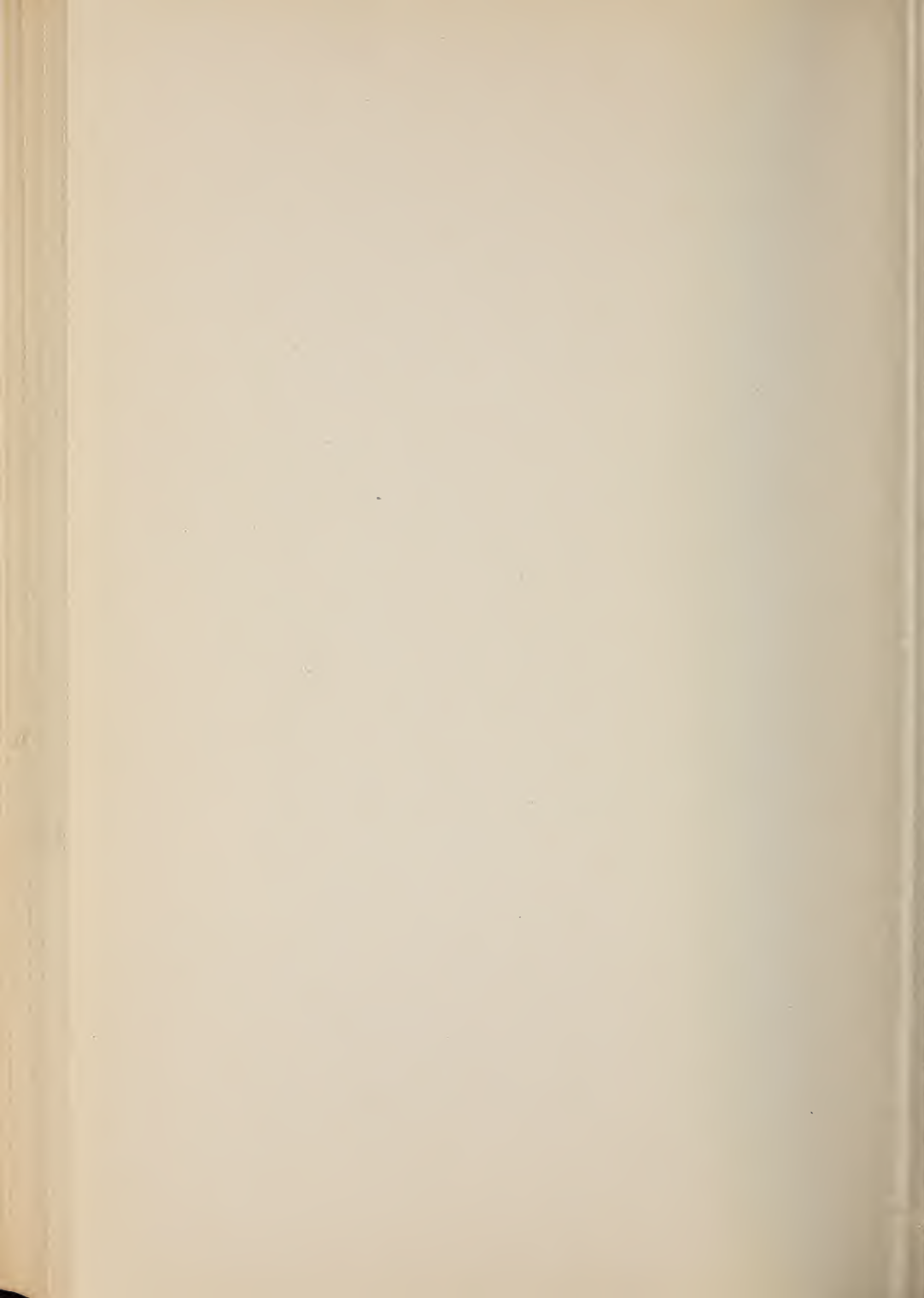
Elon College and a thousand other schools will soon have their autumn openings. So far as possible let every Christian family send one or more sons or daughters to college. The opening of schools is a great day in the life of pupil and of his teachers. How can I best study? and How can I best teach? are just now questions of momentous importance. Wrong methods of teaching do the pupil irreparable injury. A Greek musician asked twice as much for teaching those who had had other instructors

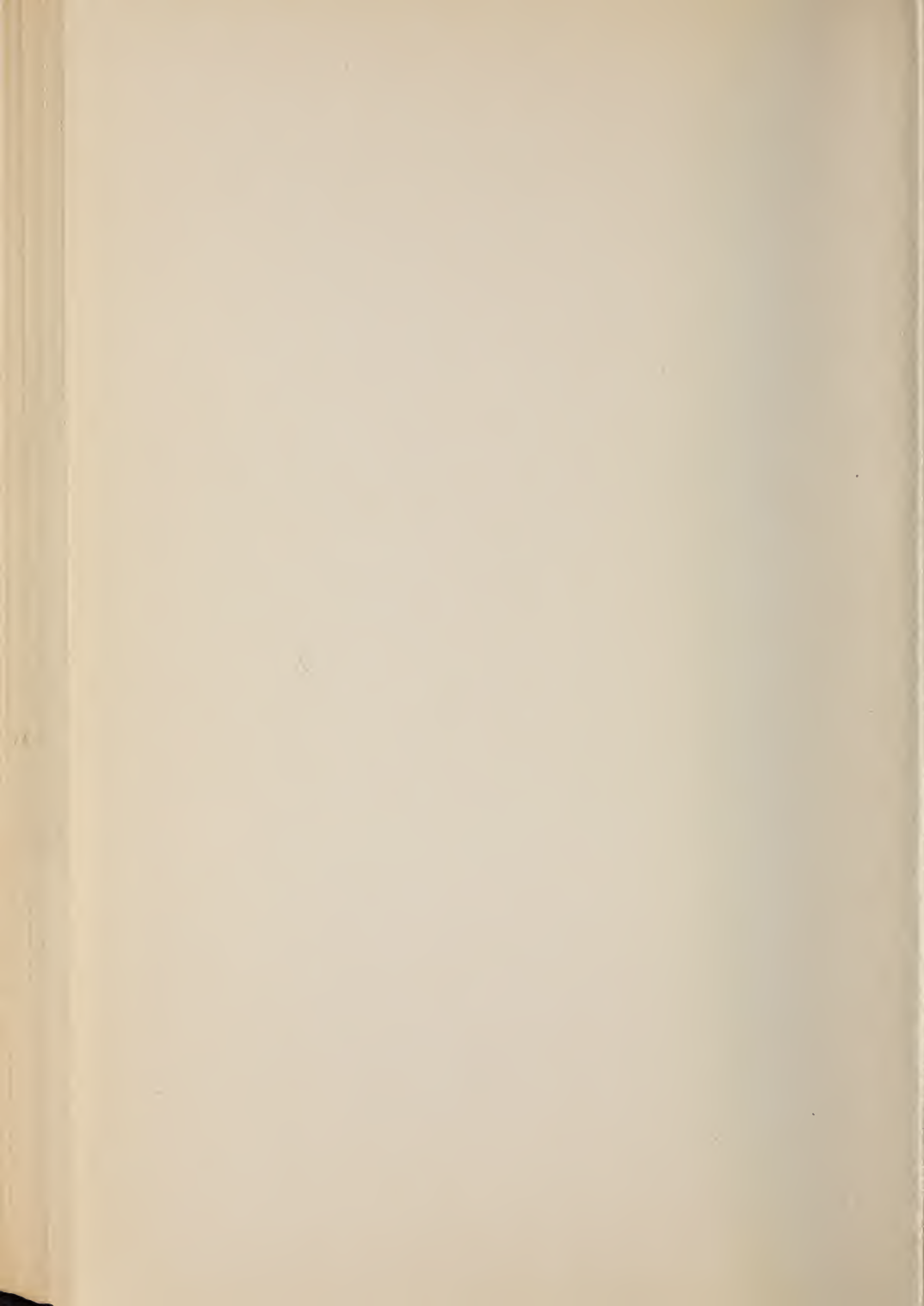
—one-half for “unteaching” the things wrongly taught. So far as possible young people should study with method and be careful that their store of information is of practical value. Moreover, their school instruction should train them in clearness of thought, accuracy of conception, and precision of expression. Lessons in composition should make them superior to all loose and slipshod language—masters, even, of a clear, terse and trenchant style of oral and written speech. It is well, too, to avoid the strain and waste of teaching unimportant things. Some of our text-books are crammed with details,—“examples”, “exceptions”, “observations”,—of value only in later and more elaborate research. The more cumbersome the book the less of it the student stores and retains in his memory. Especially in primary studies do we need clear, terse, outline text-books. Text-books, library books, long newspaper articles, and tedious sermons, need to be cut down. Condensation would be good even at the cost of running the pen through fine passages and across pertinent but superfluous matter. I do not say that pupils should be taught less, but that they should learn the things that are most practical and precious. For example, it is better that a student so learn the office and functions of a *preposition* as to know it wherever he sees it, than merely to memorize a long list of these relational words, and then mistake a preposition for a conjunction. It is better to know things by their nature than by their names, for thus we may apply both distinctions precisely where they belong. North Carolina has enacted a good law as to the selection of her text-books. Now let her legislate for a Commission to expunge from these books the detail and the puzzles that depress the pupil, and throw a mist about those branches of study that true book-making ability might simplify to the capacity of both the

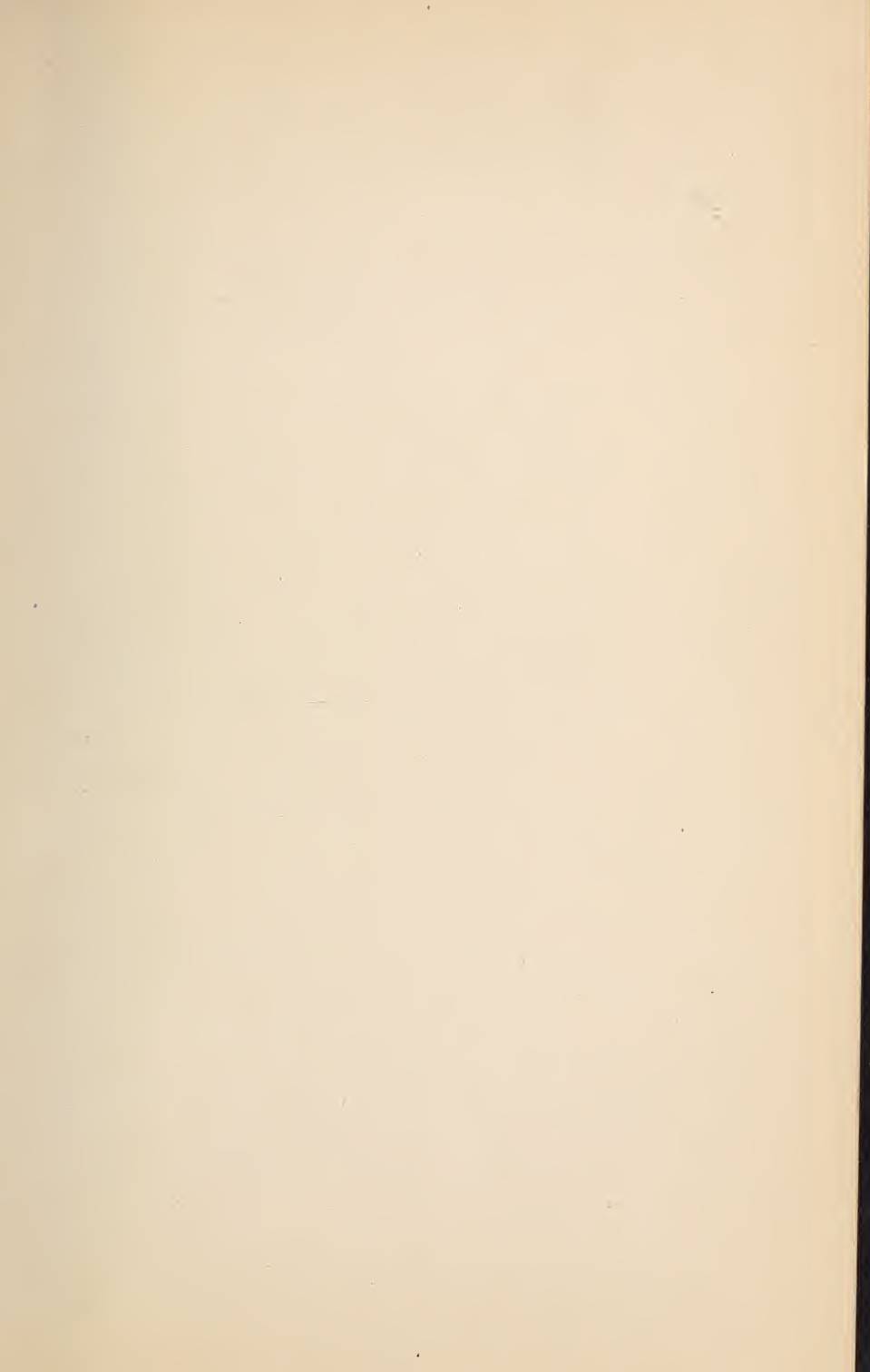
common school and the college attendant. It is unfortunate that so many youths of average good mind conclude that certain branches of study are too complex for them to master. This is all the more to be lamented when the text-book might be so made, and a wise method of teaching so applied, as to render such deception and harm impossible to any ambitious and persevering pupil.











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